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CONTENTS OF VOLUME 32.

ARTICLES.

		PAGE
Chants populaires du Canada	*E.-Z. Massicotte* *C.-M. Barbeau*	1
Contes populaires canadiens (troisième série)	*Evelyn Bolduc* *Malvina Tremblay* *C.-Marius Barbeau*	90 101 112
Croyances et dictons populaires des environs de Trois-Rivières (Canada)	*E.-Z. Massicotte*	168
The Field of European Folk-Lore in America	*C. Marius Barbeau*	185
Tahltan Tales	*James A. Teit*	198
Quileute Tales	*Livingston Farrand* *Theresa Mayer*	251
Plains Ojibwa Tales	*Alanson Skinner*	280
Roostam, the Game-Cock	*J. F. Scheltema*	306
Sry Nagasary	*J. F. Scheltema*	324
Thirtieth Annual Meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society		343
Folk-Lore from Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Florida	*Portia Smiley*	357
Folk-Lore of the Cherokee of Robeson County, North Carolina	*Elsie Clews Parsons*	384
Seven Folk-Tales from the Sea Islands, South Carolina	*Sadie E. Stewart*	394
Folk-Tales from Students in Tuskegee Institute, Alabama		397
Folk-Tales from Students in the Georgia State College		402
Folk-Tales from Liberia	*Richard C. Bundy*	406
Bulu Tales	*George Schwab*	428
Witchcraft and Magic in the Elizabethan Drama	*H. W. Herrington*	447
Some Play-Party Songs from Eastern Illinois	*Carl Van Doren*	486
Old Songs from Clarksburg, W. Va., 1918	*Anna Davis Richardson*	497
"John Hardy"	*John Harrington Cox*	505

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Les remèdes d'autrefois	*E.-Z. Massicotte*	176
Notes sur la facétie des trois rèves	*C.-Marius Barbeau*	178
La première séance annuelle de la Section de Québec	*C.-M. B.*	180
La deuxième séance annuelle de la Section de Québec (à Montréal, le 18 mars 1919)	*C.-M. B.*	181
Notice sur Michel Morin	*A. G.*	183
Sinkyone Tales	*A. L. Kroeber*	346
A Flood Legend of the Nootka Indians of Vancouver Island	*E. Sapir*	351

		PAGE
American Indifference to Study of Folk-Lore	*George Pullen Jackson*	438
Riddles and Proverbs from the Bahama Islands	*Elsie Clews Parsons*	439
Geechee and Other Proverbs	*Monroe N. Work*	441
A West Indian Tale	*E. C. P.*	442
A Brer Rabbit Story	*Emily N. Harvey*	443
Research Professorship in Folk-Lore		444
Note on the Ground-Hog Myth and its Origin,	*H. Newell Wardle*	521

REVIEWS.

Curtin and Hewitt's Seneca Fiction, Legends, and Myths	*F. B.*	445
Rafael Karsten's Myths of the Ji'baros	*F. B.*	446
Frances Densmore's Teton Sioux Music	*Helen H. Roberts*	523

MISCELLANEOUS.

List of abbreviations used in this volume	v
List of Officers and Members of the American Folk-Lore Society	536
Index to Volume 32	541

LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THIS VOLUME.

AA	American Anthropologist, New Series.
BAAS	Report of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.
BBAE	Bulletin of the Bureau of American Ethnology.
Boas, Sagen	Franz Boas, Indianische Sagen von der Nord-Pacifischen Küste Amerikas.
Bolte u. Polívka	J. Bolte u. G. Polívka, Anmerkungen zu den Kinder u. Hausmärchen der Brüder Grimm.
Christensen	A. M. H. Christensen, Afro-American Folk-Lore.
Cronise and Ward	F. M. Cronise and H. W. Ward, Cunnie Rabbit, Mr. Spider and the other Beef.
CU	Columbia University Contributions to Anthropology.
Dähnhardt	O. Dähnhardt, Natursagen.
FM	Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, Anthropological Series.
G. S. Can	Geological Survey of Canada.
Harris 1	J. C. Harris, Uncle Remus, his Songs and his Sayings.
Harris 2	Nights with Uncle Remus.
Honeÿ	James A. Honeÿ, South African Folk-Tales.
JAFL	Journal of American Folk-Lore.
JAI	Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland.
JE	Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition
Jones	C. C. Jones, Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast.
MAFLS	Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society.
PaAM	Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History.
PAES	Publications of the American Ethnological Society.
RBAE	Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology.
UCal	University of California Publications in American Archæology and Ethnology.
UPa	Anthropological Publications of the University Museum of the University of Pennsylvania.
VAEU	Verhandlungen der Berliner Gesellschaft für Anthropologie, Ethnologie und Urgeschichte.

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CHANTS POPULAIRES DU CANADA

(Première série)

RECUEILLIS PAR E.-Z. MASSICOTTE ET PRÉPARÉS PAR C.-M. BARBEAU.

PRÉFACE.

LES quarante-six chansons populaires que nous présentons ici ont été prises un peu au hasard parmi plus de mille pièces de toutes sortes que M. E.-Z. Massicotte a rassemblées, avec un zèle aussi infatigable que désintéressé, sous les auspices conjointes de la Section d'anthropologie (Ottawa) et de la Société de folklore américain.

Le répertoire de chansons recueillies par M. Massicotte, le plus volumineux qu'un folkloriste ait encore formé au Canada, fait partie des collections folkloriques inédites, provenant de Québec et d'Ontario, que nous accumulons depuis quelques années et que nous espérons publier graduellement.[1]

M. Massicotte a récolté la plupart des éléments de son répertoire à Montréal, de juin 1917 à avril 1918, avec la collaboration éloignée de la Section d'anthropologie; déjà il possédait un groupe considérable de textes notés indépendamment, au cours des trente-cinq dernières années, dans l'île de Montréal, ainsi que dans les comtés de Champlain et de Prescott. L'extrait d'une lettre que nous écrivait M. Massicotte, le 25 janvier 1918, nous renseigne sur l'histoire même de sa collection. Citons: "C'est en 1883 que je commençai à recueillir dans un cahier, que j'ai conservé jusqu'en 1911, ce qui, en folklore, pouvait intéresser un garçon de quinze ans. Depuis, j'ai toujours ramassé un peu, à droite et à gauche. La difficulté que j'éprouvais à retenir les airs de toutes les chansons que je remarquais et l'impossibilité de publier ces pièces nombreuses firent, cependant,

[1] Le volume des Chants populaires du Canada (Deuxième série). Cantilènes, ballades et complaintes du bas Saint-Laurent (Québec), recueillies par C.-Marius Barbeau et préparées en collaboration avec Jean-B. Beck, sera bientôt terminé. L'expérience acquise au cours de nos travaux en collaboration avec M. Beck, en juillet 1917, nous a beaucoup servi dans la préparation subséquente des chansons recueillies par M. Massicotte, particulièrement pour la notation des mélodies.

que je laissai quantité de choses se perdre. J'avais rêvé, il y a longtemps, de publier un volume de traditions et de chansons françaises au Canada; j'ai même commencé à préparer ce volume. Mais, un jour, las d'attendre une occasion favorable, j'en ai détruit ce que je ne croyais pas pouvoir utiliser. Votre appel a fait surgir de l'oubli tout ce passé. Plus d'expérience, la certitude que je ne travaillais pas en vain, et d'heureuses circonstances, m'ont permis d'obtenir un résultat que je n'aurais jamais pu imaginer. Et j'espère maintenant voir s'accomplir mon premier rêve, qui sera le dernier."

PROVENANCE DES CHANSONS.

Parmi les chanteurs, qui ont prêté leur concours gracieux à M. Massicotte et dont nous reproduisons ici quelques pièces, se comptent MM. V.-F. de Repentigny, Jos. Rousselle, L.-H. Cantin, E. Poitras, J.-B.-A. Tison, C.-E. Gosselin, A. Legault et Mme Larichelière. Quelques mélodies ont été répétées au phonographe par M. Massicotte lui-même. Et, après avoir relu nos textes, notre correspondant A. G. (Rosemont, Montréal) nous a communiqué des variantes. Nous rapportons ici onze de ces textes, et huit mélodies recueillies pour A. G. par J.-H. P. (Collection A. G.). Quelques variantes empruntées à la Collection Barbeau ont aussi été introduites.

Le croquis biographique des principaux chanteurs jettera un peu de lumière, d'abord, sur les sources auxquelles ils ont puisé leurs connaissances traditionnelles, et ensuite, sur les caractéristiques de leur adaptation et de leur style.

Vincent-Ferrier de Repentigny, un des chanteurs les mieux doués que l'on ait jusqu'ici consultés, avait, au commencement d'avril 1918, fourni 265 chansons. Né à Saint-Timothée (Beauharnois), le 21 septembre 1858, il y vécut jusqu'en 1876. Aprés avoir cultivé la terre, il navigua, de 1877 à 1886, puis alla, en 1887, aux *chantiers* de Muskegon (Michigan, E.-U.). De 1887 à 1904, il se fit tailleur, à Valleyfield (Beauharnois), et à Hawkesbury (Prescott, Ont.). Il est aujourd'hui gardien de nuit, à Montréal, où il demeure depuis 1904. C'est de ces différents milieux qu'il a tiré les éléments divers de son répertoire.

Sachant à peine lire et écrire, il apprend les chants populaires avec une grande facilité. S'il ne s'intéresse vraiment aux textes qu'en tant qu'ils soutiennent des mélodies, il a en revanche un sens musical étonnant. Il embellit à sa manière tout ce à quoi il touche, et les raffinements de son style vocal donne d'abord l'illusion d'une formation étrange et archaïque toute différente de celle des autres chanteurs. Son rythme souvent syncopé, son exécution sobre, assurée et pleine de verve, avec ses fioritures, nous ont intrigué au point de nous conduire à une petite enquête sur son éducation artistique. Voici le résumé des renseignements obtenus par M. Massicotte.

C'est à l'âge de six ans, sur les genoux de son grand-père, cultivateur, que V.-F. de Repentigny a chanté pour la première fois dans une veillée de campagne. De bonne heure il apprit les chansons de sa mère, personne sans instruction livresque, qui avait un répertoire abondant et chantait avec beaucoup de "variations." De dix à seize ans, il alla à l'école des Clercs de Frères Saint-Viateur, à Saint-Timothée. Ne connaissant pas une note, il n'apprend que par oreille. Il a quelquefois chanté au chœur, particulièrement à l'âge de 26 à 27 ans, à l'église de Saint-Stanislas-de-Kostka et à celle de Hawkesbury. La musique savante n'a pas d'attrait pour lui, et il ne se délecte que dans "le chant canadien de campagne." Homme de plaisir, grand mangeur, et autrefois bon buveur, il a "énormément chanté" dans les soirées et dans les réunions de toutes sortes, à la campagne, sur l'eau et aux *chantiers*. Il chante encore presque continuellement en travaillant; et il a conservé une grande prédilection pour les "fricots" et les soirées d'amusement. (Planche I, 2.)

Joseph Rousselle nous a jusqu'ici chanté 150 chansons. Né à Saint-Denis (Kamouraska), en 1872, il a demeuré à Kamouraska puis à Saint-Romuald (Lévis); il a passé onze ans dans les *chantiers* d'Ontario, et il a pendant deux années navigué entre la Gaspésie et les îles Saint-Pierre et Miquelon. Depuis 1909, il demeure à Montréal. Fils de Joseph Rousselle, journalier qui avait beaucoup voyagé, il est presque illettré, et il est devenu tour à tour voyageur, matelot, bûcheron et *charretier*.

Si c'est dans l'exécution des mélodies que de Repentigny se complaît, c'est, au contraire, dans la conservation fidèle des textes que la mémoire étonnante de Rousselle se manifeste. Chez ce dernier, la voix et l'exécution des airs sont rudes sans cependant manquer de charme. Son répertoire contient principalement des ballades, des complaintes, des chansons d'amour, des chansons lestes, des chansons de mœurs et des danses. (Planche I, 3.)

Louis-Honoré Cantin a fourni 119 pièces à notre collection. Il naquit à Saint-Romuald (Lévis), le 13 décembre 1875, demeura à Saint-Lambert (Lévis), de 1880 à 1883, et à Hawkesbury (Prescott, Ont.), de 1883 à 1904; il vit à Montréal depuis 1904. Classeur de bois (*culler*), il a voyagé dans les *chantiers*. On ne remarque pas, dans son exécution des chansons, les traits archaïques qui caractérisent celle de Rousselle et de de Repentigny. Bien qu'il n'ait reçu qu'une instruction primaire, il s'intéresse beaucoup aux travaux généalogiques et historiques, et il est un de ceux qui ont le plus aidé M. Massicotte à former sa volumineuse collection.

Edouard-Zotique Massicotte, notre collaborateur, a lui-même chanté plus de 100 chansons, apprises un peu partout mais principalement du "père Charles Belleau," charpentier de navire et ancien marin.

Né à Montréal, le 24 décembre 1867, il y a toujours demeuré; mais, dès son bas âge, il passa une partie des mois d'été principalement à Ste-Geneviève-de-Batiscan, et à l'Orignal (Prescott). Historien et homme de lettres, il est, depuis 1911, conservateur des Archives du district de Montréal (Palais de Justice, Montréal). M. Massicotte imite le style paysan dans les mélodies qu'il a apprises de ses chanteurs.

Etienne Poitras, né à Québec en 1887, est instituteur, à Montréal. Sa mémoire, à la manière de beaucoup de gens de ville, n'a surtout retenu que des fragments, dont le contour mélodique est modernisé.

Alphonse Legault et Alfred Legault, l'oncle et le neveu, sont nés, l'un à Sainte-Geneviève (Jacques-Cartier, Ile-de-Montréal), en 1853, et l'autre, à Montréal, in 1886. Alphonse Legault, décédé en 1917, fut cultivateur, hôtellier et commerçant. Il avait une instruction élémentaire. Son neveu est courtier d'assurances.

J.-B.-Adolphe Tison, né à Montréal, en 1863, employé civil et ex-clairon-major du 65ème régiment, chante ses pièces avec goût, mais en style purement moderne.

Johnny Proulx, 30 ans, est originaire de Hawkesbury (Prescott, Ont.).

Le "cahier Hamelin," dont les pièces nous sont utiles, a été donné à E.-Z. Massicotte par C.-E. Gosselin, ingénieur civil, qui le tient de sa mère, née Hamelin, originaire de Deschambeault (Portneuf). En première page on lit: "Mizael Hamelin | Saint-Roch de Québec | Recueil de chansons | Par Mizael Hamelin . . ." A gauche, au verso de la couverture, est écrit: "Mizael Hamelin | Saint-Roch | Québec | 1860 | sept. 13."

Le nom des endroits où furent apprises les quarante-six chansons de cette première série sont indiqués en renvoi, à chaque chanson. Voici, en résumé, la liste de ces noms, en commençant par les plus importants: Saint-Timothée et Saint-Stanislas-de-Kostka (Beauharnois), l'île de Montréal, Hawkesbury (Prescott, Ont.), Ecureuils (Portneuf), Saint-Romuald et Lévis (Lévis), Québec, Kamouraska et Saint-Denis (Kamouraska),Valleyfield (Beauharnois), Saint-Jérôme (Terrebonne), Portneuf, Saint-Basile, Neuville (Portneuf), Rigaud (Vaudreuil), Ottawa, Sainte-Marie (Beauce), Saint-Vallier (Bellechasse), Sainte-Anne-de-la-Pérade (Champlain), LaPrairie, Saint-Edmond (Berthier), Saint-Théodore (Bagot), Sainte-Geneviève (Champlain), Saint-Pierre-des-Becquets (Nicolet), Les Cèdres (Soulanges), La Baie Georgienne (Ont.), Peterborough (Ont.).

MÉTHODE SUIVIE DANS LA NOTATION ET DANS LA RÉDACTION DES TEXTES ET DES MÉLODIES.

Les textes furent notés sous dictée, le plus fidèlement possible, bien qu'en orthographe régulière et sans tenir compte de la prononciation

plus ou moins régionale des chanteurs. Pour ce qui est des mélodies, les premiers couplets de chaque chanson furent *phonographiés*, les chanteurs répétant eux-mêmes leurs airs pour le phonographe.[1]

Comme il n'était plus possible de retrouver certains chanteurs consultés avant 1917, M. Massicotte put lui-même répéter leurs mélodies au phonographe ou se les procurer de ses nouvelles recrues.

En suivant nos conseils, M. Massicotte s'est efforcé d'obtenir des données historiques explicites sur chaque chanson, à savoir: l'année et l'endroit où elle fut apprise, et jusqu'à qui elle remonte. L'importance de ces détails — les collectionneurs canadiens ne devraient pas l'oublier — tient surtout de ce qu'ils aident à reconstituer non seulement l'histoire des pièces elles-mêmes, mais aussi certains traits régionaux du milieu où elles circulent. L'étendue et l'intensité de la diffusion d'une chanson permettront de découvrir si elle a été importée au Canada par les immigrants qui fondèrent la colonie (1608–73), ou si elle s'est infiltrée depuis. Venus principalement de la Normandie, du Perche, du Maine, du Poitou, de la Touraine, de l'Anjou, de la Saintonge, de l'Angoumois, de la Guyenne et de la Gascogne, les anciens immigrants français du Canada avaient une certaine tendance à se grouper suivant leurs origines provinciales françaises. Leurs descendants semblent, de ce fait, avoir conservé plus ou moins purs des traits et des traditions qui remontent à des provinces françaises différentes. C'est surtout à cause de ce problème d'origines distinctes qu'il est urgent de noter la source de chaque pièce folklorique canadienne; au point que tout document recueilli sans ses données collatérales perd beaucoup de sa valeur.

Les textes du répertoire Massicotte, les enregistrements phonographiques accessoires et les renseignements nous ayant été transmis au fur et à mesure qu'ils étaient obtenus, nous les avons catalogués et assortis dans des classeurs.

La méthode ethnographique nous a guidé dans la préparation immédiate des pièces que nous offrons dans cette première série. Il ne s'agit pas de faire de l'art, mais bien de l'histoire.

La notation des airs a été faite au moyen de l'audition suffisamment répétée des documents phonographiques. Un grand souci d'exactitude nous a fait reproduire en écriture les "idiosyncrasies," les libertés et même les gaucheries qui ne sont pas admises par l'art musical moderne.[2]

[1] Ces pièces phonographiques (*Standard Edison Phonograph*) sont maintenant conservées dans les archives de la voix canadienne, de la Section d'anthropologie (Ottawa). Le numéro de chaque chanson est inscrit sur le cylindre, sur une carte-index du catalogue, et sur le texte manuscrit. Ainsi il sera désormais possible aux spécialistes de consulter ou d'utiliser ces documents.

[2] Nous décrivons plus loin les signes spéciaux qui nous permettent d'indiquer avec précision des traits rythmiques ou mélodiques que l'écriture musicale courante ne connaît pas.

Dans la rédaction des textes, nous avons eu recours à l'orthographe ordinaire, non seulement parce que les copies reçues de M. Massicotte en usaient ainsi, mais à cause aussi que la prononciation des chanteurs ne s'éloignait pas sensiblement des normes usuelles. S'il nous arrive de faire des changements dans les expressions, c'est que la bévue du chanteur n'y était que trop apparente. Nous indiquons d'ailleurs ces corrections par des crochets [ ]. Le texte dans les clichés des mélodies sont, au contraire, transcrits fidèlement et sans altération. Dans le cas de plusieurs leçons d'une seule chanson, nous avons adopté une méthode critique qui se rapproche plus de celle de Doncieux que de celle de Rossat.[1] Au lieu de répéter séparément et au long plusieurs dictées presque équivalentes, nous en formons un texte unique, prenant dans chacune ce que nous préférons et indiquant en renvoi toutes les divergences, même les plus triviales; de cette manière rien n'est perdu, et il serait facile, à qui le voudrait, de reconstituer les éléments distincts. Nous présentons séparément les variantes incompatibles et toutes les mélodies. Bien que la transcription intégrale des textes obtenus en plusieurs leçons puisse être préférable en soi, elle a l'inconvénient d'ahurir le lecteur même le plus patient et d'empiéter sur un espace restreint qu'il vaut mieux consacrer à des pièces inédites.

DESCRIPTION DES CHANSONS.

Si l'on ne chante plus guère aujourd'hui, il n'en était pas ainsi autrefois, alors qu'il n'y avait pas de journaux, pas de spectacles et presque pas de livres en circulation. La chanson marquait les phases de la vie, depuis le berceau jusqu'à la sépulture. Un peu tout le monde chantait. Mais, de nos jours, la musique n'est plus guère un art populaire. Elle se perd en se particularisant, tandis que, sous le joug industriel moderne, la vie est devenue silencieuse. Le souffle cosmopolite qui suffoque les isolés et les petits aura bientôt, au Canada comme ailleurs, éteint les derniers foyers de la chanson populaire.

Dans le répertoire canadien on reconnaît à peu près les mêmes catégories de chants que dans ceux de la France et des autres parties de l'Europe continentale. Le nombre des pièces de toutes sortes y est encore incalculable. Bien que ce champ immense soit encore inexploré, nous avons déjà sauvé de l'oubli près de quinze cents pièces inédites; et d'autres auteurs ont publié environ deux cents textes chantés au Canada.[2]

[1] Doncieux, Le Romancero populaire de la France (1904); A. Rossat, Les Chansons populaires recueillies dans la Suisse romande, Tome I (Publications de la Soc. suisse des traditions populaires), 1917.

[2] "Les chansons populaires et historiques du Canada," par F.-A.-H. Larue (dans Le Foyer canadien, 1 [1863] : 320–384), contenant le texte d'à peu près sept chansons; Chansons populaires du Canada, par Ernest Gagnon (1865), une collection de cent mélodies d'un plus petit nombre de pièces distinctes; Chansons canadiennes, par P.-E. Prévost (Saint-Jérôme, Terrebonne), soixante chansons, 1907.

Il faut établir une distinction entre les pièces qui vinrent de France et celles — relativement peu nombreuses — qui furent composées au Canada. Des quarante-six chansons de notre première série, il n'y a guère que les sept dernières (40–46) qui soient certainement du terroir canadien. Tandis que la plupart des chants venus de France prirent naissance à une époque ou les jongleurs (chanteurs ou compositeurs populaires) possédaient encore une éducation artistique particulière, les compositions canadiennes, elles, sortirent surtout de la classe des illettrés, ce qui explique sans doute la différence assez sensible que l'on remarque dans leur valeur littéraire.

Les chansons françaises de notre première série appartiennent aux genres suivants: ballades didactiques et romantiques (1–8), dialogues chantés dont le genre se rapproche de celui des mystères ou des vaudevilles (9–11), chansons lyriques inspirées par l'amour (12–16), pastorales (17–18), scènes domestiques (19–27), chansons bachiques et chansons de table (28–32), danse (33), ronde (34), randonnées (35–37), et chansons de merveilles ou de mensonges (38–39).

Les chansons canadiennes comprennent: deux chansons de canotier et de marin (40–41), deux chansons de *chantiers* et de flotteurs (42–43), une chanson satirique (44), et deux chansonnettes politiques (45–46).

L'origine précise de ces chants se perd dans l'obscurité. Comme pour les autres traditions populaires, l'auteur en reste inconnu. Tandis que le thème de certaines pièces est souvent fort ancien, la forme est d'âge plus récent. Plusieurs de ces pièces, comme "Damon et Henriette," "Carême et Mardi-Gras," "L'amour nous mène," et plusieurs autres, doivent être de source littéraire du genre savant. Celle de "Cartouche et Mandrin" est moderne, puisque ces deux brigands fameux subirent le châtiment de leurs crimes en 1721 et 1755 respectivement. Nous l'avons incluse afin de rappeler que les chansons populaires ne sont pas toutes arrivées au Canada avec les immigrants qui fondèrent la colonie.[1] Les compilateurs-historiens à la manière de Doncieux feront bien, toutefois, de se souvenir que la plus grande partie des traditions orales françaises au Canada dut s'y transporter de 1608 à 1673, après quoi l'émigration cessa à peu près complètement par édit du roi. M. Benjamin Sulte, historien canadien, nous dit que, vers 1680, la population du Canada était de 9710 habitants. De 1680 à 1760 il ne serait venu s'ajouter qu'à peu près mille immigrants, dont la plupart étaient des gens de ville et des soldats qui, dans bien des cas, épousèrent des Canadiennes.[2] La considération

[1] C'est là une question que nous nous proposons d'étudier bientôt.

[2] Texte manuscrit de M. Sulte: "A cette date (1680), nous avions reçu à peu près trois mille (c'est au plus) personnes de France, et le récensement donne 1568 ménages, et 9,710 âmes. La période de fondation se ferme ici. L'empreinte est faite. Ce que nous étions alors nous le sommes aujourd'hui . . . De 1680 à 1760, il n'est venu que mille personnes qui ont été à mesure absorbées dans la masse" . . .

de ces dates, de la diffusion et de la ramification de certaines chansons françaises au Canada conduit à la conclusion que ces pièces, de bonne heure au dix-septième siècle, couraient les provinces de France d'où vinrent les colons canadiens. Ce qui plus est: certaines d'entre elles avaient déjà des variantes qui, depuis, ont été notées indépendamment en France et en Canada. En tenant compte de ces nouvelles données, il y aura peut-être lieu de reviser certaines hypothèses de Doncieux sur le temps où furent composées certaines chansons — la computation de cet auteur étant trop conservatrice, au moins dans certains cas.

Après lecture du passage qui précède, M. Massicotte nous a communiqué les remarques suivantes, que nous reproduisons à cause de leur importance: —

"En admettant que le gros de l'immigration française au Canada soit venu avant 1673, peut-on ne pas faire état, au point de vue du folklore, des colons qui arrivèrent subséquemment et dont la liste est plus longue qu'on ne l'imagine? Peut-on ne pas songer aux Français qui demeurèrent ici pour remplir des fonctions civiles, ou pour faire la traite des pelleteries? Peut-on, surtout, oublier les soldats qui en bon nombre séjournèrent en Canada presque sans interruption, à partir de 1665 (date de l'arrivée du régiment de Carignan) jusqu'au lendemain de la conquête (1760)?

"Très souvent, durant les périodes d'accalmie, les soldats furent logés chez les *habitants*, et ils se trouvèrent mêlés à leur vie. Or les soldats, comme les bûcherons, sont d'excellents agents de dissémination folklorique. Lorsqu'un groupe militaire s'est maintenu en existence pendant un certain temps, les mieux doués des soldats ont acquis les connaissances et les chansons des autres. C'est ce qui se passe de nos jours, dans les *chantiers*. Après un hivernement, chaque bûcheron qui a voulu s'en donner la peine sait les chansons de ses compagnons. Joseph Rousselle, le chanteur que j'ai consulté, est une preuve de la vérité de cette assertion.

"Les soldats comme les voyageurs, jeunes pour la plupart, avaient du goût pour la chanson, la danse et les divertissements. Pendant qu'ils logeaient chez les particuliers, ils ne pouvaient manquer d'assister aux "fricots," aux noces, enfin à toutes ces réunions qui attirent les gens qui veulent s'amuser. Et les soldats chantaient. Plusieurs apportaient du nouveau, parce qu'ils avaient pu puiser dans leurs souvenirs de famille et dans des régions diverses. Une fois chantées, ces chansons prenaient racine dans notre milieu, car bien des chansons s'apprennent en une ou deux auditions.

"Et voilà comment, je crois, l'on peut expliquer la présence ici de chansons du XVIIIe siècle, lesquelles étaient parfois particulières à certaines régions de France qui ne semblent pas nous avoir fourni de colons.

"D'autre part, on sait que plusieurs soldats épousèrent des Canadiennes et restèrent au pays. J'ouvre au hasard le Dictionnaire généalogique de Mgr Tanguay (Vol. II, pp. 94 à 99), et je relève sept mariages d'Européens à des Canadiennes. Ces sept mariages se firent entre les années 1738 et 1757. Un des mariés était marchand; trois autres appartenaient à l'armée. Par ailleurs, Tanguay n'a pas noté tous les mariages de Français qui eurent lieu au XVIIIe siècle, du moins quant à la région de Montréal. Il existe des registres de paroisse, ceux de la Pointe-Claire, de la Pointe-aux-Trembles, par exemple, qu'il n'a pas tous vus. Pour confirmer cette opinion au sujet de la dissémination tardive du folklore français au Canada, je cite un cas certain, au moins. J.-B.-A. Tison, un de mes chanteurs, descend d'un colon français qui se maria à Montréal en 1760, un mois après la capitulation de Montréal. Tison a bien connu son grand-père, lequel avait, à son tour, connu son grand-père, le colon français, perruquier; et ce colon était, on le sait, un vive-la-joie et un chanteur au répertoire varié. Il venait du Hainaut, en Belgique, et il avait vécu en France. Son cas n'est d'ailleurs pas unique. Plus tard, en 1812, passèrent en Canada les régiments de Meurons et de Watteville, composés de soldats originaires de la Suisse, de la Pologne, de la Flandre et de la France. Ces régiments furent licenciés ici après un séjour d'une couple d'années, et plusieurs de leurs membres épousèrent des Canadiennes et firent souche. Eux aussi ont pu nous apporter des chansons, des contes, des traditions d'outre-mer. Il me paraît même que c'est à eux que nous devons notre jeu de dames canadien,[1] ainsi que je l'ai déjà écrit." [2]

LA PROSODIE DES CHANSONS.

Les règles de versification observées dans la composition des chansons que nous présentons ici ne sont pas celles des écoles modernes. Avant que Doncieux ait redécouvert et énoncé les règles complexes et stables de l'ancienne prosodie populaire, on prétendait que le caprice

[1] A ces renseignements donnés par M. Massicotte, nous pourrions ajouter quelques faits venus à notre connaissance pendant des enquêtes folkloriques. Une de nos conteuses aux Éboulements (Charlevoix), Mme Gédéon Bouchard, âgée de 76 ans et née à Saint-Fabien (Rimouski), nous dit que trois familles allemandes, surnommées "les Allemands," vivaient à Saint-Fabien. Le nom de famille de l'une était Berger. Ces Allemands étaient tout-à-fait canadianisés, parlant français et mariés à des Canadiennes. Ils étaient probablement nés au Canada de parents allemands, lesquels étaient peut-être des soldats licenciés du régiment Hesse-Darmstadt (1779). — Notre vieux chanteur, Edouard Hovington, de Tadoussac, âgé de 90 ans en 1916, avait appris des chansons populaires françaises, qu'il nous indiqua, de deux charpentiers français, nommés Bourget et Maufond, à l'emploi de la Compagnie de la Baie-d'Hudson, et venus au Canada vers 1830, à l'âge d'une trentaine d'années. — La famille de la Salle la Terrière, fixée aux Eboulements depuis la fin du XVIIIe siècle, fut fondée par un jeune Français qui se maria au Canada un peu avant 1770. — C.-M. B.

[2] "Histoire du jeu de dames canadien" (Almanach du peuple, pour 1918 [Montréal]).

et l'instinct seuls étaient maîtres en ce domaine. Mais aujourd'hui qu'on est mieux renseigné, on ne doit plus préparer les textes sans tenir compte de ces principes.

Les couplets plus ou moins nombreux de nos pièces sont de forme et de longueur variées.[1] Tandis que vingt-trois chants, comme la ballade no 1, procèdent directement et sans interruption, quatorze autres, y compris la ballade no 4, ont, à chaque couplet, des refrains tantôt purement syllabiques, tantôt en manière de paraphrases. Dans six autres chansons, en guise de refrain, on bisse un ou deux vers.

Comme les mélodies ont quelquefois été adaptées aux chansons plutôt que composées pour elles, il arrive qu'un seul air chevauche sur deux couplets du texte; par exemple, dans les nos 8, 9 et 29.

Dans chaque couplet, il y a de un à neuf vers. Les quatrains et les tercets se rencontrent le plus communément. Les numéros de la liste suivante sont ceux des chansons.

Quatrains: nos 9, 12, 13, 16, 18, 20, 22, 28, 29 et 45.
Tercets: nos 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 19, 34 et 39.
Sixains: nos 6, 14, 17, 30 et 44.
Huitains: nos 1, 10, 11, 41 et 43.
Strophes de deux vers: nos 2, 21, 38, 40 et 43.
Strophes de un vers, avec refrain: nos 23, 27 et 31.
Strophes de sept vers: no 15.
Strophes de neuf vers: no 32.

Bien que souvent obscurcie par les infidélités de la tradition orale, la structure intentionnelle des vers, dans la plupart des chansons qui suivent, est facile à discerner.

Nous y trouvons des vers de quatre, six, sept, huit, dix, douze, quatorze et seize syllabes, les quatre derniers ayant une césure.

Dans les tableaux suivants, les numéros renvoient aux chansons.

Tétrasyllabes: no 30.
Hexasyllabes: nos 1, 32, 42 et 46.
Heptasyllabes: nos 6, 28, 38 et 45.
Octosyllabes: nos 11, 14, 37, 43 et 44.[2]
Décasyllabes: no 10.
Vers de douze syllabes: nos 12, 13, 17, 20, 22, 27, 31 et 41.

[1] Excepté dans les chansons très modernes, il n'est pas possible de connaître au juste l'intention du compositeur quant au nombre des couplets dans une pièce quelconque, car la plupart des textes, au cours de leur évolution obscure, ont subi des altérations considérables. Prenant nos chansons telles qu'elles sont aujourd'hui, nous en trouvons 9 de sept couplets, 6 de six couplets, 5 de trois, 4 de huit, 3 de neuf, 3 de cinq, 2 de un, 2 de quatre, et 2 de quatorze. Six autres pièces ont, respectivement, 2, 12, 13, 15, 19, 32 couplets.

[2] Dans les nos 11 et 14, on remarque autant de vers de sept que de huit syllabes; dans les nos 37 et 44, il y en a de six à huit syllabes.

Vers de quatorze syllabes: nos 2, 19, 21 et 23.
Vers de seize syllabes: 5, 29, 40.[1]

Les vers compris dans la strophe sont de mesure égale ou croisée. Les strophes à mesure croisée sont de deux sortes: celles où les derniers éléments sont plus courts que les premiers, et celles où les vers de moindre longueur se trouvent intercalés dans le couplet ou placés au début ou à la fin.

Nous indiquons, sous forme de tableau, la disposition des vers dans les strophes croisées.

— Deux vers de 14 (7 + 7) syllabes chacun, suivis de deux vers de 7 syllabes: nos 6 et 16.
— Deux vers de 14 (7 + 7) syllabes, suivis de: deux ou plusieurs vers de 3 syllabes, un de 7, deux de 3, et un de 7: no 36.
— Un vers de 16 (8 + 8) syllabes, suivi de deux vers de 8 (4 + 4) ou 10 (4 + 6) syllabes: no 5.
— Un vers de 16 (8 + 8) syllabes, suivi d'un vers de 8 syllabes: no 29.
— Un vers de 14 (8 + 6) syllabes, suivi de deux vers de 10 ou 12 (5 ou 6 + 5 ou 6) syllabes: no 3.
— Un vers de 14 (8 + 6) syllabes, suivi de deux octosyllabes: no 39.
— Deux décasyllabes (4 + 6), suivis de vers de 6 syllabes: no 35.
— Un vers de 12 (6 + 6) syllabes, suivi de deux vers de 6 syllabes: no 34.
— Un vers de 12 ou 14 (6 ou 7 + 6 ou 7) syllabes, suivi d'un vers de 6 et d'un vers de 6 ou 7 syllabes: no 8.
— Deux vers de 10 (6 + 4) syllabes, suivis de deux vers de 12 (8 + 4) syllabes.
— Dans une danse (no 33), qui n'a probablement pas d'importance à ce point de vue, nous trouvons 16 (9 + 7) syllabes, suivi de deux vers de 9 syllabes.

Dans les pièces où les vers courts sont intercallés ou mis au commencement ou à la fin de la strophe, nous trouvons les arrangements suivants, qui ne sont pas rigoureusement suivis dans toute la composition: —

Ballade no 7: 6, 6, 10 (4 + 6), 6, 6, 12 (6 + 6), 6.[2]
Chanson no 10: 6, 6, 12 (6 + 6), 8, 6, 6, 6, 10 (5 + 5).
Chanson no 15: trois vers de 10 (4 + 6), deux vers de 7, deux vers de 9 (4 + 5), etc.

[1] Doncieux (Romancero populaire de la France, pp. XV, XVI) dit que la poésie populaire gallo-romaine connaît quatorze formes de vers, — cinq petits vers sans pause intérieure, et neuf grands vers pourvus d'une césure. *Petits vers:* 4 syllabes (très rares), 5 syllabes, 6 syllabes (rares), 7 syllabes (rares), 8 syllabes (les plus usités); *grands vers, à césure:* 10 syllabes (5 + 5), 10 syllabes (4 + 6), qui est le "décasyllabe classique," 12 syllabes (6 + 6), très usité en Provence, 12 syllabes (4 + 8), 12 syllabes (8 + 4), 13 syllabes (8 + 5), 14 syllabes (7 + 7), forme classique des romances espagnoles, 14 syllabes (8 + 6), et 16 syllabes (8 + 8).

[2] Les chiffres séparés par une virgule indiquent le nombre de syllabes dans chaque vers.

La césure, que nous indiquons dans les chansons par une barre verticale, est observée dans les vers de 10, 12, 14 et 16 syllabes. Notons qu'il ne faut pas compter dans le mètre la syllabe muette terminant le premier hémistiche paroxytonique ou féminin, même si l'hémistiche suivant commence par une consonne — ce qui n'est pas permis dans le vers moderne.

Les vers à césure sont ceux de:

— 12 syllabes, la césure se présentant après la sixième (6 + 6); dans les chansons nos 7, 8, 9, 10 (?), 20, 24, 34, 40, 42.
— 14 syllabes, la césure venant après la septième (7 + 7); nos 1, 6, 16, 19, 21, 23, 36.
— 16 (8 + 8); nos 2, 5, 29.
— 14 (8 + 6); nos 13, 39.
— 12 (8 + 4); no 12.
— 12 à 16 syllabes (6 à 8 + 6 à 8); nos 22, 31.
— 10 (6 + 4); nos 3 (?), 7 (?), 12.
— 10 (4 + 6); nos 5 (?), 7 (?), 18, 35.
— 10 à 12 (4 à 6 + 6); nos 3, 7, 15.
— 10 (5 + 5); refrain du no 38.

Les vers des chansons que nous présentons se conforment plutôt aux règles de l'assonance qu'à celles de la rime.[1] Les rimes riches, lorsqu'il s'en trouve, ne paraissent qu'accidentellement; encore ne les voit-on surtout que dans les pièces les plus récentes, comme le no 1.

L'assonance est masculine et identique dans les chansons suivantes:[2]—

— *é*, dans les nos 2, 33, 43.
— *an*, dans les nos 23, 38.
— *i*, dans le no 27.
— *on*, dans le no 31, et aussi, généralement, dans le no 36.

Il y a aussi tendance à l'uniformité dans certaines parties des nos 7, 19, 20, et 29. Le no 4 roule successivement sur les trois assonance *an*, *é*, *i*.

Dans les tercets, voici l'ordre des assonances: *abb* (nos 3, 5, 34 ?, 39), *baa* (no 22) ou *bcc* (nos 19, 34); c'est-à-dire, dans le premier cas, une finale féminine non assonancée (*a*) est suivie d'une assonance masculine (*bb*); dans le deuxième cas, une finale masculine (*b*) est suivie d'une assonance féminine (*aa*); et, en dernier lieu, une finale masculine non assonancée (*b*) est suivi d'une assonance masculine (*cc*).

[1] L'assonance, d'après la définition de Doncieux, "est l'homophonie de la tonique finale entre deux ou plusieurs vers" (*l. c.*, XIII).

[2] Le genre épique, au moyen âge, usait d'assonances uniformes; les laisses monorimes y étaient communes.

Les quatrains: *abab* (assonances féminine et masculine croisées), nos 18, 40, 45; *bbcc*, nos 12(?), 13, 20, 41(?); *bacc*, nos 6, 16; *bbaa*, no 22; *aabb*, dans le no 9; *babb*, un exemple dans le no 16; *bbac*, dans le no 20; *abcc*, dans le no 6.

Dans les couplets de deux vers et dans les strophes de plus de cinq vers, on remarque les arrangements suivants: —

— *bb:* nos 21, 40.
— *ababecec:* nos 11, 41 (une strophe), 46.
— *ababcdcd:* no 42.
— *ababccaba:* no 32.
— *ababcece:* no 1.
— *ababab:* no 17.
— *abbacc:* no 8.
— *babacc:* no 9.
— *aabeeb:* no 30.
— *bbacac:* no 14.
— *bbbbaabb, bbbbaacc, bbcccaacc*, etc.: no 10.
— *bbcccdd*, etc.: no 15.
— *bbaacd, aabbcd*, etc.: no 44.

La relation entre la césure et l'assonance est elle-même sujette à certains lois bien définies.[1]

La césure paroxytonique (féminine) est accompagnée d'une assonance oxytonique (masculine) dans les pièces suivantes (en tout ou en partie): nos 2, 3, 6, 7, 9, 12, 13, 19, 20, 21, 23, 24, 29, 31, 36, 40 et 41; aussi, mais par exception, dans les nos 10, 15, 16 et 22.

La césure oxytonique s'accouple à une assonance paroxytonique dans les nos 3, 5, 6, 8, 39, et dans certains vers des nos 9, 16, 18, 22 et 34.

La césure oxytonique va de pair avec l'assonance oxytonique dans les nos (dans tous les vers ou dans quelques-uns seulement) 3 et 9; dans vingt vers du no 15; dans seize vers du no 18; dans quelques vers des nos 7, 10 et 34, et dans le refrain du no 21.

Nous n'avons trouvé de césure paroxytonique avec assonance paroxytonique que dans cinq vers des nos 8 et 18; ce qui démontre clairement la nature toute accidentelle de cet accouplement.

Si la "loi des césures inverses" est observée dans la majorité des pièces de notre répertoire, on ne pourra toutefois oublier le groupe intéressant ou la césure et l'assonance sont tous deux oxytoniques.

[1] Doncieux dit, au sujet des vers gallo-romains: "La césure était à volonté oxytonique ou paroxytonique, c'est-à-dire le premier hémistiche pouvait se terminer facultativement par une tonique accentuée ou par une atone qui ne compte pas dans le mètre" (citation peut-être imparfaite). Dans le langage d'oïl, on observe la "loi des césures inverses:" c'est-à-dire, "la chute du premier hémistiche est paroxytonique ou, comme nous disons, féminine, si celle du vers est oxytonique, ou masculine, et réciproquement" (*l. c.*, XIII).

Parmi les maintes infractions aux règles anciennes qui guidaient d'ordinaire les auteurs de chants populaires, on remarquera que dans au moins trois pièces (nos 9, 40 et 41), l'auteur — ou peut-être le chanteur — a mêlé deux sortes de vers sans apparemment s'en rendre compte. Au milieu de vers de 12 (6 + 6) syllabes, dans le no 9, nous trouvons plusieurs vers de six syllabes.

Dans les chansons de composition canadienne, nos 40 et 41, plus de la moitié des vers sont de 12 syllabes, et le reste est de 6. Cela vient évidement de ce que l'auteur n'avait qu'une connaissance instinctive des règles de prosodie.

En terminant, nous remercions notre correspondant A. G. pour ses suggestions, après lecture du manuscrit des chansons.

Ce volume a, comme les précédents, été préparé sous les auspices de la Section d'anthropologie (Ottawa).

DÉFINITION DES SIGNES CONVENTIONNELS.

Signes spéciaux dont nous nous servons dans les textes.

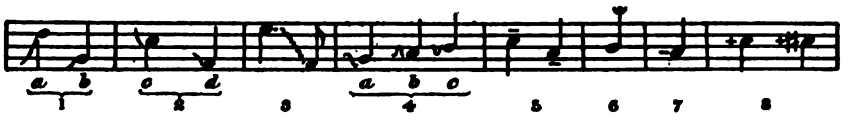
( ) Les parenthèses indiquent ce qui, dans le texte, est restauré et ne compte pas dans le mètre. Nous les préférons à l'apostrophe pour indiquer les muettes qui ne se prononcent pas. Les muettes des mots assonancés par license avec des terminaisons masculines sont aussi entre parenthèses.

[ ] Les crochets renferment les corrections, qui comptent dans le mètre.

| La barre verticale marque la césure; la muette qui termine le premier hémistiche ne comptant jamais dans le mètre, nous ne l'indiquons pas par des parenthèses, comme dans les autres cas.

‿ Indique la fusion de deux syllabes en une seule; par exemple, dans "(il) y‿a . . . "

Signes spéciaux pour la musique.



Dans 1, 2, 3 et 4, les lignes qui précèdent ou suivent les notes indiquent des courbures ou des sinuosités de la voix. Ces courbures représentent graphiquement, en profondeur et en étendue, la distance dans la portée que parcourt la voix, soit en attaquant indirectement la note, soit en la reliant à une note subséquente.

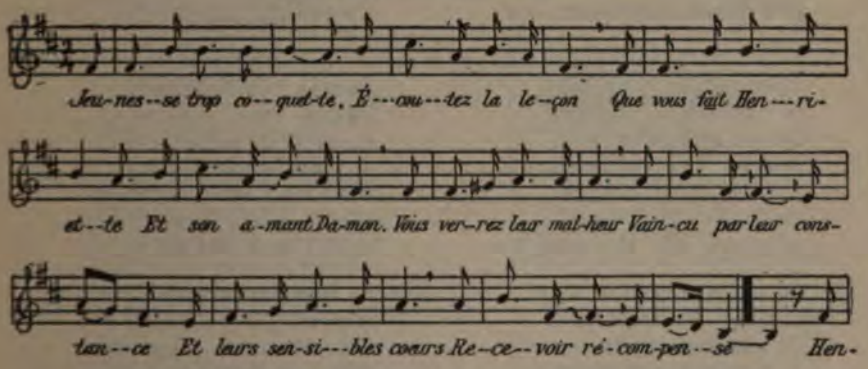
1. Attaque inférieure plus ou moins vive et profonde. Ici, l'attaque procède de *fa* à *ré* (*a*) et de *mi* à *sol* (*b*).

2. Attaque supérieure, ordinairement très légère et très brève; (*c*) *mi — do*; (*d*) *la — fa;* dans *d* la voix relie la note antérieure à la suivante en faisant une liaison retardée et brève; cette chute en traînée de la voix est très caractéristique chez plusieurs de nos chanteurs.
3. Liaison très lente et fortement prononcée, en forme de cadence.
4. Le contour de ces lignes représente des sinuosités de la voix ressemblant à des notes d'ornement très lestement exécutées au moment de l'attaque des notes; *a* pourrait s'écrire par les petites notes d'agrément *la-sol-fa-*SOL, *b* par *la-si-*LA, *c* par *si-la-*SI.
5. Le trait au-dessus ou au-dessous d'une note indique que la voix tend à se reposer sur cette note aux dépens de la suivante.
6. Le point d'orgue renversé signifie que la durée de la note ou de la portée est abrégée.
7. Un petit trait (*minus*) devant une note annonce que la voix n'a pas tout-à-fait atteint cette note, mais qu'elle s'est maintenue sur un intervalle légèrement inférieur.
8. Le signe plus (+) devant la note indique que l'intervalle atteint est un peu plus élevé que celui que la note seule ne ferait entendre.

NOTE. — Tandis que le texte placé sous la portée, dans les mélodies, est fidèlement reproduit tel que le chanteur l'a confié au phonographe, celui qui est imprimé séparément, à la suite, ne lui est pas toujours identique. Nous donnons quelquefois un texte critique resultant de plusieurs leçons; ailleurs nous reproduisons un texte soit légèrement retouché, soit noté au cours d'auditions différentes et pas toujours absolument équivalentes. Ces chansons n'ont d'ailleurs pas été préparées pour l'usage des artistes.

LES CHANSONS.

I. DAMON ET HENRIETTE.[1]



[1] Chantée par V.-F. de Repentigny, qui l'apprit de sa mère, à Saint-Timothée (Beauharnois), en 1873. (Phonographe no 848.) Cette ballade paraît avoir eu naguère une certaine popularité au Canada; L.-H. Cantin a entendu son père la chanter, quand il était jeune, il y a une quarantaine d'années; et un vieux charretier de Montréal en chante encore des couplets qu'il a appris dans sa jeunesse.

1. Jeunesse trop coquette
Écoutez la leçon
Que vous f[on]t Henriette
Et son amant Damon.
Vous verrez leur malheur
Vaincu par leur constance,
Et leurs sensibles cœurs
Recevoir récompense.

2. Henriette était fille
D'un baron de renom.
D'anci-enne famille
Était le beau Damon.
Il était fait au tour;
Elle était jeune et belle.
Et du parfait amour
Ils étaient le modèle.

3. Damon plein de tendresse,
Un dimanche matin,
Ayant ouï la messe
D'un père capucin,
S'en fut chez le baron,
D'un air civil et tendre.
— Je m'appelle Damon.
Acceptez-moi pour gendre.

4. — Mon beau galant, ma fille
N'est nullement pour vous;
Car, derrière une grille,
Dieu sera son époux.
J'ai des meubles de prix,
De l'or en abondance;
Ça sera pour mon fils,
J'en donne l'assurance.

5. — Ah! gardez vos richesses,
Monsieur, et votre bien.
Je vous fais la promesse
De n'y prétendre rien.
Comme vous j'ai de l'or.
Tout ce que je souhaite
De [vos riches] trésors,
[C'est la belle] Henriette. —

6. Ce vieillard malhonnête
S'en fut, sur ce propos,
En secouant la tête
Et lui tournant le dos.
Comme un père inhumain,
Traîna, la nuit suivante,
Dans un couvent bien loin,
La victime innocente.

7. Hélas, quel triste orage
Pour ces tendres amants!
Que ce cruel partage
Leur cause de tourments!
Damon a beau chercher
Sa chère Henriette;
Mais il ne peut trouver
Le lieu de sa retraite.

8. L'abbesse prend à tâche
De lui tourner l'esprit,
Lui parlant sans relâche
Et de règle et d'habit.
— Prends le voile au plus tôt;
Ornes en donc ta tête;
Et les anges d'en haut
En chanteront la fête.

9. — Ah! madame l'abbesse,
Ramassez vos bandeaux;
Je ne puis, par faiblesse,
Tomber dans vos panneaux;
[Car] au sort plus heureux
Le dieu d'amour m'appelle.
Damon a tous mes vœux;
Je lui serai fidèle. —

10. On envoi(e) d'Allemagne
Une lettre au baron,
Lui mandant que Guillaume[1]
Vient de perdre son nom.
Dans un sanglant combat,
Montra son grand courage;
[Mais, à la fin, tomba]
Ce guerrier redoutable.

11. En lisant cette lettre,
Pouss[e] mille soupirs,
Pleurant avec tendresse
La mort de son cher fils.
— J'avais, dit-il, gardé
Pour toi bien des richesses;
Mais le ciel a vengé
La malheur d'Henriette. —

12. Le lend(e)main, à la grille,
Henriette il fut voir.
Lui dit: — Ma pauvre fille,
Je meurs de désespoir.
Le ciel me punit bien
De mon trop de rudesse;
Mais tu n'y perdras rien;
Je te rends ma tendresse.

[1] Fils du baron et frère d'Henriette.

13. — Qu'avez-vous donc, cher père,
Qui vous chagrine tant?
— Ma fille, ton pauvre frère
Est mort en combattant
Et défendant le roi,
Au pays d'Allemagne.
Et je n'ai plus que toi
Pour être ma compagne . . .

14. [Elle], en ce moment même:
— Ah! mon père, arrêtez!
Celui que mon cœur aime,
Vous me le donnerez?
— Depuis longtemps, hélas!
On dit qu'en Italie,
[Croyant suivre vos pas,]
Il a perdu la vie.[1]

15. — Cruelle destinée!
Quoi, mon amant est mort?
Sa vie est terminée,
Et moi, je vis encor.
Destin trop rigoureux!
Et, mon père barbare,
Votre insensible cœur
A jamais nous sépare.

16. (*A son amant:*)
— Adieu donc, mon aimable,
Je [ne] te verrai plus.
Ton souvenir m'accable,
Tes soins sont superflus.
Adieu, cher tourtereau!
Et, chère tourterelle,
Au-delà du tombeau,
Oui, te serai fidèle.

17. Ah! madame l'abbesse,
Donnez-moi [cet] habit.
[Un] saint désir me presse
D'être de vos brebis.
Coupez mes blonds cheveux
Dont j'ai un soin extrême.
Arrachez-en les nœuds.
J'ai perdu celui qu(e) j'aime!

18. Adieu donc, mon cher père
Et toutes mes amies!
Dedans ce monastère
Je veux finir ma vie,
Passer mes tristes ans
Sous un habit de nonne,
Prier pour mes parents,
Que le ciel leur pardonne. —

19. La voilà donc novice.
Le grand dommage, hélas!
Que sous un noir cilice
Soient cachés tant d'appas.
Son père veut encor
L'arracher de la grille;
Mais son amant est mort,
Elle veut rester fille.

20. Or, justement la veille
De la profession,
(Écoutez la merveille
Daigne d'attenti-on)
En tout lieu on publie
[Qu'] un captif racheté[2]
Revient de [la] Turquie,
Jeune et de qualité.

21. On parle, dans la ville,
D[e ce] captif si beau.
D'une façon civile
Chacun lui fait cadeau.
Les dames, dans leur cœur,
Sont tendres de nature,
Versent toutes des pleurs
Sur sa triste aventure.

22. L'abbesse, curieuse,
A son tour veut le voir.
Chaque religi-euse
Se transporte au parloir.
Un secret mouvement
Y conduit Henriette,
Qui ordinairement
Restait dans sa chambre[tte].

23. — Beau captif, dit l'abbesse,
Quel est votre malheur?
A vous je m'intéresse.
— Madame, trop d'honneur!

[1] Le texte devient ici confus; un vers dit "Italie" et le suivant "Castille."

[2] Le texte manuscrit contient ici un contre-sens:

. . . Qu'en tout lieu on publie
Un captif rachète . . .

Je ne puis maintenant
Dir(e) comment je m[e nomme].[1]
Apprenez seulement
Que je suis gentilhomme.

24. J'aimais d'amour fidèle
Une jeune beauté;
La jeune demoiselle
M'aimait de son côté.
Mais son père inhumain
Autrement en ordonne,
Et m'enlève, un matin,
Cette aimable personne.

25. Où [donc] l'a-t-il cachée,
Ce père rigoureux?
Sept ans je l'ai cherchée
En cent différents lieux.
Par tout pays je cours,
Cherchant sans espérance
Celle qui doit, un jour,
Terminer ma souffrance.

26. Pris par un vieux corsaire,
Il me [tient] sans pitié.
[Mais], d'un cœur débonnaire,
J'ai gardé l'amitié
[De] sa fille enchanté(e).
Quoique charmante et belle,
Ell(e) voulait m'épouser.
Pour moi, quelle nouvelle!

27. Enfin, de mes refus
Cette fill(e) se rébute.
Pendant un an et plus
Elle me persécute,
Et son ordre m'oblige
A de rudes travaux.
Son souvenir m'afflige,
En vous disant ces mots.

28. C'était fait de ma vie:
J'en désirais la fin,
Quand le ciel, en Turquie,
Conduit l(e) Mahométan,
[Qui] brise mes li-ens
Et du patron m'achète . . .
Pour moi, le jour n'est rien
[Sans] ma chère Henriette. —

29. La novice, éperdue,
Succombe à ce discours,
[Et] chaque sœur s'émut[2]
Pour lui donner secours.
Elle ouvre un œil mourant,
Disant toute tremblante:
— Damon, mon cher amant,
Tu revois ton amante. —

30. A la voix de la fille,
Damon perd la raison.
Il veux forcer la grille
O[u] brûle[r] la maison.
Et pour le retenir
Il faut qu'on lui promette
De lui faire obtenir
La constanc(e) d'Henriette.

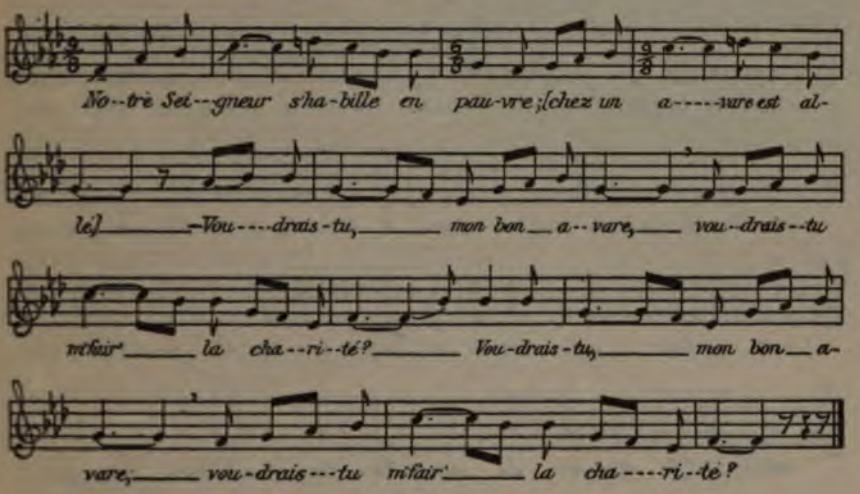
31. Le vieux baron arrive
Pour la professi-on.
Une amitié si vive
Lui fait compassi-on.
Le voilà consentant
De signer l'alliance.
Il veut, d[ès] ce moment,
Combler leur espérance.

32. L'on fit ce mariage
Tout en solennité.
Leurs parents de tout âge,
Chacun s'y est trouvé.
Après tant de douleurs,
De traverse(s) et de gêne,
L'on unit ces deux cœurs,
Récompensant leurs peines.

[1] Texte: "Vous dire comment je m'appelle."

[2] Le compositeur faisait rimer *s'émue* avec *éperdue;* les deux mots, dans son esprit, devaient se terminer par une assonance féminine.

2. NOTRE SEIGNEUR, L'AVARE ET LA DAME.[1]



1. Notre Seigneur s'habille en pauvre; | [chez un avare est allé.]
— Voudrais-tu, [mon] bon avare, | voudrais-tu m(e) faire la charité? (*bis*)

2. — Que dis-tu, pauvre bonhomme? | Je n'ai rien à te donner.
— Les miettes qui tomb(ent) sour la table, | fais-mois en la charité. (*bis*)

3. — Les miettes qui tomb(ent) sour ma table, | j'ai mon chien pour les manger.

— Ton chien peut vivre au li-èvre, | et moi, pauvr(e), je crève de faim.
— (*bis*)

4. La dame ouvr(e) la port(e) d(e) sa chambre, | entend ce pauvre homm(e) parler.
— Oh! rentre ici, mon bon pauvre! | Avec moi vous souperez. — (*bis*)

5. C'est quand ils eur(ent) bien soupé, | il demande à se coucher.
La dam(e) ouvr(e) la port(e) d(e) sa chambre, | aperçoit un(e) grand(e) clarté. (*bis*)

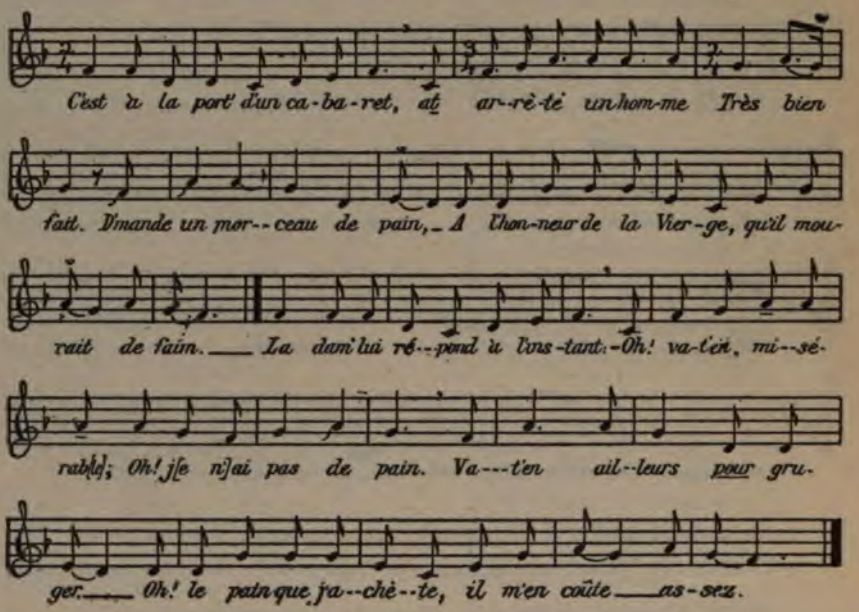
6. — Ah! dites-moi, mon bon pauvre, | la lune est-elle levé(e)?
— [Ce n'est pas elle,] madame; | c'est vot(re) . . . grande charité. (*bis*)

7. Votre place est [dans le] ciel; | elle sera bien gardé(e)
Pour vous et pour vos [hôtes], | *que les ceux* que vous aurez. (*bis*)

8. Madam(e), vous êtes enceinte | d'un homm(e) qui sera damné.
Dieu, dans sa miséricorde, | a voulu vous protéger.

[1] Ballade chantée par Jos. Rousselle, qui l'apprit de sa mère, Léopoldine Martin, alors âgée de 38 ans (Kamouraska), vers 1883–85. (Phonog. 1122.)

3. LA FEMME AVARE ET LE CRUCIFIX.[1]



1. C'est à la port(e) d'un cabaret; | *a*t arrêté un homme
Très bi-en fait. | D(e)mande un morceau de pain,
A l'honneur de la Vierge, | qu'il mourait de faim.

2. La dam(e) lui répond [à] l'instant: | — Oh! va-t'en, misérable!
Je n'ai pas de pain. | Va-t'en ailleurs gruger.
Oh! le pain que j'achète, | il m'en coûte assez.

3. — Madam(e), vous en avez, du blé, | à cueillir, cette année,
Une infinité. | Je dis mêm(e) que le pain
Sera dix sous la livre, | l'année qui vient. —

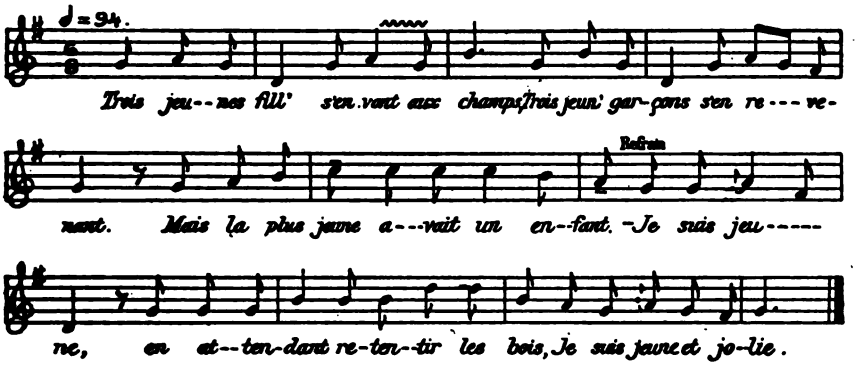
4. La jeune dam(e) s'est écriée: | — Oh! venez, tout le monde!
Voi[ci] un sorcier. — | Ils l'ont pris, ils l'ont lié.
Dedans les basses-fosses, | ils ont été le garotter.

5. Le lendemain avant-midi, | croyant trouver un homme,
Ils trouve(nt) un crucifix. | Il est beau et dolent,
D'un côté; de l'autre, | il [est] tout sanglant.

6. Il faut avertir l'archevêque, | pour emporter à l'église
Le saint crucifix. | On fait la procession
Partout dans la ville, | avec dévoti-on.

[1] Ballade chantée par Jos. Rousselle (Montréal, ci-devant de Kamouraska), qui l'apprit de sa mère, en 1888. (Phonog. 1121.)

4. LE NOUVEAU-NÉ NOYÉ PAR SA MÈRE.[1]



1. Trois jeunes fill(es) s'en vont aux champs,
Trois jeun(es) garçons s'en revenant.
. . . . . .
La plus jeune avait un enfant.

Refrain.

— Je suis jeune, en [en]tendant retentir les bois;
Je suis jeune et jolie. —

2. La plus jeune avait un enfant. (*bis*)
L'env(e)loppa dans un mouchoir blanc.

3. L'env(e)loppa dans un mouchoir blanc; (*bis*)
Dedans la mer ell(e) l['a jeté].

4. Dedans la mer ell(e) l['a jeté]. (*bis*)
Mais l'enfant s'est mis à [parler].[2]

5. Mais l'enfant s'est mis à [parler]: (*bis*)
— Ma bonn(e) mèr(e), vous avez pleuré?

6. Ma bonn(e) mèr(e), vous avez péché. (*bis*)
— Mais, mon enfant, qui te l'a dit?

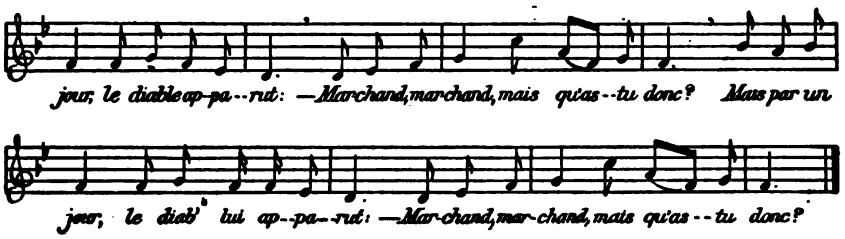
7. Mais, mon enfant, qui te l'a dit? (*bis*)
— Ce sont trois ang(es) du paradis. —

5. LE MARCHAND ET LE DIABLE.[3]

[1] Chantée par V.-F. de Repentigny; apprise de Mme Didier de Repentigny, en 1917, à Montréal. (Phonog. 1182.)

[2] Le texte dit "pleurer."

[3] Le chanteur, V.-F. de Repentigny (Montréal), apprit cette ballade, en 1917, de Adéliane Girard (Montréal). Cette dernière la tient de sa mère (aussi de Montréal, et agée de 68 ans), qui l'apprit dans sa jeunesse. (Phonog. 953.)



1. Ah! c'était un riche marchand, | qu(i) était bien trist(e) dans son vallon.
Mais, par un jour, | le diabl(e) lui apparut.
— Marchand, marchand, | mais qu'as-tu donc?[1]

2. — Il n'y a pas encore deux ans, | ah! que ma femme est décédée.
Auparavant, | j'étais riche marchand;
Mais à présent, | il y a du changement.

3. — Marchand, marchand, (ne) démont(e)-*toi* pas! | Tu as encor un(e) jolie fille.
Si tu voulais | me la donner,
De l'argent je te donnerai. —

4. Le beau marchand s'en fut alors | trouver sa fill(e) dans sa chambrette.
— Ma fille, il faudrait s'habiller;
En promenade il faut aller. —

5. La jeune fill(e) s'est habillée. | Mais a fallu fair(e) sa prière.
— Bonn(e) sainte Vierg(e), | conservez-moi!
Mèr(e) de Jésus, | préservez-moi! —

6. Dans leur chemin, ils fir(ent) rencontre | d'une jolie petit(e) chapelle.
— Arrêtez, mon père, arrêtez!
Ça (ne) s(e)ra pas pour vous r(e)tarder. —

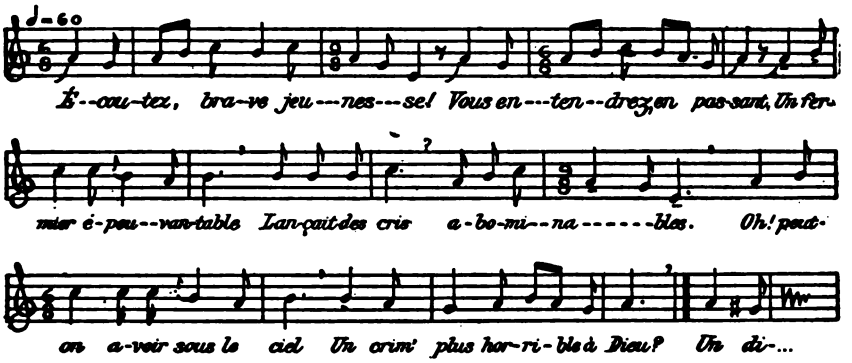
7. La jeune fill(e) s'est endormie, | à l'image de la saint(e) Vierge.
La sainte Vierge | s'est avancé(e);
Derrièr(e) le marchand a monté.

8. Tant loin que l(e) diabl(e) la voit venir, | il se déchire, il se lamente.
— Marchand, marchand, | tu m'as trompé!
Tu n'as pas ta fille avec to*é*.

9. La sainte Vierg(e) s'est avancée. | — Retire-toi, méchant disciple!
Car tu croyais, | dans ton esprit,
D'avoir l'enfant | de mon fils.

[1] Dans chaque couplet, le premier vers se répète; les deux derniers se bissent.

6. LE BLASPHÉMATEUR CHÂTIÉ.[1]



1. Ecoutez, brave jeunesse! | vous entendrez, en passant,
Un fermier épouvantable | lançant des cris abominables.
Oh! peut-on voir sous les ci[eux]
Un crim(e) plus horrible à Dieu!

2. Un dimanche, avant la messe, | il s'en va dedans son champ.
Il jurait, il blasphémait: | — Jésus-Christ! la sainte Vierge! —
Il fait des injure(s) à Dieu,
Qui vous dressent les cheveux.

3. Par ici passait un prêtre | qui revenait de prêcher.
Il l'a entendu blasphémer. | Aussitôt, lui a dit: — Mon frère,
Changez de vie promptement!
Redoutez le jugement.

4. — Je ne crois ni Dieu ni diable! | — répondit le scélérat.
Je vois qu'il (n'y) en *n*'a pas, | [puisque] je n(e) ramass(e) point d'avoine.
Et ni orge, ni *bestien*,
Pour nourrir tous mes bestiaux.

5. . . . . | [2] il a pris son pistolet;
Droitement il a tiré | au Flambeau qui nous éclaire,
En disant: — Dieu souverain,
Permettez qu(e) je vienne en chien! —

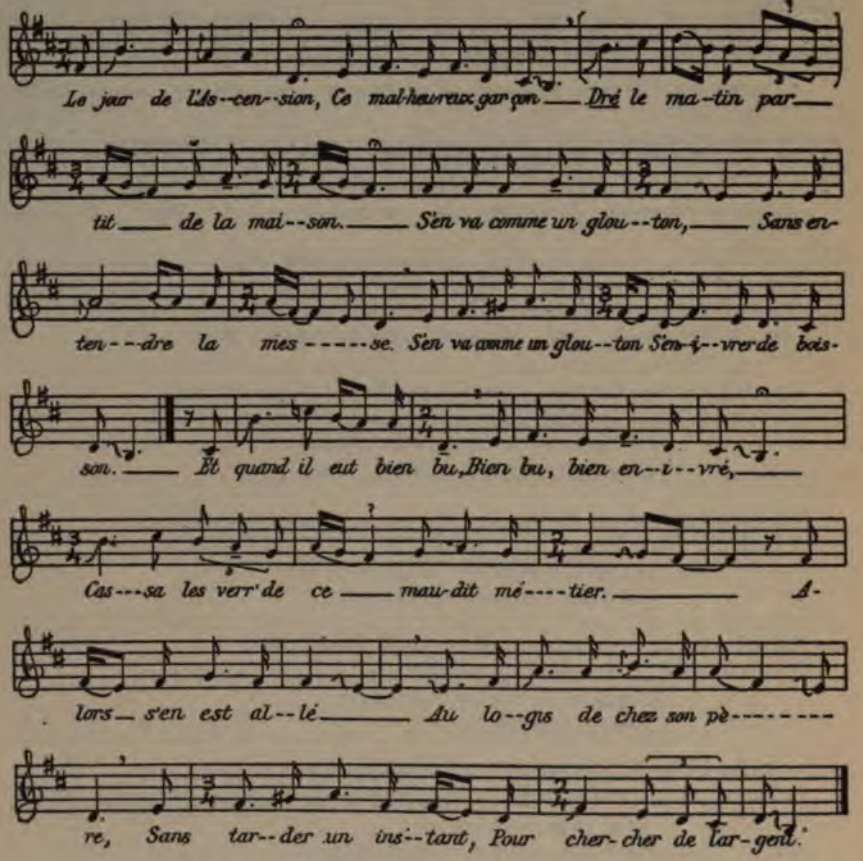
6. Ce malheureux hérétique | a été puni sur-le-champ.
D(e)vant l(e) prêtre et les religieux, | son corps *en* a pris la forme
Comme un véritable chien,
La tête comme un chrétien.

7. Ne murmurez pas, mes frères, | contre le Dieu tout-puissant.
Tout vient [de] sa sainte main, | la pluie et la sécheresse,
L'abondance et la cherté.
Il [ne] faut pas murmurer.

[1] Complainte chantée par Jos. Rousselle (Montréal), qui l'apprit de sa mère. Celle-ci, à son tour, l'avait reçue de sa mère, Dame Jos. Martin (Saint-Denis, Kamouraska), vers 1857. (Phonog. 1136.)

[2] Le chanteur commençait ce couplet par le premier vers du suivant.

7. LE MEURTRIER ET LE CAPITAINE.[1]



1. Le jour de l'Ascension,
Ce malheureux garçon,
Dré le matin, | sortit de la maison.
S'en va comme un glouton,
Sans entendre la messe, | s'en va, comme un glouton,
S'enivrer de boisson.

2. Et quand il eut bien bu,
[Quand il fut] enivré,
Cassa les verres | de ce maudit métier.
Alors s'en est allé
Au logis de son père, | sans tarder un instant,
Pour chercher de l'argent.

[1] Complainte chantée par Jos. Rousselle (de Montréal; ci-devant de Kamouraska), qui l'apprit de sa mère, en 1888. (Phonog. 1105.) Une version moins longue fut recueillie, en 1916, aux Eboulements, de Mme Jean Bouchard (Collection Barbeau). L'air ressemble à celui-ci.

3. Son père, tout courroucé,
Se voyant malmené,
Il lui a dit: | — Vous ête(s) un débauché;
Il est minuit sonné,
Il s'en va une heure; | oseriez-vous voler,
Ivrogn(e) du cabaret? —

4. Ce malheureux garçon,
Qu(i) est tenté du démon,
Parle à son père | sans entendre raison.
Ce malheureux garçon
Dans sa main prend un(e) hache; | sans plus *de raisolet*,[1]
Brisa le cabinet.

5. Son père, en le voyant
Frapper si rudement,
Il se leva | pour se mettre au-devant.
Ce malheureux garçon,
Qui *y* saute à la gorge, | par un coup de sabot
Jeta son père à-bas.[2]

6. Voici venir sa mère.
Sur lui s'est écriée:
— Maudit(e) soit l'heure | *que* je t'ai alaité!
O malheureux enfant,
Tu as tué ton père! | Peut-on voir sous le ciel
Un crime aussi cruel! —

7. Lui dit, gri*nch*ant des dents:
— Retir(e)-toi promptement,
Car tout à l'heure | il t'en arriv(e)ra autant. —
Ce malheureux garçon,
Il lui saute à la gorge; | par un coup de couteau
Jeta sa mère à-bas.

8. Voici venir sa sœur,
Sur lui fondant en pleurs.
— Mon très cher frère, | pour l'amour du Seigneur,
Calmez votre fureur!
Pensez à la justice! | Peut-on voir sous le ciel
Un crime aussi cruel! —

9. Lui dit, gri*nch*ant des dents,
— Retir(e)-toi promptement,
Car tout à l'heure, | il t'en arriv(e)ra autant. —
Ce malheureux garçon,
Il lui saute à la gorge; | par un coup de couteau
Jeta sa sœur à-bas.

10. *C'est* quand il eut commis
Ce crime si sanglant,

[1] Pour "se raisonner" (?).
[2] La version Bouchard dit: "Mit son père (sa mère, sa sœur) au tombeau."

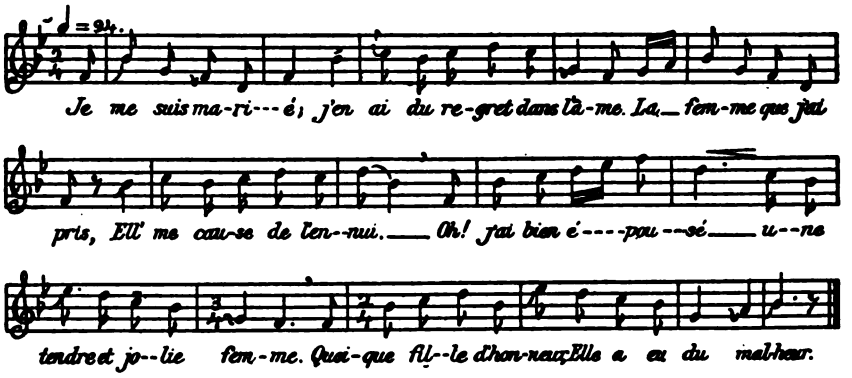
S'est emparé | de l'or et de l'argent.
Alors il s'en est allé
Chez un brav(e) capitaine, | croyant de s'engager
Pour être offici-er.

11. Le capitaine, le regard[ant],
Lui a dit: — Mon enfant,
Je (ne) t'engagerai pas | pour le présent.
N'aurais-tu pas commis
Quelque colèr(e) des hommes? | Avant de t'engager,
De toi j(e) veux m'informer. —

12. Lui dit, baissant les yeux,
Triste et fondant en pleurs:
— J'ai tué mon père, | ma mère et ma sœur.
J'ai mérité, mon Dieu!
La mort la plus cruelle | qu'on *ne* puisse inventer.
Faites-moi arrêter. —

13. Le capitain(e) le fit prendre
Par quatr(e) de ses soldats.
L'ont emmené | en prison de Versailles.
Son procès fut jugé,
A la mort [exécrable] | d'avoir le poing coupé
Et la tête tranchée.

8. LE CONSCRIT NOUVELLEMENT MARIÉ.[1]



1. Je me suis marié; | j'en ai du regret dans l'âme.
La femme que j'ai pris(e),
Ell(e) me caus(e) de l'ennui.
Oh! j'ai bien épousé | une tendre et jolie femme.
Quoique fille d'honneur,
Elle a eu du malheur.

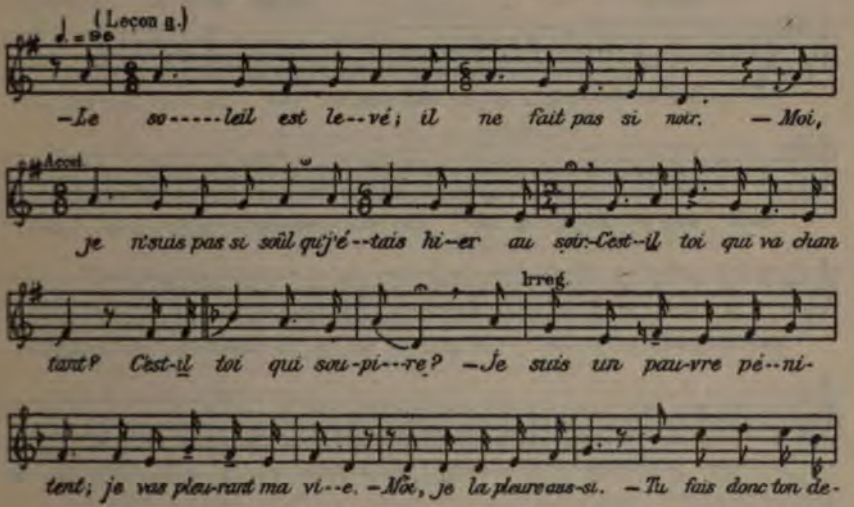
[1] V.-F. de Repentigny (Montréal) apprit cette chanson de sa sœur, Marie-Anne, à Saint-Timothée (Beauharnois), en 1874. (Phonog. 816.) Une variante en a été obtenue aux Eboulements (Charlevoix), en 1916, de Mme Jean Bouchard (Collection Barbeau).

2. Je me suis marié | le vingt-cinq de septembre,
Qui était le lundi.
Le soir, a fallu partir.
V[int] un commandement; | a fallu prend[r]e les armes.
Du côté de l'armée,
Le soir, a fallu gagner.

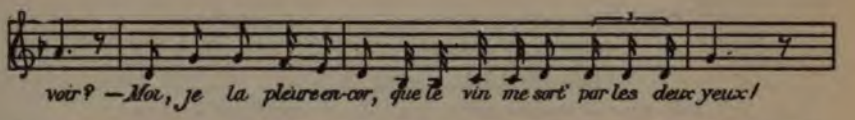
3. Il n'y avait personne | *sans* qu'*il* fond[ît] en larmes.
Père et mèr(e), frère et sœur,
Tout le monde était en pleurs.
J'ai pris mon mouchoir, | c'est pour essuyer mes larmes.
En essuyant mes deux yeux,
J'*en* ai fait mes adieux.

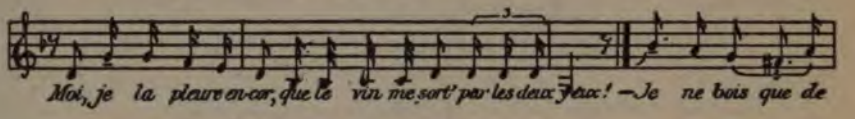
4. C'est à vous aut(res), jeun(es) gens, | sur moi *prenez exemple.*
Ne vous mariez donc pas
Tant que la guerr(e) durera.
Car si j'avais des ailes | comme toi, belle hirondelle,
Sur les genoux de ma mie,
J'irais me reposer.

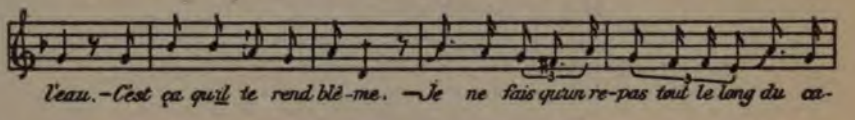
9. LE PÉNITENT ET L'IVROGNE.[1]

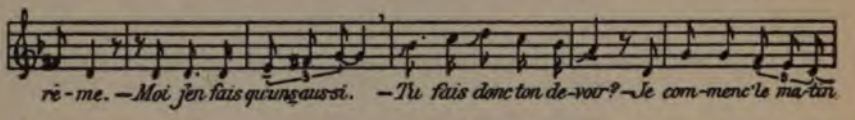


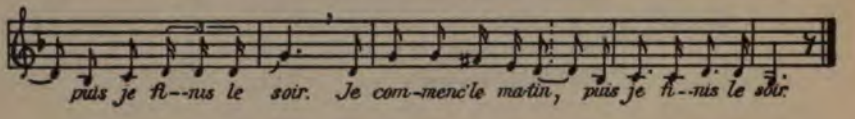
[1] Dialogue chanté. Leçon *a*, de V.-F. de Repentigny (Montréal), qui l'apprit, en 1880, de Trefflé Bougie (Valleyfield). De Rep. et Bougie naguère jouaient respectivement les rôles du pénitent et de l'ivrogne. (Phonog. 913.) — Leçon *b*, texte de *Johnny* Proulx, de Hawkesbury (Prescott). — Leçon *c*, fragment communiqué par A. G., qui l'obtint de Mme Hector Poisson (Saint-Pierre-les-Becquets, Nicolet). — Leçon *d*, recueillie par A. G., de Narcisse Papillon, âgé de 52 ans, des Ecureuils (Portneuf); apprise vers 1868. Air noté par J.-H. P. sous la dictée de G. P. Nous reproduisons la mélodie telle que notée par J.-H. P.



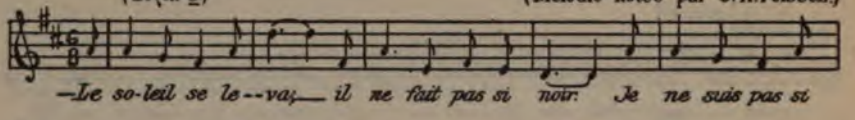


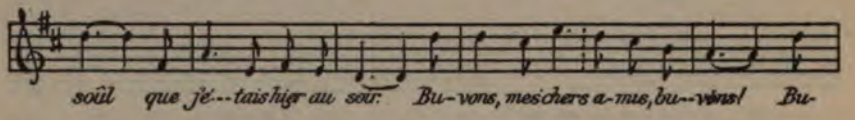


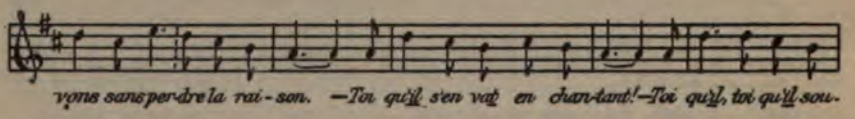


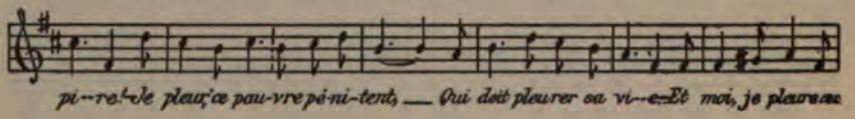


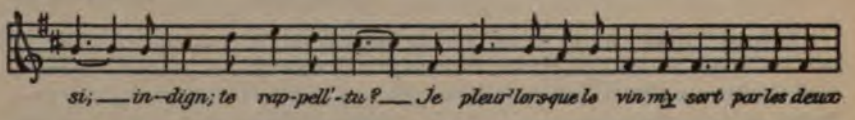
(Leçon d.) (Mélodie notée par J.-H. Poisson.)

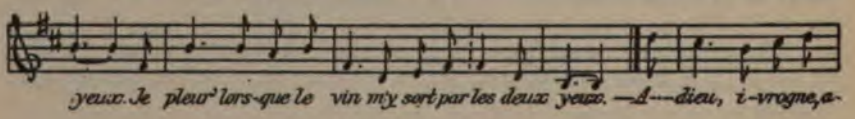


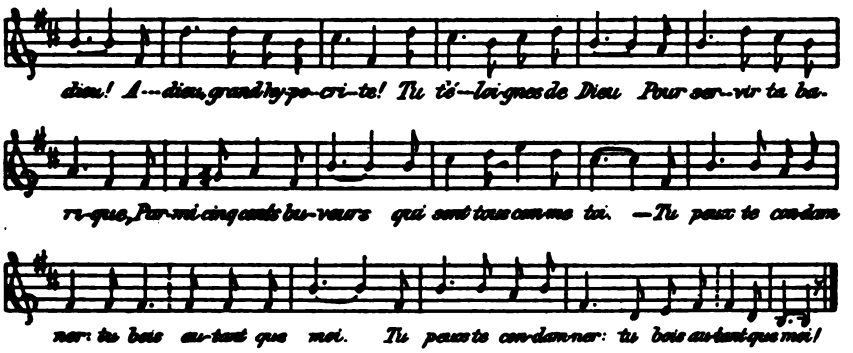












I.

LE PÉNITENT.

— Le soleil est levé;[1] | il ne fait pas si noir.

L'IVROGNE.

— Je ne suis pas si soûl | qu(e) j'étais hier au soir.[2]
Ah! le vin charme la vie. | Buvons sans perdre la raison.[3]

LE PÉNITENT.

— C'est-*il* toi qui va chantant?[4]

L'IVROGNE.

— C'est-*il* toi qui soupire?[5]

LE PÉNITENT.

— Je suis un pauvre pénitent,
Qui va pleurant sa vie.[6]

L'IVROGNE.

— Moi, je la pleure aussi.[7] | Distinguons-nous tous deux.[8]
Je pleur(e) lorsque le vin | me sort[9] par les deux yeux. (*bis*)

[1] (*b*) ". . . se lève . . . ;" (*c* et *d*) ". . . se leva . . ."

[2] (*a*) "Moi, je . . ."

[3] (*c*) "Le vin charme ma vie. | Buvons tous, mes amis;
Sans perdre la raison . . ."
(*d*) "Buvons, mes chers amis, buvons! buvons sans . . ." Cette ligne est omise dans *a*.

[4] (*b*) "Où vas-tu, toi . . . ;" (*d*) "toi *qu'il* s'en va . . ."

[5] (*b*) "Où vas-tu, toi . . . ;" (*c*) "Ah! *qu'il* j'attends *qu'il* vient? Ah! *qu'il* j'attends? Ah! *qu'il* soupire;" (*d*) "Toi qu'il, toi *qu'il* soupire."

[6] (*a*) "Je vas pleurant ma vie;" (*c*) ". . . qui vient pleurant . . ."
(*d*) "Je pleure, ce pauvre pénitent, | qui doit pleurer sa vie."

[7] (*d*) "Et moi je pleure aussi; | indigne, te rappelles-tu?"
La leçon *a* se surcharge ici de deux phrases, dont l'une se répète plus loin et dont l'autre est tirée du second couplet. Comme elles ne se trouvent pas dans les deux autres leçons, nous les retranchons de notre texte critique.

[8] Ce vers et le premier hémistiche du suivant viennent de *b* et *c*; *c* se lit: ". . . en distinguant tous deux . . ."

[9] (*d*) ". . . m'y sort . . ."

2. LE PÉNITENT.

— Je ne bois que de l'eau.

L'IVROGNE.

— C'est ça [qui] te rend blême.[1]

LE PÉNITENT.

— Je ne fais qu'un repas[2] | tout le long du carême.

L'IVROGNE.

— Moi, j(e n')en fais qu'un, aussi.

LE PÉNITENT.

— Tu fais donc ton devoir?

L'IVROGNE.

— Je commenc(e) le matin, | puis je finis le soir.[3]

3. LE PÉNITENT.

— Pens(e) donc! tu dois mourir.[4]

L'IVROGNE.

— Je dois mourir à table.

LE PÉNITENT.

— Pens(e) donc à l'avenir;
Tu n(e) feras plus de farce.[5]

L'IVROGNE.

— Je ne crains que la soif.

LE PÉNITENT.

— Tu ne crains pas la mort?

L'IVROGNE.

— Comment l'appréhender? | Quand je suis soûl, je dors. (*bis*)[6]

[1] (*b*) LE PÉNITENT. — Je couche sur un grabat.
L'IVROGNE. — Moi, souvent dans la rue.

(*d*) LE PÉNITENT. — Je couche souvent sans ces grabats;
L'IVROGNE. — Moi, souvent dans la rue.

[2] (*d*) "Je fais qu'un seul repas."

[3] (*b*) "Je finis que le soir;" (*d*) "et j'achève le soir." Quant au reste de ce couplet, il est identique dans toutes les leçons. Le dernier vers se bisse, comme dans tous les autres couplets.

[4] (*a*) "— Pensons qu'il faut mourir."

[5] (*a*) "— Quel triste avenir! | Cela n'est pas affable."

[6] La version *a* divague, à la fin de cette strophe; et nous n'utilisons que *b*. Les leçons *c* et *d* ne contiennent pas cette strophe.

4. LE PÉNITENT.

— Mais quand tu seras mort . . .[1]

L'IVROGNE.

— Parle-moi d'autres choses.

LE PÉNITENT.

— — On dépos(e)ra ton corps[2]
Dans le fond d'une fosse.

L'IVROGNE.

— Non, non,[3] tu as menti!

LE PÉNITENT.

— Où le dépos(e)ra-t-on?[4]

L'IVROGNE.

— Dans le fond d'une cave, | à travers[5] les flacons. (*bis*)

5. LE PÉNITENT.

— Ton âme ira au feu.

L'IVROGNE.

— J'essaierai de l'éteindre.[6]

LE PÉNITENT.

— Ce feu ne s'éteint pas; | car il brûle sans cesse.

L'IVROGNE.

— J'apporterai du vin.

LE PÉNITENT.

— Ce vin te brûlera.

L'IVROGNE.

— Non, non![7] j'en boirai tant | qu'il me refraîchira. (*bis*)[8]

6. LE PÉNITENT.

— J'enseigne à prier Dieu.

[1] (*d*) "Après que . . . ;" (*b*) "pense donc à l'avenir!"

[2] (*a*) "— Où dépos(e)ra-t-on ton corps?"
(*b*) ". . . on exposera . . ."

[3] (*d*) "Ah, non . . ."

[4] (*b*) "— Et où l'expos(e)ra-t-on?" (*d*) "où on le mettra donc?"

[5] (*d*) "En travers . . ."

[6] (*a*) "— Je tâch(e)rai de . . ."

[7] (*b*) "— Ah, ah! . . ."

[8] Ces deux dernières strophes sont semblables dans *a* et *b*.

L'IVROGNE.

— Et moi, j'enseigne à boire.

LE PÉNITENT.

— Tu dois t'en faire un(e) gloire,
Pour mériter les cieux! (*bis*)

L'IVROGNE.

— Et moi, pour les gagner, | je bois autant que deux. (*bis*)[1]

7. LE PÉNITENT.

— Adieu, ivrogne, adieu!

L'IVROGNE.

— Adieu, franc hypocrite![2]

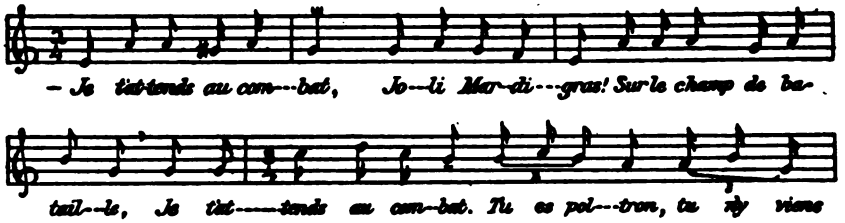
LE PÉNITENT.

— Tu t'éloignes de Dieu
Pour suivre la barrique,[3]
Parmi cinq cents buveurs | insensés comme toi.[4]

L'IVROGNE.

— Peux-tu me condamner? | tu bois autant que moi. (*bis*)[5]

10. CARÊME ET MARDI-GRAS.[6]



[1] Cette strophe est tirée de la leçon *b*, les autres ne l'ayant pas.

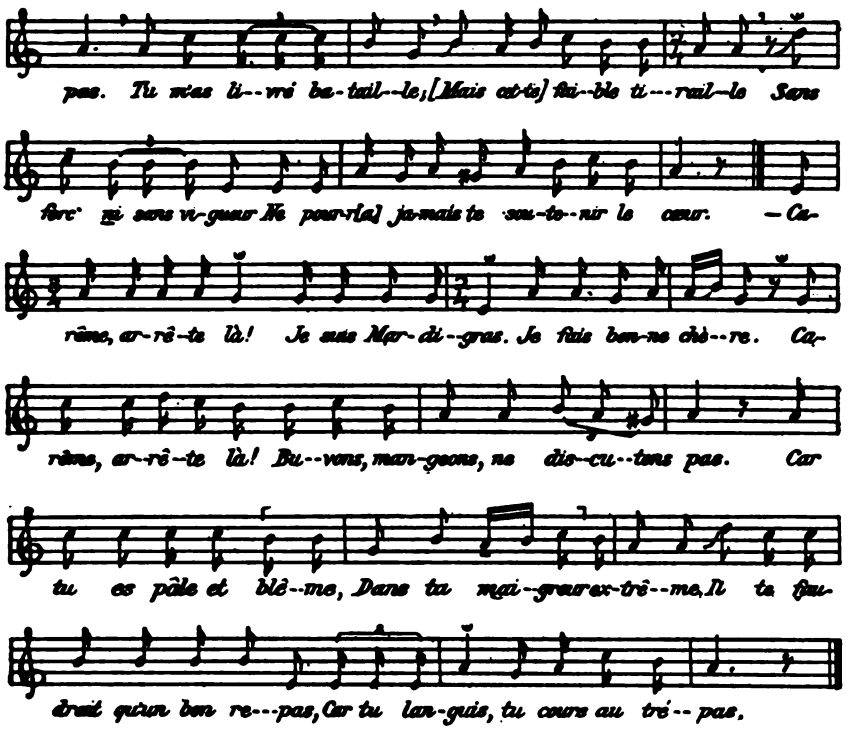
[2] (*b*) "— Adieu, frère hypocrite!" (*d*) "grand hypocrite;" (*c*) "Tu dépenses tout ton bien."

[3] (*b* et *c*) "— Tu t'éloign(es) de ton Dieu, . . . barrique;" (*d*) ". . . pour servir . . ."

[4] (*a*) "— Plus de cinq cents buveurs . . ."
(*c*) "Pour suivre ta barrique, | parmi ces bons buveurs.
— Buveurs tout comme toi!"
(*d*) "Qui sont tous . . ."

[5] (*a*) "Doit-on les condamner | s'ils boivent tout comme moi."
(*d*) "Va, va te condamner . . ."
(*Poisson*) "Peut-on les condamner | s'ils boivent autant que toi?"

[6] Ce chant allégorique fut chanté par L.-H. Cantin (Montréal), qui l'apprit de Magloire Cantin, son père (Hawkesbury, Ont.), vers 1885. Le texte est tiré d'un manuscrit daté du 27 janvier, 1879, à Peterborough (Ont.). (Phonog. 1102.)



1. CARÊME.

— Je t'attends au combat,
Joli Mardi-gras!
Sur le champ de bataille, | je t'attends au combat.
Tu es poltron, tu n'y viens pas.
Tu m'as livré bataille;
[Mais] ta faible tiraille
Sans forc(e) ni *sans* vigueur
Ne pourr[a] jamais | te soutenir le cœur.

2. MARDI-GRAS.

— Carême, arrête là!
Je suis Mardi-gras.
Je fais bonne chère, | Carême, arrête là!
Buvons, mangeons, ne discutons pas;
Car tu es pâle et blême,
Dans ta maigreur extrême.
Il (ne) te faudrait qu'un bon repas,
Car tu languis, | tu cours au trépas.

3. CARÊME.

— *Par* la part du démon,
Indigne glouton,

Dis-moi, double ivrogne, | *par* la part du démon!
Prends ton sabre en main, | nous combattrons.
Toutes ces liqueurs sont mauvaises,
Te montent à la tête,
Te f[on]t perdre la raison,
A toi et [à] tes compagnons.

4. MARDI-GRAS.

— J'ai tous les vins dessus ma table,
Des liqueurs dedans ma cave.
Qui nous donn(ent) la vigueur,
Qui nous réjoui[ssen]t le cœur.
Sois d'une humeur gaillarde!
Perdrix, pigeons, poulardes,
Canards, gigots, jambons,
Cela est meilleur | que tous tes poissons.

5. CARÊME.

— Car j'ai du vaillant saumon,
De la grosse éturgeon,
De la morue permise, | du fameux carpeau,
D(e) la truite et l'anguille; | j'ai des œufs pour ma cuisine,
Des amandes, aussi des | fruits, | du coco et du chocolat.
Cela nous fait faire | des bons repas.
. . . . . .

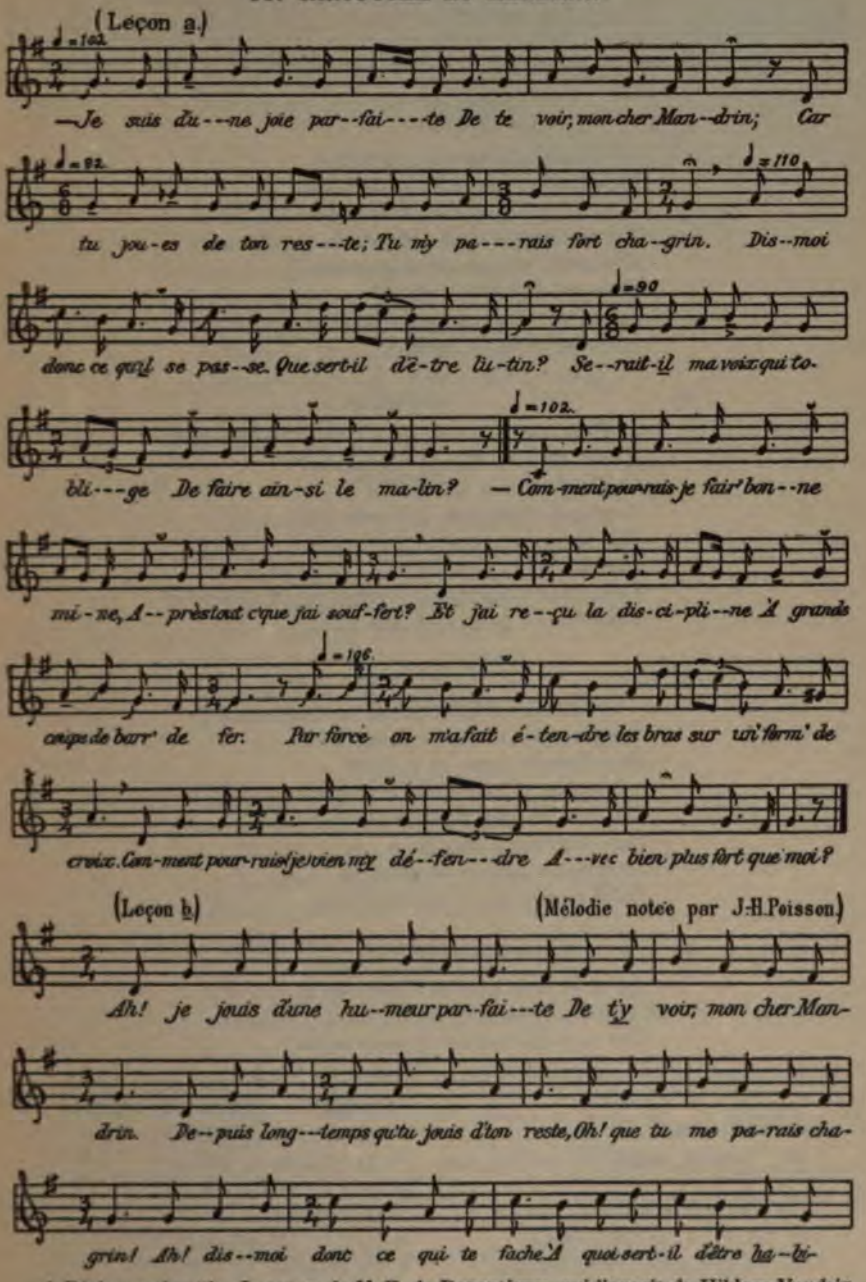
6. MARDI-GRAS.

— Tous mes veaux et mes moutons,
Et aussi mes cochons,
Et aussi mes volailles, | te feront bien danser
Un beau menu-et,
A ton grand regret.
J'ai andouille et saucisse,
Qui sont à mon service,
Quantité de brochées
Qui ravageront tes harengs salés.

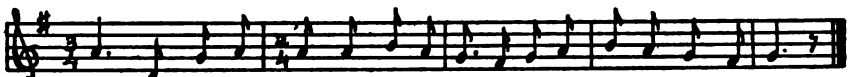
7. CARÊME.

J'ai dans ma grande armoire,
Quantité de fraises
Et des confitures, | du sucre et du raisin,
Qui iront grand train,
En mangeant ton pain.
J'ai du beurre et du fromage,
Du lait et du potage
Qui te mettront au trépas.
Maudits les morts (?) du Mardi-gras!

II. CARTOUCHE ET MANDRIN.[1]



[1] Dialogue chanté. Leçon *a*, de V.-F. de Repentigny, qui l'apprit de Hildace Vaudrin fils (Saint-Stanislas, Beauharnois), vers 1890. (Phonog. 914.) — Leçon *b* (Collection A. G.), chantée par G. P., et notée par J.-H. P. Cette version vient de Wilbrod Papillon, de 28 ans, des Ecureuils (Portneuf), qui l'apprit, à 22 ans, de Ferdinand Lamothe (Ecureuils).



I. CARTOUCHE.

— Je suis d'une joie parfaite[1]
De te voir,[2] mon cher Mandrin,
Car tu [y joues][3] de ton reste;
Tu me parais tout chagrin.[4]
Dis-moi donc ce qu'*il* se passe![5]
Que sert-il d'être lutin?[6]
Serait-*il*[7] ma voix qui t'oblige
De faire ainsi le malin?[8]

2. MANDRIN.

— Comment pourrais-je fair(e) bonne mine,
Après tout ce que j'ai souffert?
Et j'ai[9] reçu la discipline
A grands coups de barre de fer.
Par force, on m'a[10] fait étendre
Les deux bras en form(e) de croix.[11]
Comment pourrais-j(e) bien m'y[12] défendre
Avec bien[13] plus fort que moi?

3. CARTOUCHE.

— Mon cher Mandrin, si tu t'admires,[14]
Tous tes bras seront rompus.[15]
Il te faudra pour te guérir*e*
Un peu d'huil(e) de foie d(e) moru(e).[16]
Je[17] connais un honnête homme
Qui te guérira fort bien
Avec une emplâtre de gomme
Qu'il te mettra [18] sur les reins.

4. MANDRIN.

— Je vois bien que tu t'y moques[19]
Et que tu veux y rir(e) de moi,
Car ton discours m'y provoque[20]

[1] (*b*) "Ah! je jouis d'une humeur parfaite . . ."
[2] (*b*) "De t'*y* voir . . ."
[3] (*b*) "Depuis longtemps que tu jouis . . ."
[4] (*b*) "Oh! que tu me parais chagrin."
[5] (*b*) "Ah! . . . ce qui te fâche."
[6] (*b*) "A quoi sert-il d'être *habitant!*"
[7] (*b*) "Ah! c'est-*i* . . ."
[8] (*b*) "De te faire un si bon langage."
[9] (*b*) "Moi *qu'a* . . ."
[10] (*b*) ". . . ils m'ont bien . . ."
[11] (*a*) "Les bras sur un(e) form(e) de croix."
[12] (*b*) ". . . je pourrai*t*-il me . . ."
[13] (*b*) "Contre un homme . . ."
[14] (*b*) ". . . l'admires."
[15] (*b*) "Mais tous . . ."
[16] (*a*) ". . . de *corporu*."
[17] (*b*) "Moi, je . . ."
[18] (*b*) " . . . collera . . ."
[19] (*b*) "Ah! je . . ."
[20] (*b*) "Avec ton discours *infrivoque*."

A grands coups tout[1] contre [toi].
Ah! dis-moi donc, vilain infâme![2]
De ton cadavre[3] infecté[4]
Jamais de pareilles rencontres
[Ne] m'ont si fort épouvanté.[5]

5. CARTOUCHE.

— Si j'ai l'air[6] un peu farouche,
Que cela ne t'épouvant(e) pas,[7]
Car je suis le[8] vaillant Cartouche.
Je vois que tu n(e) m'*y* connais pas.[9]
Mon nom est dessus la terre[10]
Tout en lettr(es)[11] de sang gravé.
Jamais[12] l'eau qui coule dans la mère
Sera capabl(e)[13] de l'effacer.

6. MANDRIN.

— Oh! c'est donc toi, vilain infâme!
De toi, je n'*en* suis pas surpris,
Car en tous lieux on te réclame
Pour un gamin de Paris.
Le titr(e) de ton industrie
En est que chèfre de brigands,
Et le livre de ta vie
En est que miroir de fripon.[14]

7. CARTOUCHE.

— Gros[15] paysan du village,
Tu n'es qu'un impertinent[16]
De venir dir(e) qu'un homme sage[17]
En n'est que chefe de brigands.
Mandrin,[18] prends-moi pour ton maître,
Et tremble, quand tu *m'y*[19] vois.
Tu n'es point digne de v(e)nir paraître[20]
Devant un homme comme moi.[21]

[1] (*b*) ". . . grands *coudres* contre moi."
[2] (*b*) "Dis-moi ton nom *invidémonce*."
[3] (*b*) ". . . *calombre*."
[4] (*a*) ". . . *infesté*."
[5] (*b*) "Jamais de ma vie j'ai fait rencontre
Pour de si fort m'épouvanter."
[6] (*b*) "Mandrin, *t'as* l'air . . ."
[7] (*b*) "Mandrin, ne t'épouvante-toi pas."
[8] (*b*) ". . . ce . . ."
[9] (*b*) "Mandrin, me reconnais-tu pas?"
[10] (*b*) ". . . est écrit sur la pierre."
[11] (*b*) "En lettres . . ."
[12] (*b*) "Avec . . ."
[13] (*b*) "*T'es* pas capable . . ."
[14] Cette strophe manque dans la leçon *b*.
[15] (*b*) "O gros . . ."
[16] (*b*) "Que ton discours m'est insultant."
[17] (*b*) ". . . est sage — Quand il est le chef des . . ."
[18] (*b*) "Et là, tiens! . . ."
[19] (*a*) ". . . me . . ."
[20] (*a*) "Oserais-tu à comparaître."
[21] (*a*) "A un homm(e) tout comme moi."

8. MANDRIN.

— Ne dis-tu pas, ah![1] que je tremble?
Vilain sot, tu te méprends,[2]
Car si nous étions pris[3] ensemble
Tu t'en souviendrais longtemps.
Moi qui a(i) forcé la ville,[4]
Qui aurais tout fait de toi,[5]
Crois-tu, simple[6] imbécile,
Que j'aurais eu peur de toi?

9. CARTOUCHE.

— A quoi servait tout(e) ta puissance,[7]
Le jour[8] que t(u) as été rompu,
Sur la place de Valence?[9]
Pourquoi ne t'es-tu[10] défendu?
Tu t'es pourtant quitté[11] prendre,
Garotté tout[12] comme un veau,
Avec un courage[13] d'Alexandre
Qu'[on][14] conduit au cachot.

10. MANDRIN.

— Ne parle pas[15] de ma prise;
Tu augmentes mes[16] douleurs.
Jamais de pareilles surprises[17]
[Ne] m'ont fait si[18] mal au cœur.
Mais parlons un peu[19] d(e) la tienne,
Car je vois bien que tu (ne) dis mot.[20]
Pourquoi (ne) brisas-tu pas tes chaînes,
Du temps que t(u) étais au cachot?[21]

11. CARTOUCHE.

— Il est vrai, et[22] je l'avoue,
Que j'ai[23] subi le même sort.
J'ai bien été jusqu'à la roue[24]
Pour y subir mon *con*sort.[25]

[1] (*b*) "Eh là, tu dis . . ."
[2] (*b*) ". . . *t'as su m'y* prendre."
[3] (*b*) ". . . l'on se prenait . . ."
[4] (*b*) "C'est moi *qu'a renforci* les villes."
[5] (*b*) "Et qui les a mis sur les bois."
[6] (*b*) "Aurais-tu cru, pauvre . . ."
[7] (*b*) "Où était donc toute ta vaillance."
[8] (*b*) "La journée . . ."
[9] (*b*) "Devant la porte de l'Alliance?"
[10] (*b*) ". . . que tu t'es pas . . ."
[11] (*b*) "Pourquoi *que* t'es-tu laissé . . ."
[12] (*b*) "Et t'ont garotté . . ."
[13] (*b*) "Ce sont les pouvoirs . . ."
[14] (*b*) "Qui t'ont . . ."
[15] (*b*) "Quand tu m'y parles . . ."
[16] (*b*) ". . . tous mes . . ."
[17] (*b*) "J'ai jamais fait une pareille prise."
[18] (*b*) "Qui m'a tant fait . . ."
[19] (*b*) "Mais toi, parle-moi donc de . . ."
[20] (*a*) "Je vois que tu eus des maux."
[21] (*a*) "Le temps que t(u) as rompu les chaînes
Qui t'ont conduit au cachot."
[22] (*b*) "Oui, il est vrai; oui . . ."
[23] (*b*) "J'ai bien . . ."
[24] (*b*) ". . . jusqu'à Rouen."
[25] (*b*) "Sans retrouver mon *réconfort*."

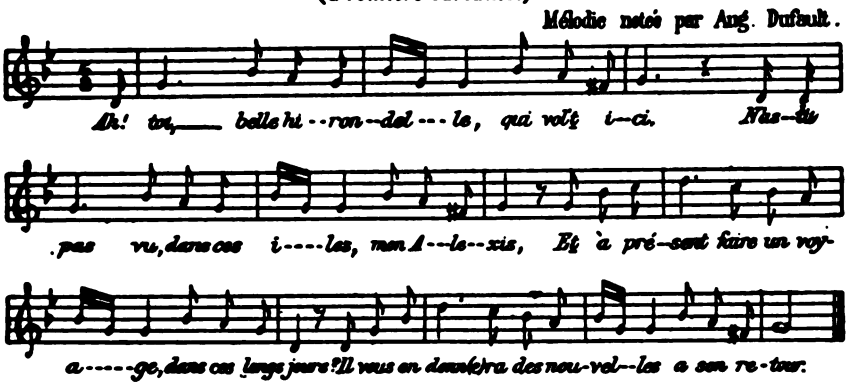
Si j'ai souffert ce supplice,[1]
Ah non![2] je n(e) m'y attendais pas.
Ce sont les Messieurs d(e) la justice
Qu(i) ont si fort[3] pressé mes pas.

12. CARTOUCHE.

— Mandrin, laissons (tous) nos tours de force[4]
Et tous nos tours de fripons.
Faisons-nous faire un beau carrosse,[5]
Dans lequel nous y promèn(e)rons.[6]
Il (ne)[7] nous manque que le brancart
Et les deux roues; nous les aurons.[8]
C'est par un vaillant coup[9] d'adresse,
Un jour, (que) nous les trouverons.[10]

12. L'HIRONDELLE MESSAGÈRE DES AMOURS.[11]

(*Première variante.*)



1. — Ah! toi, belle hirondelle, | qui vole ici,
N'as-tu pas vu, dans ces îles, | mon Alexis,
Est à *présent* faire un voyage, | dans ces longs jours?
Il vous en donn(e)ra des nouvelles, | à son retour. —

2. L'oiseau, qu(i) est tout aimable, | prit sa volé(e);
Avec son léger plumage | s'en est allé.
A traversé l'eau*x* et la mer | sans se lasser.
Dessus le bord d'une flotte | s'est reposé.

[1] (*b*) "Si j'ai reçu la discipline."
[2] (*b*) "C'est parce que . . ."
[3] (*b*) "Qui ont fort . . ."
[4] (*a*) ". . . Quittons là tout nos farces."
[5] (*a*) "Nous nous ferons faire un carrosse."
[6] (*a*) ". . . embarquerons."
[7] (*b*) "Mais il . . ."
[8] (*a*) "Les deux roues nous serviront."
[9] (*b*) ". . . jour . . ."
[10] (*a*) ". . . nous nous *embarquerons*."
[11] Chantée par E.-Z. Massicotte, notre collaborateur, et transcrite à l'oreille par Aug. Dufault, organiste. C'est de Charles Belleau, ancien charpentier de navire à Québec, et domicilié à Montréal, vers 1890, que M. Massicotte apprit et nota cette chanson. (Phonog. 507; pas utilisé ici.)

3. Al aperçu la hune | d'un bâtiment.
Alexis s'y lamente | en naviguant.
— Parle-moi donc, amant fidèle, | parle-moi donc!
Je viens de la part de ta belle, | [d(e) son agrément.] [1]—

4. L'amant saisi d'horreur | d'entend(re) parler,
De savoir des nouvelles | d(e) sa bien-aimé(e).
— Tu lui diras, belle hirondelle, | qu'à mes amours
Je lui serai chaste et fidèle, | à mon retour. —

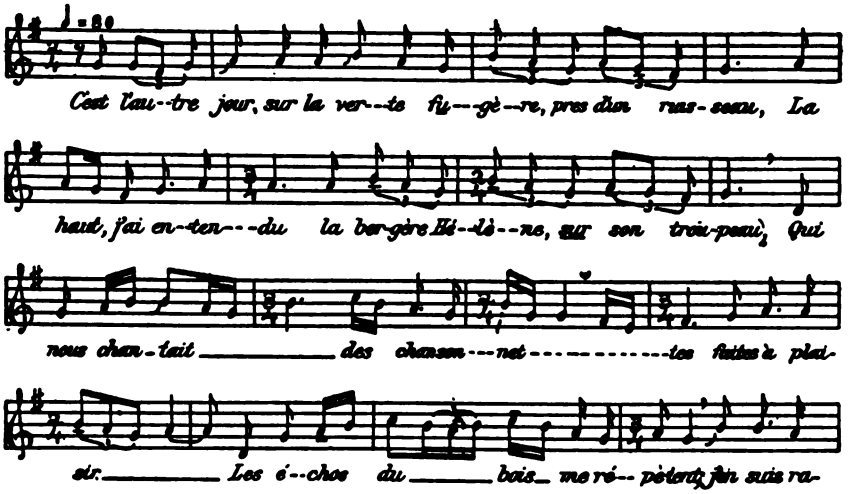
5. L'oiseau, qu(i) est tout aimable, | prit sa volé(e);
Droit à son vert bocage | s'en est allé.
— Consolez-vous, charmante Hélène, | consolez-vous!
J'ai de si bonnes nouvelles | qui sont pour vous.

6. Votre amant sur la mere | est engagé
Pour faire un long voyage | de douze anné(e)s.
Il m'a donné son cœur en gage | et ses amours.
Il vous sera chaste et fidèle, | à son retour.

7. Adieu, charmante Hélène! | nous faut partir.
Le verre et la bouteille, | pour nous conduir(e).
Je vous salu(e), charmante Hélène! | — Salut à toi!
— Si [votre] petit cœur est en peine | priez pour moi.

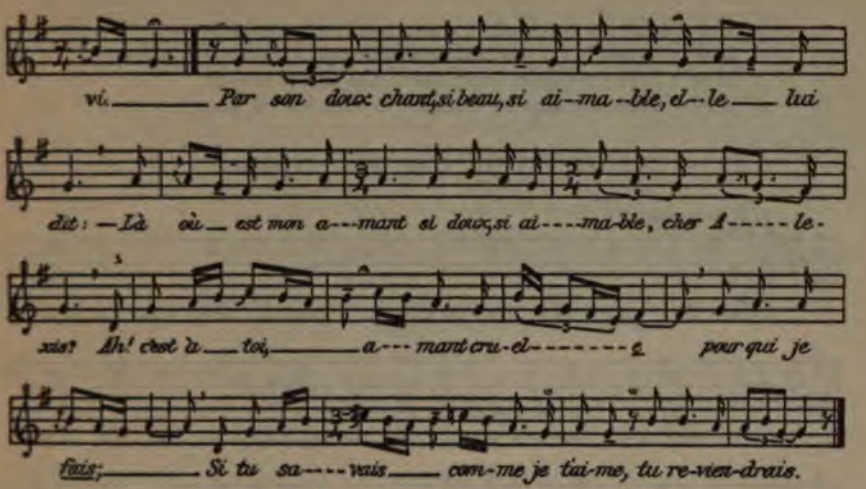
13. L'HIRONDELLE MESSAGÈRE DES AMOURS.[2]

(*Deuxième variante.*)



[1] Le chanteur disait: "Sur son *grément.*"

[2] Chantée par V.-F. de Repentigny, qui l'apprit, en 1868, de sa mère, à Saint-Timothée (Beauharnois). (Phonog. 893.)



1. . . . L'autre jour, sur la verte fougère, | près d'un ruisseau,
. . . J'ai entendu la bergère Hélène, | [dans] son troupeau,
Qui nous chantait des chansonnettes | faite(s) à plaisir.
Les échos du bois [les] répètent; | j'en suis ravi!

2. Par son . . . chant si doux, si aimable, | elle lui dit:
— . . . Où est mon amant . . . si aimable, | cher Alexis?
Ah! c'est à toi, amant cruel*e*, | [que je pensais.]
Si tu savais comme je t'aime, | tu reviendrais.

3. — Ah! c'est . . . toi, ma belle hirondelle! | en voyageant
Que tu puiss(es) me r(e)tirer de peine | et de tourment!
— Je vas entreprendre un voyage, | durant six jours;
Et je t'en dirai des nouvelles | à mon retour. —

4. . . . Aussitôt, la belle hirondelle | prit sa volé(e);
Et son doux, léger plumage | s'est en allé . . .
A traversé d'un(e) mer à l'autre | sans se lasser;
Et *c'est* au milieu d'une flotte, | s'est reposé(e).

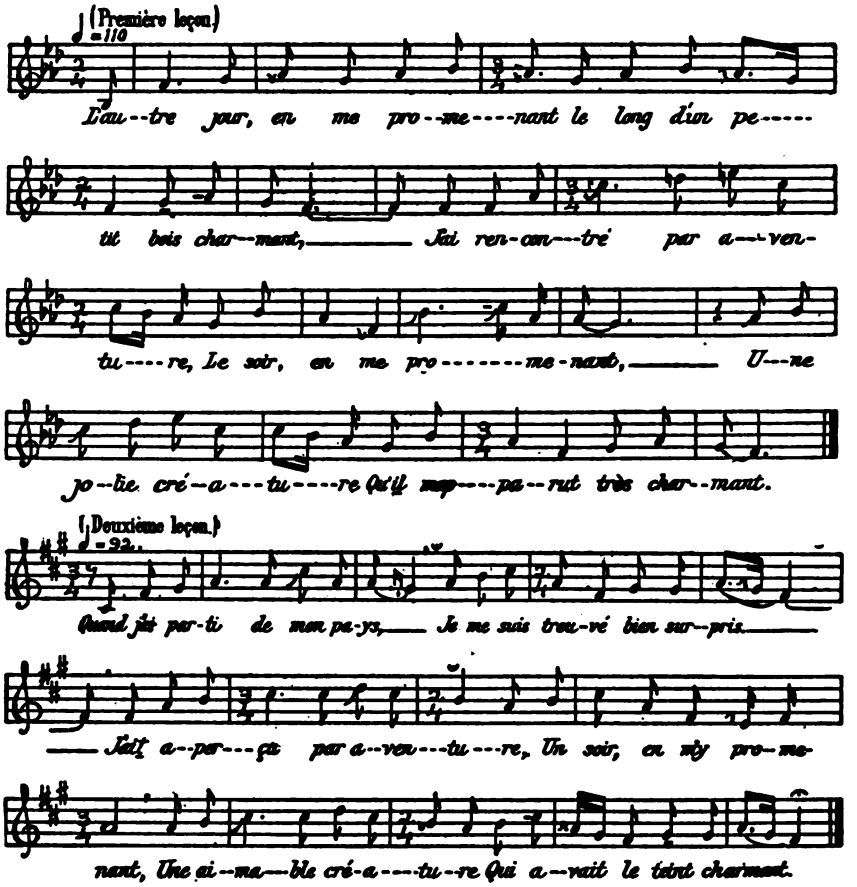
5. Elle aperçut Alexis dans [la lune] | du bâtiment,
. . . Qui pleure, qui pleure sans cesse, | en la voyant.
— Ah! c'est-*il* toi, amant cruel? | Parle-moi donc!
Je suis de la part de ta belle, | sur l'*autre ton* (?) —

6. Alexis, qu(i) est au désespoir, | gémit d'horreur,
Content de savoir des nouvelles | de son cher cœur.
— Tu lui diras, belle hirondelle, | à ton retour,
Qu'ell(e) soit toujours sage et fidèle. | J'irai un jour. —

7. . . . Aussitôt, la belle hirondelle | prit sa volé(e).
Tout droit à son même bocage | s'est en allé(e).
— Ah! bonjour donc, bergère Hélène! | Consolez-vous,
J'ai reçu des bonnes nouvelles | qui sont pour vous.

8. J'ai vu Alexis sur la mer . . . , | sur un vaisseau,
Qui revenait . . . *mais* de campagnes, | dessus les eaux.
Il m'a juré cent fois pour une: | Qu'à son retour
Soyez toujours sage et fidèle! | Il viendra un jour.

14. SA BEAUTÉ A SU ME CHARMER.[1]



1. Quand j'ai parti de mon pays,
Je me suis trouvé bien surpris.[2]
J'ai rencontré,[3] par aventure,

[1] Les deux versions recueillies, à Montréal, par M. Massicotte, viennent, l'une, de Jos. Rousselle, — qui l'apprit, en 1896, de son oncle Damase Robin, journalier à Saint-Romuald (Lévis), — et l'autre, de V.-F. de Repentigny, qui la reçut de Théophile Bougie, à Hawkesbury (Ont.), il y a une vingtaine d'années. (Phonog. 1223 et 810.) La Collection Barbeau contient une troisième version, recueillie aux Eboulements, de Mathilde Audet, en 1916; cette version sera publiée ailleurs, séparément.

[2] (*Rousselle*) "L'autre jour, en m'y promenant
Le long d'un petit bois charmant. . . . "

[3] (*Repentigny*) "J'ai aperçu . . . "

Le soir, en me promenant,
Une aimable[1] créature
Qui avait le teint charmant.

2. Oui, je vous jure, en vérité,
Que sa beauté a su m(e) charmer.
Elle a la bouche engageante,
Les deux yeux si tendre(s) et si doux,
Cette beauté sans pareille,
[Celle] qui me ravit le goût![2]

3. — C'est en passant par la maison,
Permettez-moi d(e) prendre un tison.[3]
C'est pour honorer la fille
Que j'ai longtemps désiré(e). —
J'ai trouvé la table mis(e),
Là où j'ai (é)té invité.

4. J'ai*t* aperçu un beau morceau.
Je servis la belle aussitôt,
En disant: — Dieu! si j'étais mouche
Que ça serait fort aisé
De mettre sur votre bouche
Trois ou quatre doux baisers.[4] —

5. [Mais] quand vint la fin du repas:
— Bell(e), cueille-moi de tes appas!
Bell(e), cueille-moi de tes amours
Qui me brûlent *fort tant* le cœur! —
En lui disant: — Mademoiselle,
N'aurez-vous pas [un] serviteur?[5]

6. — Monsieur, ne soyez pas surpris.
Qu'il y a[it] des amants (par) ici.[6]
Il y en a beaucoup dans le monde
Qui font l'amour, c'est pour un temps;
Tant, sur la mer et sur l'onde,
Il y a toujours d'inconstants![7]

[1] (*Rousselle*) "Une jolie créature
Qui m'a paru très charmante."

[2] Cette strophe vient exclusivement de la version Rousselle.

[3] (*Rep.*) ". . . Près de la maison . . .
. . . . . un charbon
Ça s(e)rait pour allumer ma pipe.
Depuis longtemps j'ai désiré.
Le souper était sur la table,
. . . . . bien invité."

[4] Tirée de la leçon de Repentigny.

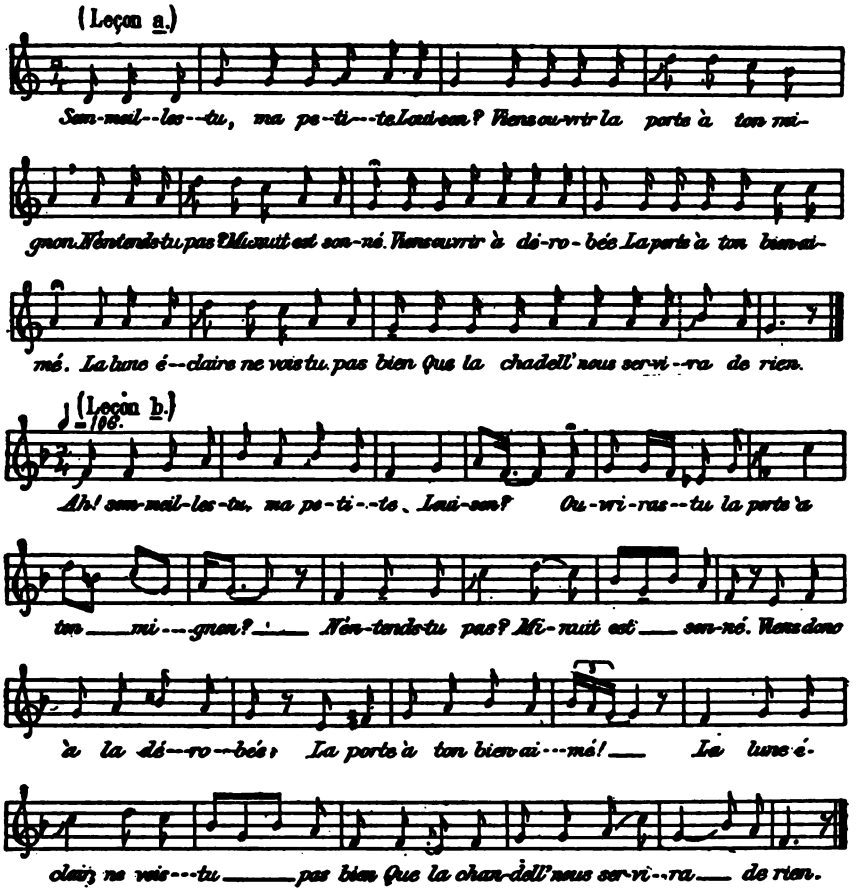
[5] Extraite en entier de la version Rousselle.

[6] (*Rep.*) "Ne soyez pas si ennemi,
Car tout cela vous sera permis . . . "

[7] (*Rousselle*) "Mais il y en a, dans le monde,
Qui font l'amour pour un jour.
Moi je ne suis pas de même.
Quand je fais l'amour, c'est pour toujours."

15. SOMMEILLES-TU, MA PETITE LOUISON ?[1]

(Leçon a.)



1. — Sommeilles-tu, | ma petite Louison?
Ouvriras-tu[2] | la porte à ton mignon?
N'entends-tu pas? | Minuit est sonné.
Viens ouvrir à dérobé(e)
La porte à ton bien-aimé.
La lune est claire; | ne vois-tu pas bien
Que la chandelle | n(e) servira de rien?

2. — Ah! quell(e) belle heure | pour venir me voir!
Minuit est sonné; mais il est trop tard.
Si *par le cas* | *que* l'on m'entende en bas,
A la voix de mon papa
Je crois qu'il me battra.

[1] Leçon *a*, chantée par L.-H. Cantin, qui l'apprit de Magloire Cantin, son père, à Hawkesbury (Prescott), en 1890. Leçon *b*, chantée par V.-F. de Repentigny, qui la reçut de Elmire Tessier (Valleyfield), en 1880. Quant au texte, nous n'avons au complet que celui de Cantin. (Phonog. 1047, 1181.)

[2] (*a*) "Viens ouvrir . . . "

Vous reviendrez | quand il fera jour.
Là, nous parlerons de l'amour.

3. — Je voudrais te voir, ma belle, aujourd'hui,
Je voudrais te voir, et demain aussi.
Belle, il faudrait, | pour contenter mon cœur.
Je veux te voir à toute heur(e),
Pour soulager mes douleurs.
Pour une brune | que mon cœur aime tant,
On n(e) peut la voir | jamais trop souvent.

4. — Tout c(e)la est bon, | monsieur, pour le discours.
Vous reviendrez | quand il sera jour;
[Car] nous avons | des voisins malicieux,
Nous voyant ici tous deux.
Bien loin d'accomplir nos vœux,
Je passerais | pour une fill(e) de rien.
Mon beau monsieur, | vous m'entendez bien!

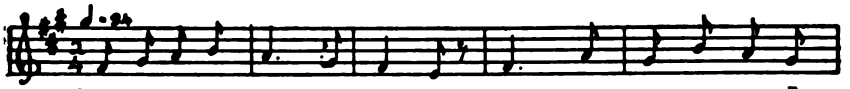
5. — Laisse-les parler, ces voisins jaseurs.
Bell(e), de m'y plaire | cela est meilleur.
S'il te manquait | de quoi souper,
Viendr[aien]t-ils t'en porter,
Toi qui es fille à marier?
Moi qui emploie | tout mon savoir-faire
Pour t'avoir tout | ton nécessaire . . .

6. — Tout garçon qui pense à se marier,
Pour des promesses | ils en ont assez;
Ils ne sont pas | aussitôt mariés,
La têt(e) dans la cheminé(e),
Mais regard[en]t de côté,
Bien plus souvent | dedans l'embarras,
Avec les enfants sur les bras.

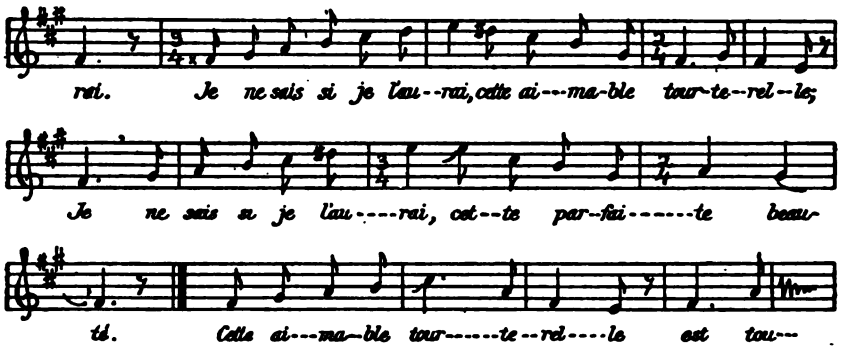
7. — Finissez donc, | ma bell(e), vos compliments!
De dire et de faire, c'est bien différent.
S'il y en a, | de ces sentiments-là,
Il ne faut pas pour cela
Qu'on me mette de ce rang-là.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

16. CETTE AIMABLE TOURTERELLE.[1]



[1] La première leçon que nous possédons de cette chanson vient de V.-F. de Repentigny, qui l'apprit, vers 1879, de Angèle Bougie (Valleyfield); le texte seul de la seconde fut recueilli, en 1893, de Alphonse Legault, ancien cultivateur, de Sainte-Geneviève. A la version de Repentigny s'ajoutaient trois couplets d'une chanson différente que nous ne citons pas ici. (Phonog. 797.)

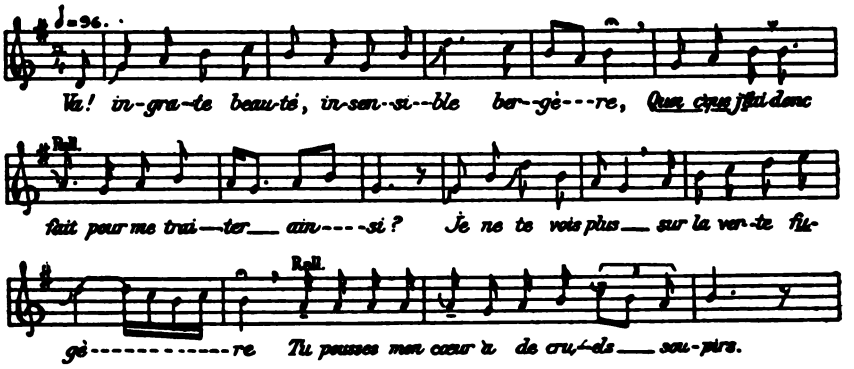


1. Dans Paris, y a*i* une brune; | je ne sais si je l'aurai;
Je ne sais si je l'aurai, | cette aimable tourterelle;
Je ne sais si je l'aurai,
Cette parfait[e] beauté.[1]

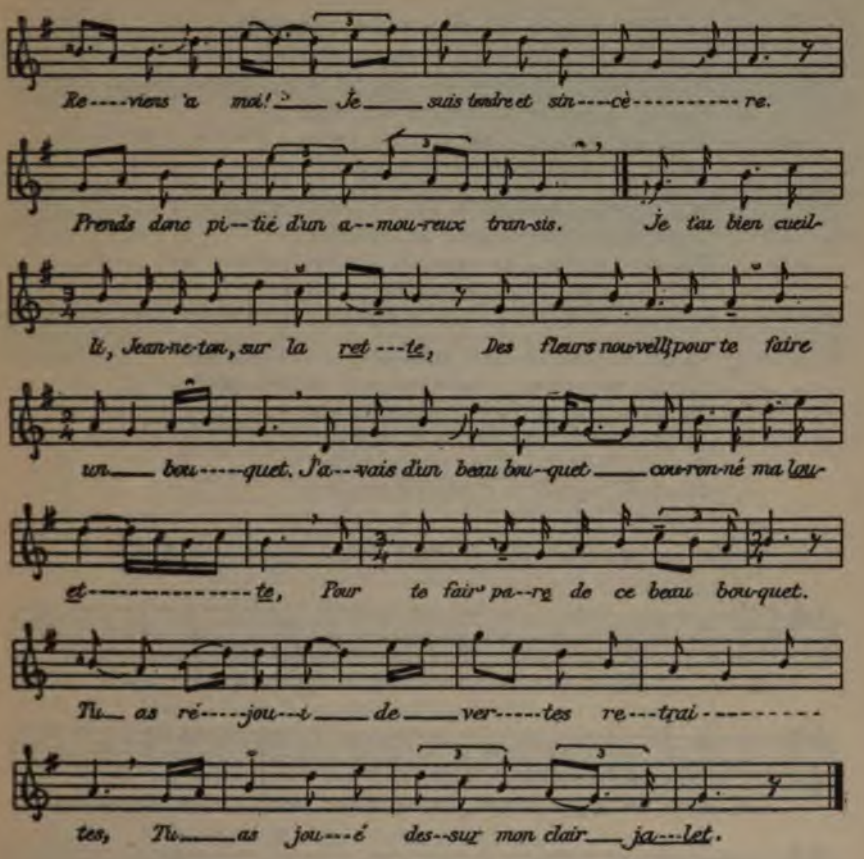
2. Cette aimable tourterelle | est toujours *en* me disant:[2]
— Ah! que nous serions heureux | d'être mariés ensemble!
Que nous seri-ons heureux[3]
D'être mariés tous deux!

3. Faisons nos promess(es) ensemble; | n'attendons pas à demain.[4] —
Je lui présente la main;[5] | ell(e) me présente la rose.[6]
Ell(e) me dit en souriant:
— Soyez mon fidèle amant!

17. INGRATE BEAUTÉ, INSENSIBLE BERGÈRE.[7]



[1] (*Legault*) "A Beauport . . . ; à savoir si . . . ; cette si rare beauté."
[2] (*Legault*) "L'autre jour, ell(e) me disait . . . "
[3] (*Rep.*) "Dieu! que nous . . . "
[4] (*Rep.*) "Faisons les accords à soir; n'attendons point . . . "
[5] Au lieu de donner cet hémistiche, Legault bisse le précédent.
[6] (*Legault*) "Je lui presente la bouche . . . "
[7] Pastorale chantée par V.-F. de Repentigny, qui l'apprit de sa mère, à Saint-Timothée (Beauharnois), en 1870. (Phonog. 898.)



1. — Va, ingrate beauté, insensible bergère!
Qu[e t'ai-je] donc fait pour me traiter ainsi?
Je ne te vois plus sur la verte fougère.
Tu pousses mon cœur à des cruels soupirs.
Reviens à moi; je suis tendre et sincère;
Prends donc pitié d'un amoureux transi.

2. Je t'ai bien cueilli, Jeanneton, sur *la ruette*,[1]
Des fleurs nouvell(es), pour te faire un bouquet.
J'avais d'un beau ruban couronné ma [c]ouette,[2]
Pour te fair[e] par[t] de ce beau bouquet.
Tu as réjoui de vertes[3] retraites;
Tu as joué dessur mon clair *jalet*.[4]

[1] Peut-être "la *relte*" (?).
[2] Prononcé "*louette*" (?).
[3] Texte Massicotte: ". . . dedans cette . . . ;" au phonographe nous entendons "*de* vertes . . . "
[4] Probablement "flageolet."

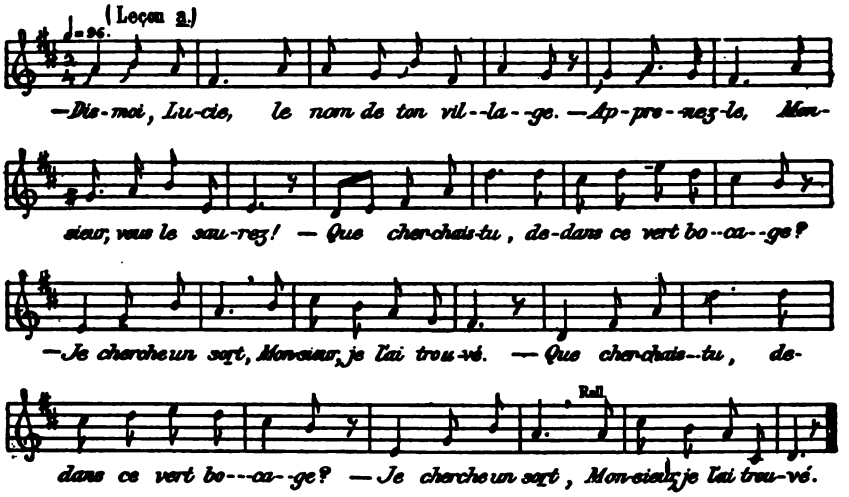
3. Je t'ai bien gardé tes moutons, sur *la ruette*,
Dans les plus grand[es] chaleurs de l'été.
J'avais des beaux ormeaux qui formaient bel ombrage,
Pour te garantir de l'ardeur du soleil,
Me promenant *du* long du vert bocage
En attendant l'heure de ton réveil.

4. J'ai (é)té te chercher de l'eau d'une fontaine,
Que j'ai [ap]portée pour te désaltérer.
J'ai tant couru, j'en ai perdu l'haleine.
Ah! va, ingrat(e), tu ris de mes bontés.
. . . . . .

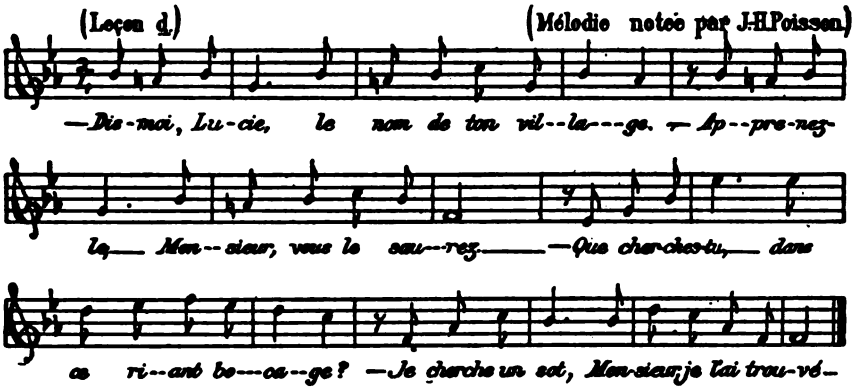
5. — Tu te plains à tort, beau berger que j'adore,
Car de trop aimer c'est dans mon tendre cœur.
Toute la nuit *je* dors ni je sommeille;
Je pense à toi en attendant le jour.
Je t'ai aimé, ah oui! je t'aime encor.
Reviens, berger, je t'aimerai toujours.

18. LA BERGÈRE ET LE FILS DU GRAND SEIGNEUR.[1]

(Leçon a.)



[1] Leçon *a*, chantée par V.-F. de Repentigny, qui l'apprit de sa sœur Marie-Anne, à Saint-Timothée (Beauharnois), vers 1877. (Phonog. 900.) — Leçon *b*, celle du cahier Hamelin (1860); trente-deux vers, en couplets de huit vers. La leçon *a* ne contient que quatre strophes de quatre vers chacune, et dont l'ordre diffère — sauf quant au premier couplet — de celui de la leçon *b*. Dans notre texte nous rétablissons l'ordre logique.— Leçon *c*, huit couplets de quatre vers chaque, en texte seulement, communiquée par A. G., qui l'a recueillie de Réné Bélanger, de Saint-Théodore d'Acton (Bagot).—Leçon *d*, Communiquée par A. G. La musique fut notée par J.-H. P. sous la dictée de J.-B. L. La mélodie de J.-B. L. ne correspond pas au texte recueilli par A. G., de Melle Anna-Marie Gauvin, de 17 ans, de Neuville (Portneuf). Cette dernière l'apprit il y a quatre ans de son grand-père, (feu) Joseph Gauvin.—Mme Alphonse Larocque (Ottawa) entendit souvent chanter cette chanson, avec une mélodie à peu près semblable, à Rigaud (Vaudreuil), vers 1857. (C.-M. B.) — Nous remettons à plus tard la publication d'une variante très différente de cette chanson, qui provient du comté de Nicolet, et qui nous a été communiquée par A. G.



1. — Dis-moi, Lucie, | le nom de ton village.
— Apprenez-le, | Monsieur; vous le saurez.
— Que cherches-tu,[1] | dedans[2] ce vert bocage?
— Je cherche un sot,[3] | Monsieur; je l'ai trouvé.[4] } (*bis*)

2. — Je n'aime pas[5] | ces riches demoiselles.
— Ni moi, Monsieur, | le fils d'un grand seigneur.
— J'aime bien[6] mieux | une simple bergère.
— Et moi, Monsieur,[7] | le fils d'un laboureur.[8]

3. — Dis-moi, Lucie, | quelle grande[9] ressource
Aurais-tu là,[10] | avec un laboureur?
De bonne grâce[11] | accepte cette bourse.
— Non, non, Monsieur, | je tiens trop à l'honneur.[12]

4. — Vois ce collier,[13] | ces perles éclatantes.
Si tu les veux, | ces bijoux sont à toi.[14]

[1] (*a* et *b*) "Que cherchais-tu . . . "
[2] (*c* et *d*) "Dans . . . "
[3] (*a*) "Je cherche un *sort*."
[4] (*d*) "J'attends ici le retour de mon berger." Le leçon *b* ne bisse que les vers 7 et 8.
[5] (*d*) "Je ne veux pas d'une riche demoiselle."
[6] (*c*) "J'aimerais mieux . . . ;" (*d*) "J'estimerais mieux . . . "
[7] "Monsieur" est omis dans *c*.
[8] Ce couplet manque dans *a*.
[9] (*d*) ". . . dis-moi, oh! quelle . . . "
[10] (*b*) "Peux-tu avoir . . . "
[11] (*d*) "D'un grand accès . . . "
[12] (*a*) "— Dis-moi, Lucie, connais-tu la ressource
Peut-il y avoir avec un laboureur?
De bonne grâce j'observe cette bouche.
— Mon beau monsieur . . . "
(*c*) "— Dis-moi, Lucie, quelle est la réponse
Qu'on peut avoir avec un laboureur?
De grand accès, acceptez . . . "
(*d*) "Merci, Monsieur, je ne tiens pas au bonheur."
[13] (*a* et *b*) "— Vois ces colliers . . . "
[14] (*c*) "Tous ces bijoux, si tu veux, sont à toi."

— Non, non, Monsieur! | rien de vous ne me tente.
J'aime bien mieux, | bien mieux, mon villageois.[1]

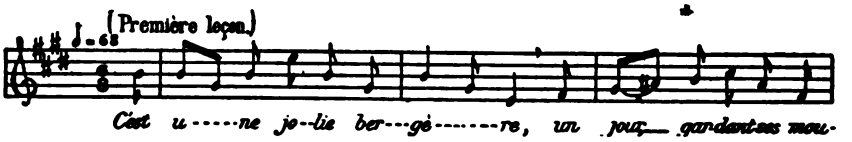
5. — Qu'il est heureux, | ton berger, ma bergère!
— Vraiment, Monsieur, | il n'est pas malheureux!
— Ah! si j'avais | le bonheur de te plaire!
— Pour moi, Monsieur, | mon berger me plaît mieux.[2]

6. — A tes[3] genoux | je meurs, ma[4] bergère.
— Eh bien![5] Monsieur, | mourez si vous voulez.
— Je sens déjà | venir mon heur(e) dernière.[6]
— Et moi, Monsieur, | l'heure de mon berger.[7]

7. — Serait-ce lui | qui vient dans cette plaine?[8]
— Précisément! | Monsieur, retirez-vous.
— Viens, mon enfant, | là-bas, sous ces vieux chênes,[9]
Pour éviter | tous les soupçons jaloux.[10]

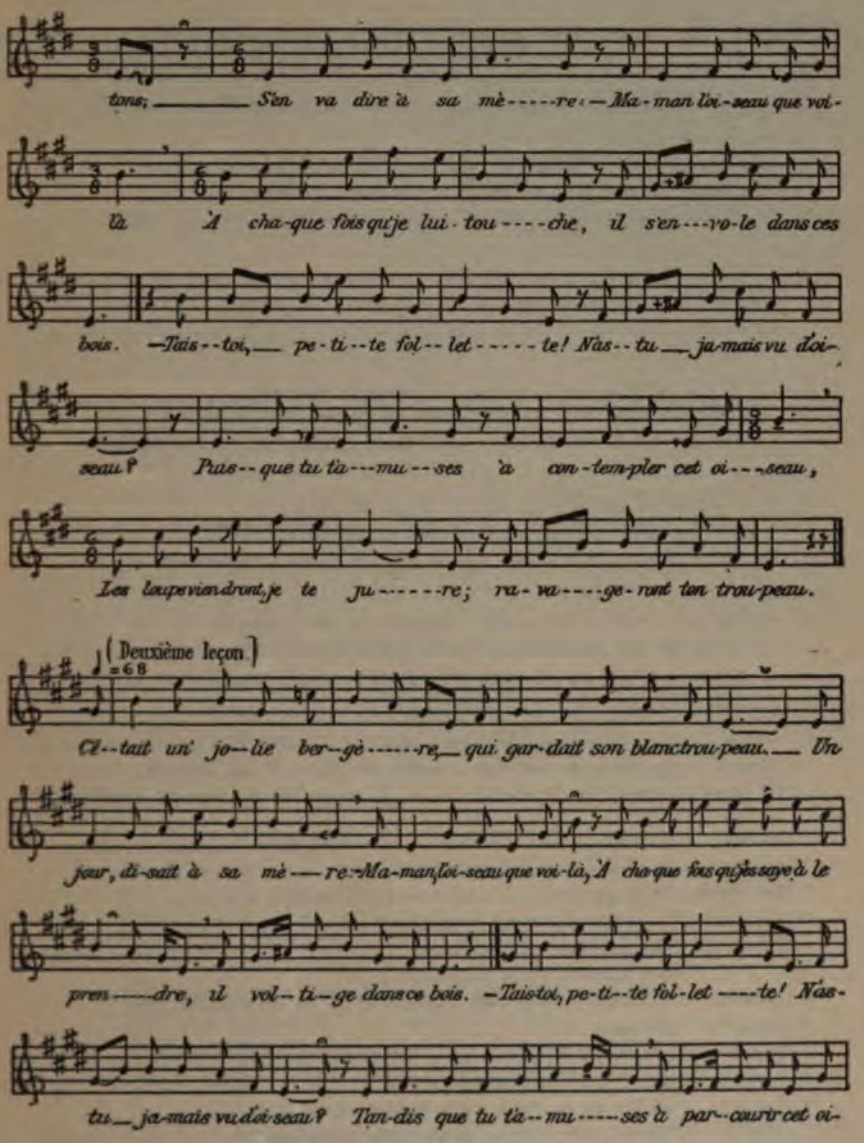
8. — Vous persistez?[11] | C'est en vain. Je vous quitte.
Gardez votre or, | vos biens et vos châteaux,[12]
Car mon berger | a bien plus de mérite.
Adieu! Monsieur, | je le rejoins au hameau.[13]

19. LES LOUPS VIENDRONT.[14]

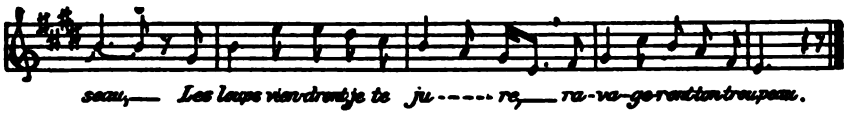


[1] (*c*) "Car je préfère bien mieux mon villageois."
[2] (*c*) "Et Monsieur! je préfère mon berger."
(*a*) "Un autr(e) que vous, Monsieur, *il* me plaît mieux."
[3] (*d*) ". . . vos . . . "
[4] (*d*) ". . . ô ma . . . "
[5] (*d*) "Pour moi . . . "
[6] (*c*) "Car je sens déjà mon heure dernière."
(*a*) "Je sens venir mon heure derni-ère."
[7] (*a*) "— Oh! ma Lucie, à genoux je me jette.
— Mourez, mourez, Monsieur, si vous voulez.
— Oh! ma Lucie, voilà ma dernière heure.
— Hélas! Monsieur, c'est l'heur(e) de mon berger."
[8] (*c*) "Serait-ce lui, là-bas, dans ces plaines?"
[9] (*c*) "Viens, belle enfant, viens sous ce chêne."
[10] La leçon *d* n'a pas cette strophe.
[11] (*a*) "De persister c'est en vain . . . "
[12] (*d*) "Adieu, votre or, vos bijoux, vos atours."
[13] (*a* et *b*) "Gardez vos biens, votre or et vos bijoux . . .
. . . Adieu! je vais rejoindre mon époux."
(*d*) "Je vais rejoindre mon berger."

[14] Première leçon, celle de V.-F. de Repentigny, qui la reçut de sa mère (à Saint-Timothée, Beauharnois), vers 1870; deuxième leçon, celle de Jos. Rousselle, qui l'apprit de



Charles Fecteau (Saint-Romuald, Lévis), en 1892; troisième leçon, communiquée par M. Malchelosse à E.-Z. M.; texte de Eugénie Audet (Mme Alfred Malchelosse), appris de dame Hermine Larichelière, à La Prairie, qui le reçut de son père, Isaac Audet, il y a 50 ou 60 ans. La collection Barbeau contient des variantes recueillies dans Charlevoix. Feu Alphonse Larocque (Ottawa) — originaire de Rigaud — chantait aussi cette chanson. (Phonog. 794. 1232.)



1. C'est une joli(e)[1] bergère, | qui gardait son blanc troupeau;[2]
Un jour, disait[3] à sa mère: | — Maman, l'oiseau qui voilà,
A chaque fois qu(e) je lui touche,[4] | il s'envole dans ces bois.[5]

2. — Tais-toi, petite follette! | N'as-tu jamais vu d'oiseau?
Tandis[6] que tu t'amuses | à contempler[7] cet oiseau,
Les loups viendront, je te jure; | ravageront[8] ton troupeau.

3. — Je me moque de la ruse | et j'aime la liberté.
Je suis lass(e) d'être bergère, | de parcourir ces vallons.[9]
Ce petit oiseau, ma mère, | vaut bien mieux que mes moutons.[10]

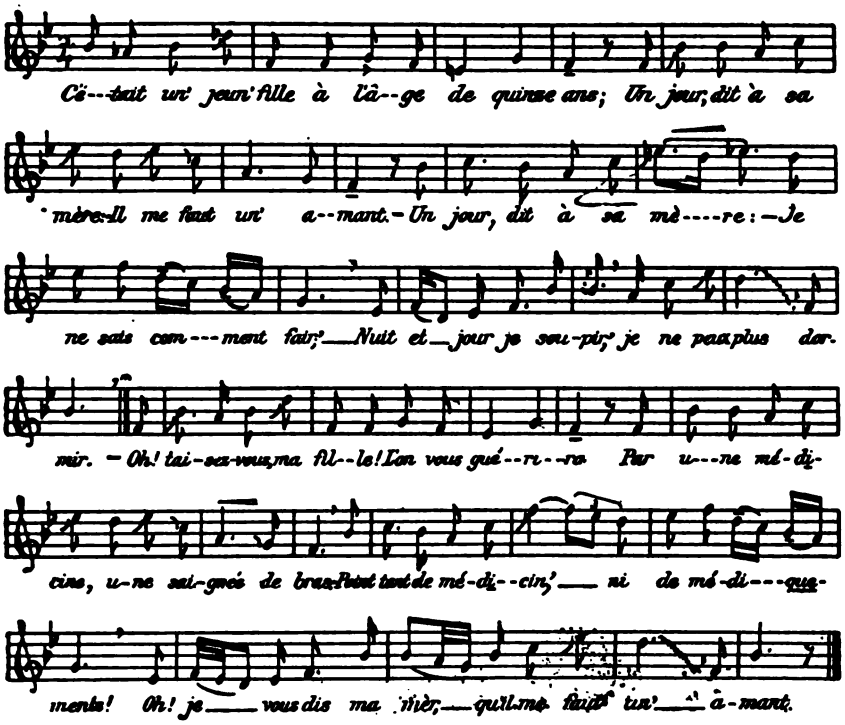
4. Il a la tête si belle! | De fleurs, il est couronné,[11]
Tout couronné de roses, | de roses et de diamants.[12]
Ce petit oiseau, ma mère, | je le prends pour mon amant.[13]

5. — Tais-toi, petite friponne! | oserais-tu me parler?
Si tu en prends la routine, | je te pass(e)rai le bâton.
Je [passerai ces] envies que t(u) as | pour ces jeun(es) garçons.

6. — Que vous êt(es) cruell(e), ma mère, | d'empêcher mes amants!
Quand vous étiez à mon âge, | vous en aviez [bien autant].
Si vous (n')aviez pas épousé . . . , | vous n'auriez pas eu d'enfants.[14]

[1] (*Leçon* 2) "C'était . . . ;" (*Leçon* 3) ". . . Une jeune . . . "
[2] (*Leçons* 1 et 3) "Un jour, gardant son troupeau . . ."
[3] (*Leçon*) 1) "S'en va dire . . . ;" (*Leçon* 3) "Elle dit . . ."
[4] (*Leçon* 2) ". . . Que j'essaye à l(e) prendre . . . "
(*Leçon* 3) "Qu'elle avait vu*t* un oiseau
Mais aussitôt qu'on l'approche."
[5] (*Leçon* 2) "Il voltige dans le bois;" (*Leçon* 3) ". . . Au fond des bois."
[6] (*Leçon* 1) "Puisque . . . "
[7] (*Leçons* 2 et 3) ". . . à courir . . . "
[8] (*Leçons* 2 et 3) ". . . et ravageront . . . "
[9] (*Leçon* 3) "Ah! je me ris d'être dupe, et je veux ma liberté.
Je suis jolie bergère, la plus jolie du vallon."
[10] Tiré de la leçon de de Repentigny.
(*Leçon* 3) Et ce bel oiseau, ma mère, vaut mieux que tous les moutons."
[11] (*Leçon* 1) "Il en est tout couronné." Dans la leçon Rousselle, cette strophe est différente:
"Ce p(e)tit oiseau-là, ma mère, vaut mieux que mon troupeau.
Il a la tête rouge; ses yeux *en* sont qu'un diamant.
Je voudrais l'avoir ici, dans mon appartement."
[12] (*Leçon* 1) "Aussi de beaux diamants."
[13] (*Leçon* 3) "Je veux qu'il prenne sa pose, dedans mon appartement."
[14] Ces deux derniers couplets ne se trouvent que dans la version Rousselle.

20. LA FILLE QUI VEUT SE MARIER.[1]



1. C'était un(e) jeune fille, | à l'âge de quinze ans.[2]
   Un jour, dit à sa mère: | — Il me faut un amant.[3] —
   Un jour, dit à sa mère: | — Je ne sais comment[4] faire;
   Nuit et jour je soupire; | je ne puis plus dormir.

2. Oh! taisez-vous,[5] ma fille, | l'on vous [en] guérira
   Par[6] une médecine, | une saignée au bras.
   — Point tant de médecines, | ni de médicaments!
   Ah! je vous dis,[7] ma mère, | qu'il[8] me faut un amant.

[1] Leçon *a*, de V.-F. de Repentigny, qui l'apprit à Saint-Timothée (Beauharnois), de sa sœur Marie-Anne, en 1880. (Phonog. 811.) — Leçon *b* (Collection A. G.), chantée par Mme Narcisse Papillon, âgée de 51 ans, des Ecureuils (Portneuf), qui l'apprit de Jacques Savard; de Loretteville, Ormière, vers 1879.

[2] (*b*) "C'est une jolie fille, âgée de quinze ans."

[3] (*b*) "Nuit et jour elle soupire, elle pense à son amant."

[4] (*b*) ". . . quoi . . . "

[5] (*b*) "Ne dites rien . . . "

[6] (*b*) "Avec . . . "

[7] (*b*) "Je vous le dis . . . "

[8] (*b*) ". . . il . . .

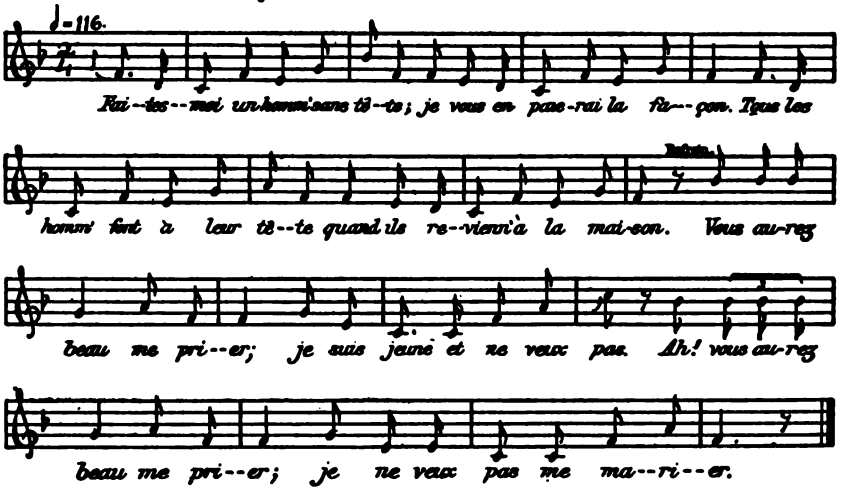
3. — Ne dites rien,[1] ma fille, | l'on vous [en] guérira.
Au couvent des Ursulines,[2] | l'on vous mettera;
Vous apprendrez à lire, | à lire et à écrire.
Voilà comment font toutes | les d(e)moiselles du couvent.[3]

4. — Dans ce couvent, ma mère, | dans ce couvent, maman,
De quelle mani-ère | passe-t'on son temps?
Porte-t'on des rob(es) blanches, | aussi des [falbalas]?[4]
Le soir, va-t'on au bal, | aux divertissements?[5]

5. — Ne dites rien, ma fille; | cela vous trompe bien:
Tout(es) ces belles parures | vous serviront de rien.
Vous porterez rob(es) grises, | aussi des voiles blancs.
Voilà les beaux costumes | des d(e)moisell(es) du couvent.

6. — Adieu, père! adieu, mère! | adieu, mon cher amant![6]
C'est pour[7] plaire à ma mère, | je m'en vas au couvent.
Je prierai[8] pour mon père, | aussi pour mon amant,
Et non[9] pas pour ma mère, | qui m'a mise[10] au couvent.

21. JE NE VEUX PAS ME MARIER.[11]



[1] (*a*) "Ah! taisez-vous . . . "
[2] (*b*) "Dans un couvent de ville."
[3] (*a*) "Au couvent des Ursulines, vous pass(e)rez votre temps,
Toujours en regrettant vos plus tendres amants."
[4] La chanteuse disait: "des *farbenas*."
[5] Cette strophe ainsi que la suivante appartiennent seulement à la leçon *b*.
[6] (*a*) ". . . mes chers parents."
[7] (*a*) "Pour . . . "
[8] (*b*) "Je prierai Dieu . . . "
[9] (*a*) "Non . . . "
[10] (*a*) ". . . m'*envoyt* . . . "
[11] Chantée par C.-E. Gosselin. Sa mère — E. Hamelin, — de qui il la tient, l'avait apprise à Portneuf, vers 1868. (Phonog. 1117.)

1. Faites-moi un homm(e) sans tête; | j(e) vous en paierai la façon.
Tous les homm(es) font à leur tête, | quand ils r(e)vienn(ent) à la maison.

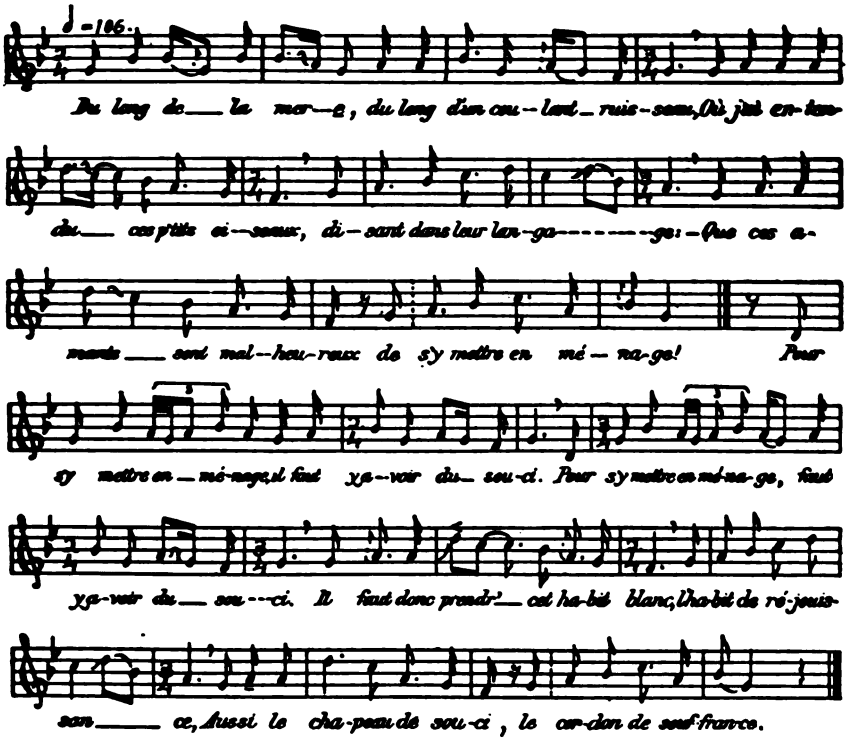
Refrain.

Vous aurez beau me prier; | je suis jeune et je ne veux pas;
Ah! vous aurez beau me prier; | je ne veux pas me marier.

2. Quand j'entends parler ces filles | qui veulent se marier!
Oh! grand Dieu, quelle folie, | d'engager sa liberté!

3. La première anné(e) se passe; | la second(e), comme ci, comme ça.
La troisième, on se dispute; | la quatrième, on se bat.

22. LE LENDEMAIN DES NOCES.[1]



1. Du long de la [rivière], | du long d'un coulant ruisseau;[2] (*bis*)
Où j'entends les p(e)tits oiseaux | disant, dans leur langage:
— Que ces amants sont malheureux | de s'y mettre en ménage!

[1] Chanson de mariage obtenue de V.-F. de Repentigny, qui l'apprit de Jos Dorais (Saint-Timothée, Beauharnois), en 1878. (Phonog. 756.) La Collection Barbeau contient aussi des variantes de cette chanson. A. G. nous a remis une chanson dont la première et la deuxième strophe sont à peu près semblables, mais dont le reste diffère notablement.

[2] Dans une autre version du même chanteur, M. Massicotte a recueilli: "Du long d'un vert bocage . . . " Au lieu de rivière on chante aussi souvent: "du long de la mer-e." La version au phonographe diffère de celle-ci, qui fut recueillie sous dictée, antérieurement, par M. Massicotte.

2. Pour se mettre en ménage, | faut y avoir du souci. (*bis*)
Il faut donc prend(re) cet habit blanc, | l'habit de réjouissances;
Aussi le chapeau de soucis, | le cordon de souffrances.

3. Le lendemain des noces, | a fallu fair(e) son paquet,
En regardant la porte | avec un grand regret.
Hélas, grand Dieu! qu(e) je regrett(e)rai | l'endroit de ma naissance,
Là où j'ai longtemps demeuré | avec tant de jouissance!

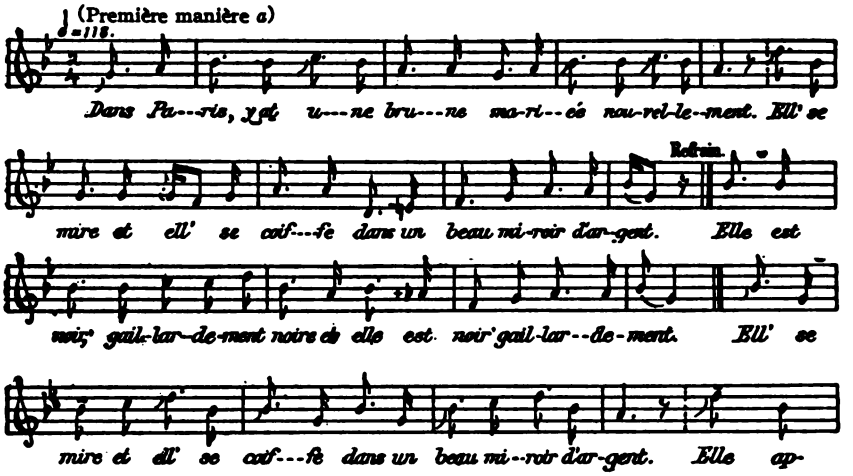
4. Son pèr(e) lui dit: — Ma fille, | qui vous a [donc] forcé(e)?
Qui vous l'a fait prendre | malgré vos volontés?
[Ne vous ai-je] pas toujours dit | que, dans le mariage,
Il fallait prend(re) le souci, | quitter le badinage? —

5. Son amant la regarde | d'un air de pitié. (*bis*)
— Vous n'êt(es) point avec les chiens | ni avec les barbares;
Vous êt(es) avec votre amant, | celui qui vous adore.

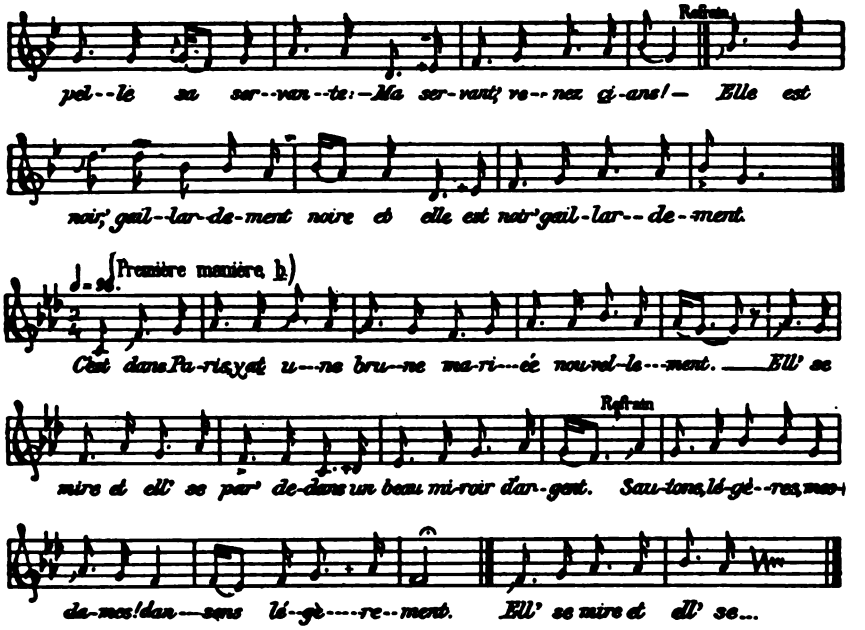
6. — Adieu, père! adieu, mère! | Adieu, tous mes parents!
Je m'en vais en ménage; | ce n'est point pour un an.
Non! ce n'est point pour un an, | ni pour un(e) demi-heure;
C'est pour, le restant d(e) ma vie, | en faire une demeure.

23–26. LA PARVENUE ÇUI SE MIRE.[1]

(*Première manière.*)



[1] Nous avons quatre versions de cette chanson, dont deux sont des variantes à peu près dentiques. *Première manière:* (*a*) leçon de Repentigny (Phonog. 864); (*b*) leçon de Rousselle (Phonog. 1171). *Deuxième manière:* (*c*) leçon de Repentigny (Phonog. 684). *Troisième manière:* (*d*) leçon de Repentigny (Phonog. 863). Joseph Rousselle apprit sa version (*b*) de Charles Fecteau, braconnier à Saint-Romuald (Lauzon), en 1896. V.-F. de Repentigny apprit la leçon *c* de sa mère (Saint-Timothée, Beauharnois), vers 1868. De Repentigny apprit les leçons *a* et *d* de Alexina Vaudrain, sa femme (Saint-Stanislas, Beauharnois), en 1882.



1. C'est dans Paris, *luy a*t une brune | marié(e) nouvellement.[1]
   Ell(e) se mire et ell(e) se coiffe | dans un beau miroir d'argent.

Refrain.

Elle est noir', gaillardement noire et elle est noir' gaillardement!

2. Elle appelle sa servante: | — Servante, venez céans![2]
3. Dites-moi si je suis noire,[3] | ou si mon miroir me ment.
4. — Mais vous ête(s) un peu brunette, | *car* cela vous *avient* tant.[4] —
5. Ell(e) jett(e) son miroir par terre, | maudissant tous ses parents.[5]
6. Maudit son père et sa mère, | son mari qu'elle aimait tant.
7. Son mari, qu(i) est à la porte, | entendit ce compliment.[6]
8. — Taisez-vous, petite sotte! | vous parlez trop hardiment.
9. Quand vous étiez chez vot(re) père, | vous viviez si pauvrement;[7]

[1] Le texte de ce vers vient de la leçon *b*; (*a* et *d*) "C'est dans Paris, il y a*t* une brune . . . ; " (*c*) "Dedans Paris, y a*t* une brune . . . "
[2] (*b*) "A*t* appelé sa servante . . . "
[3] (*b*) "Regardez . . . ;" (*c*) "Si mon miroir me dément."
[4] (*c*) "Que cela vous convient tant."
[5] (*c*) "Jetant son miroir . . . "
[6] Ne se trouve que dans *c*.
[7] (*b*) ". . . Habillée bien pauvrement."

10. Vous portiez jupon de toile[1] | cousu avec du fil blanc.

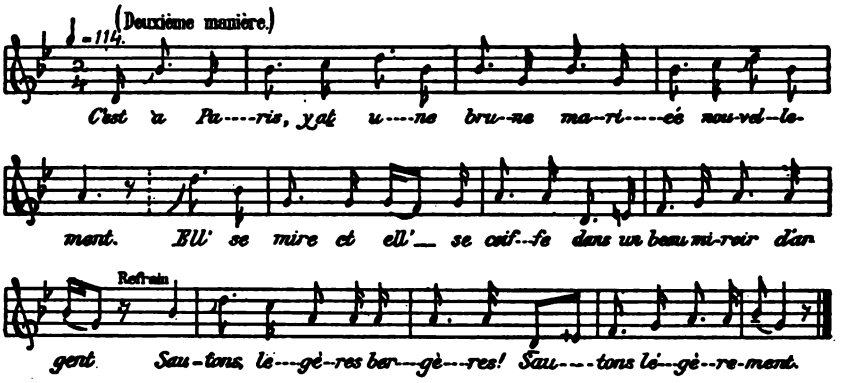
11. A présent vous êtes riche; | vous roulez l'or et l'argent.[2]

12. Quand vous allez à la messe, | il vous faut quat(re) de mes gens;[3]

13. Un qui porte votre livre, | [et] l'autre vos beaux gants blancs.

14. Les deux autr(es) qui vous font place, | quand madame entre [en] son banc.

(*Deuxième manière.*)

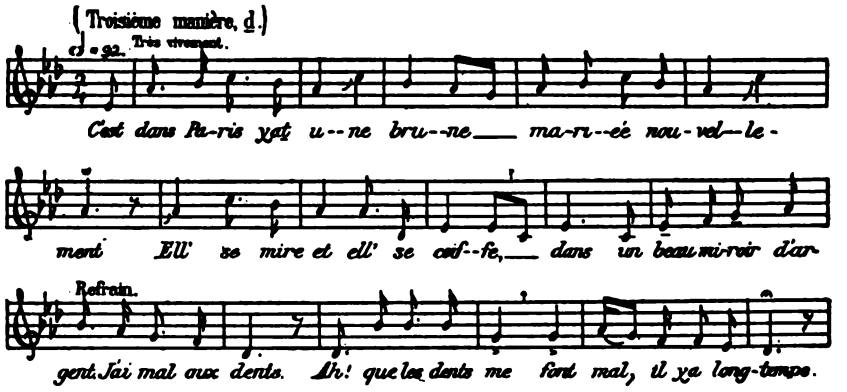


1. C'est dans Paris, y a*t* une brune | marié(e) nouvellement.
Ell(e) se mire et ell(e) se par(e) | dedans un beau miroir d'argent.

Refrain.

Sautons, légères mesdames! | dansons légèrement!

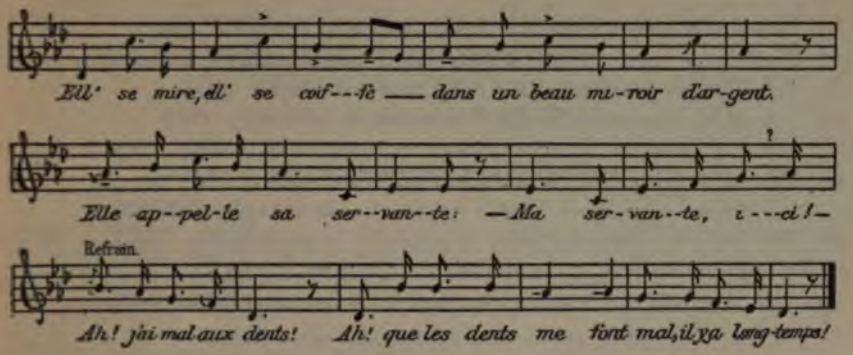
(*Troisième manière.*)



[1] (*b*) "Vous aviez qu'une robe cousue de gros file blanc."

[2] (*b*) "A présent vous en av*ét* une cousue à beau fil d'argent."

[3] De ce couplet au dernier, nous n'avons que la version Rousselle.

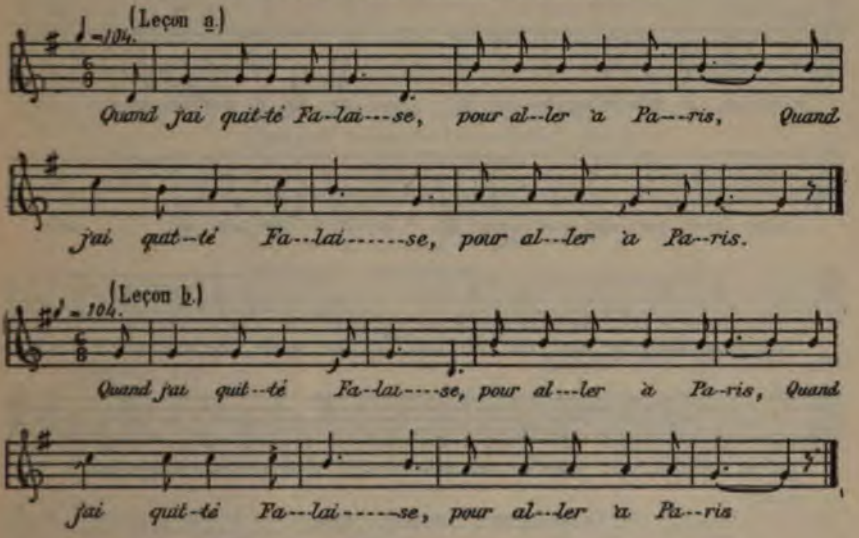


1. C'est dans Paris, y a-t une brune | mariée nouvellement.
   Ell(e) se mire et ell(e) se coiffe | dans un beau miroir d'argent.

Refrain.

J'ai mal aux dents; ah! que les dents me font mal, il y a longtemps.

27. LA MARIÉE AUX MEMBRES POSTICHES.[1]



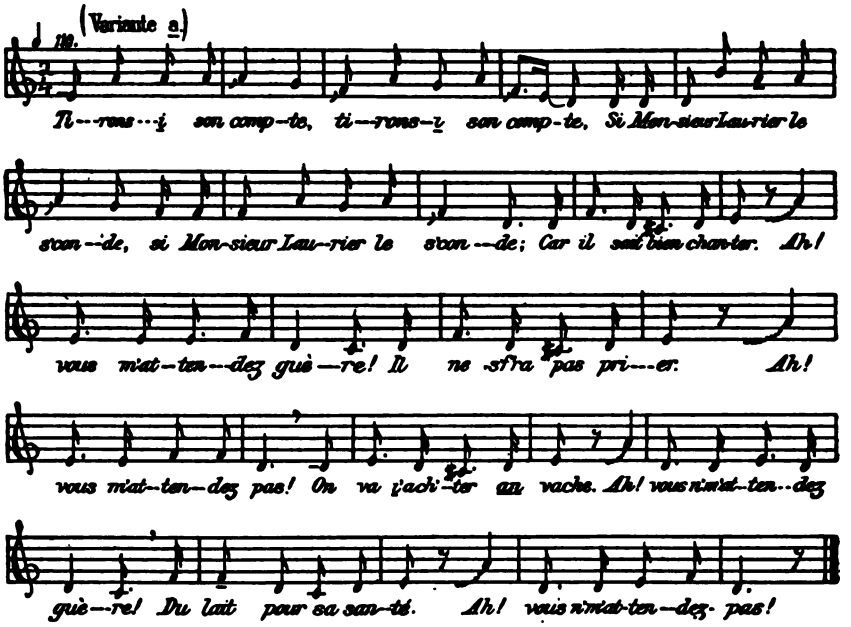
1. Quand j'ai quitté Falaise, | pour aller à Paris, (*bis*)
2. J'ai vu de jolies choses, | l'exposition aussi. (*bis*)
3. Dans mon chemin rencontre | une femme joli(e). (*bis*)
4. Ell(e) devint mon épouse, | je devins son mari. (*bis*)

[1] Leçon *a*, chantée par L.-H. Cantin, qui l'apprit à Hawkesbury (Prescott, Ont.), en 1895, de Louis Joly. Leçon *b*, variante (première strophe) donnée par notre collaborateur, E.-Z. Massicotte. (Phonog. 1187, 1190.)—A Ottawa, on sait une variante anglaise de cette chanson, dont le titre est "After the ball is over;" l'air est à peu près le même que celui de la romance de ce nom en langue anglaise.

5. Le premier soir des noces, | a fallu s(e) mettre au lit. (*bis*)
6. Madame . . . entre (à) sa chambre, | faire sa toilett(e) de nuit. (*bis*)
7. Elle ôt[e] sa perruque, | sur son bureau [la mit]; (*bis*)
8. Elle ôt[e] ses dents d'ivoire, | en caoutchouc durci; (*bis*)
9. Elle ôt[e] son œil de vitre; | dans un verre d'eau le mit; (*bis*)
10. Elle ôt[e] son *grichin bang*,[1] | son *waterfall*[2] aussi; (*bis*)
11. Déviss(e) sa jambe de liège, | qui tombe sur le tapis; (*bis*)
12. Elle ôt(e) son bras postiche, | l'accroche au pied du lit; (*bis*)
13. Après le dévissage, | *y avait plus* rien [au] lit. (*bis*)
14. Tous hommes qui cherchez femmes, | n'allez pas à Paris; (*bis*)
15. Venez à Montréal; | elles sont mieux bâti(es). (*bis*)

28. SILENCE! IL VA CHANTER.[3]

(*Variante a.*)



1. Tirons-*i* son compte, (*bis*)
Si *msieu* X . . . le s(e)conde; (*bis*)
Car il sait bien chanter;
Ah! vous n(e) m'entendez pas.

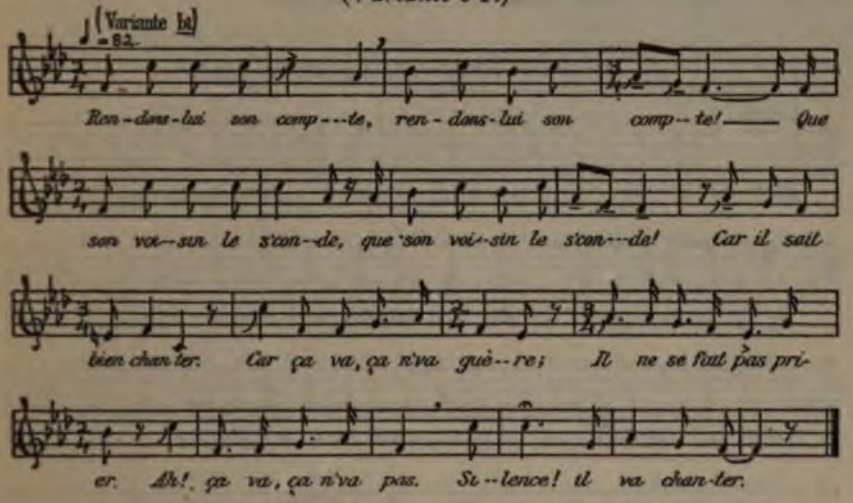
[1] *Grecian bend, bustle:* bourrure que les femmes portaient en arrière, au-dessous de la taille, il y a quarante ans.

[2] Une sorte de faux chignon, contemporain du *grecian bend*.

[3] Pour inviter quelqu'un à chanter, on se sert de ces couplets, que l'on chante en chœur, en désignant, au second vers — comme secondeur — celui que l'on a en vue. La première variante (*a*) vient de Alfred Legault, qui l'apprit à Montréal, vers 1897. La deuxième (*b*) fut chantée par Etienne Poitras, qui l'apprit à Québec, d'un de ses oncles, vers 1900. (Phonog. 559, 605.)

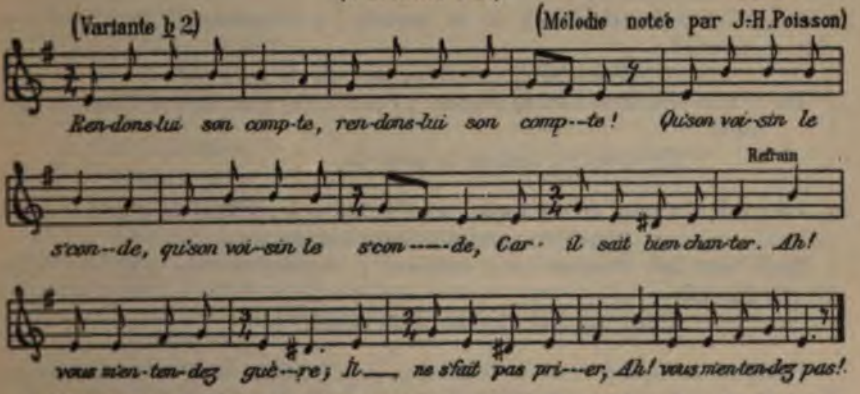
2. On vas ach(e)ter un(e) vache,
Ah! vous n(e) m'[en]tendez guère,
Du lait pour sa santé,
Ah! vous n(e) m'[en]tendez pas.

(Variante b 1.)



Rendons-lui son compte! (*bis*)
Que son voisin le s(e)conde, (*bis*)
Car il sait bien chanter!
Ah! ça va, ça n(e) va guère!
Il ne se fait pas prier.
Ah! ça va, ça n(e) va pas!
Silence! il va chanter.

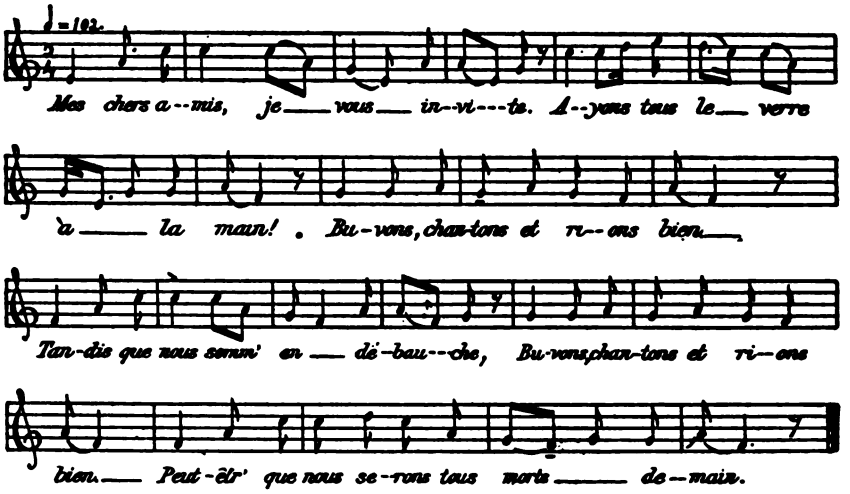
(Variante b 2.)[1]



[1] Collection A. G. Cette troisième version vient de A. B., qui l'apprit, en 1900, de son père, Théophile Buisson, de Saint-Rémi (Lac-aux-sables, Portneuf). Mélodie notée par J.-H. Poisson. Cette chanson est aussi connue à Saint-Pierre-les-Becquets (Nicolet).

Rendons-lui son compte! (*bis*)
Qu(e) son voisin le s(e)conde, (*bis*)
Car il sait bien chanter.
Ah! vous (ne) m'entendez guère;
Il ne s(e) fait pas prier,
Ah! vous (ne) m'entendez pas.

29. BUVONS, CHANTONS ET RIONS BIEN[1]



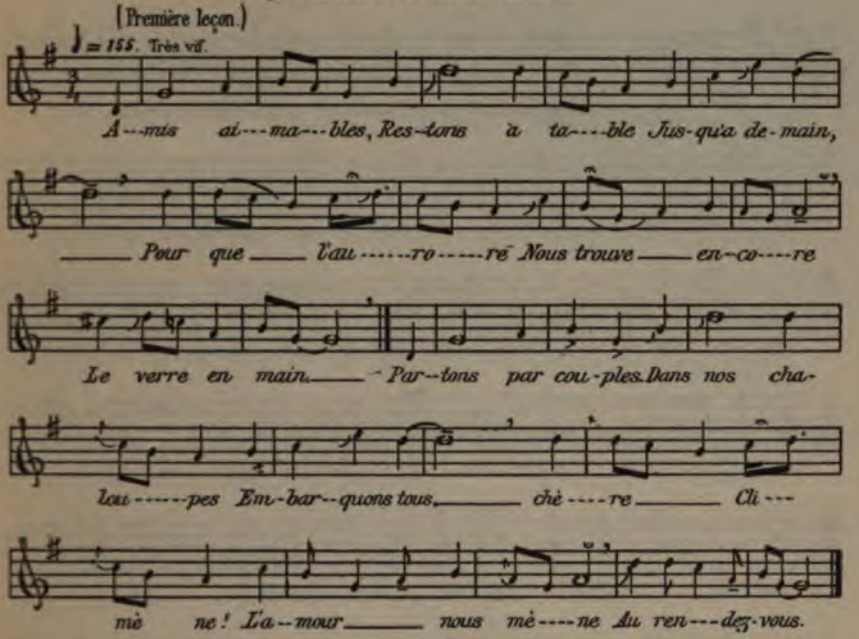
1. Mes chers amis, je vous invite. | Ayons tous le verre à la main!
Buvons, chantons et rions bien!
Tandis que nous somm(es) en débauche, | buvons, chantons et rions bien!
Peut-êtr(e) que nous serons tous morts demain.

2. A quoi sert (tout) le bien de ce monde, | *mais* puisqu'il faut toujours mourir?
Peut-êtr(e) que nous ne trouv(e)rons pas
De ce bon vin, dans l'autre monde. | Peut-êtr(e) que nous ne trouv(e)rons pas
De cabaret, dedans ce pays-là.

3. Adieu, les brunes! adieu, les blondes! | Adieu, les fill(es) de grand renom!
Souvenez-vous d(e) ces bons garçons
Qu(i) ont fait l'amour avec adroisse. | Souvenez-vous d(e) ces bons garçons
Qu(i) ont fait l'amour avec raison.

[1] Chanson bachique de V.-F. de Repentigny, qui l'apprit, en 1885, de Ovila Vaudrain (Saint-Stanislas, Beauharnois). (Phonog. 827.)

30. L'AMOUR NOUS MÈNE.[1]



1. Partons par couples,
Dans nos chaloupes.
Embarquons tous.
Chère Climène,
L'amour nous mène
Au rendez-vous.[2]

2. [L']amant fidèle
Loin de sa belle
S'ennuie toujours.
En parlant d'elle
Ça lui rappelle
De ses amours.[3]

3. Amis aimables,
Restons à table
Jusqu'à demain,
Pour que l'aurore
Nous trouve encore
Le verre en main.[4]

4. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Fait(es)-moi mon lit.
Toute ma gloire,
C'est de bien boire
Pour mieux chanter.[5]

5. Chers camarades,
Je suis malade.
Quand je s(e)rai mort,
Veillez mon corps
Toute la nuit.[6]
. . . . . .

[1] La première leçon nous vient de V.-F. de Repentigny, qui l'apprit de son frère, Léandre, à Saint-Timothée (Beauharnois), en 1867. La seconde fut chantée par Jos. Rousselle, à qui Joseph Huart (Saint-Romuald, Lauzon) la montra, vers 1896. L'ordre des couplets n'y est pas le même; dans la leçon de Rep., nous avons 3, 1, 4; et 1, 5, 3, 2, dans celle de Rousselle. (Phonog. 739.)

[2] (*Rousselle*) "Bel(le), rendons-nous!"

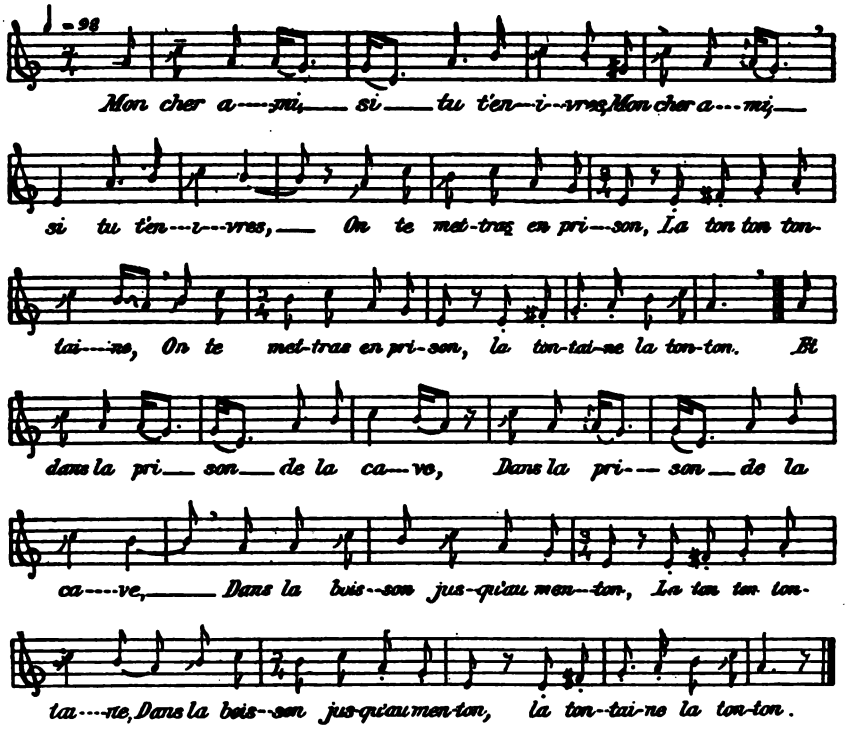
[3] Cette strophe ne se trouve que dans la leçon Rousselle.

[4] (*Rousselle*) "Ami aimable . . . ;" (*Rep.*) "les verres en . . . "

[5] Cette strophe vient de la leçon de Rep.; elle y commence par les deux vers que Rousselle place mieux au début du couplet suivant.

[6] Couplet tiré, à l'exception des deux premiers vers, de la leçon Rousselle.

31. LA PRISON DU GOURMAND.[1]



1. Mon cher ami, si tu t'enivres, (*bis*) | on te mettras en prison,
La tonton tontaine, on te mettras en prison, *la tontaine, la tonton.*

2. Et dans la prison de la cave, (*bis*) | dans la boisson jusqu'au menton,
La tonton tontaine, dans la boisson jusqu'au menton, *la tontaine, la tonton.*

3. La trappe de la cave, (*bis*) | (*ce*) sont des [cuisses] d(e) dindons,
La tonton tontaine, (ce) sont des [cuisses] d(e) dindons, *la tontaine, la tonton.*

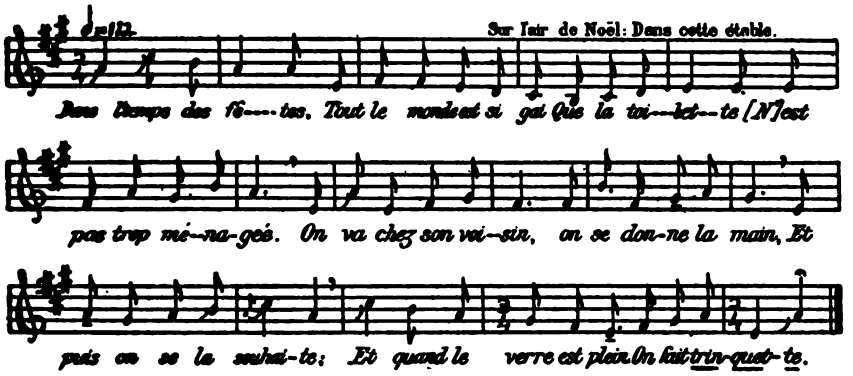
4. Les murailles de la cave, (*bis*) | (ce) sont des quartiers d(e) jambon,
La tonton tontaine, (ce) sont des quartiers d(e) jambon, *la tontaine, la tonton.*

5. Il te faudrait cinq ou six verges de saucisson, (*bis*)
Pour te faire un ceinturon,
La tonton tontaine, pour te faire un ceinturon, *la tontaine, la tonton.*

6. Il te faudrait cinq ou six beaux drôles, (*bis*) | pour vider ver(res) et flacons.
La tonton tontaine, pour vider ver(res) et flacons, *la tontaine, la tonton.*

[1] Chantée par V.-F. de Repentigny, qui l'apprit, en 1880, de Treffilé Bougie (Saint-Stanislas-de-K., Beauharnois). (Phonog. 678.)

32. DANS LES TEMPS DES FÊTES.[1]



1. Dans l(e) temps des fêtes,
Tout le monde est si gai
Que la toilette
[N']est pas trop ménagée.
On va chez son voisin,
On se donne la main,
Et puis, on se la souhaite.
Et quand le verre est plein,
On fait *trinquette.*

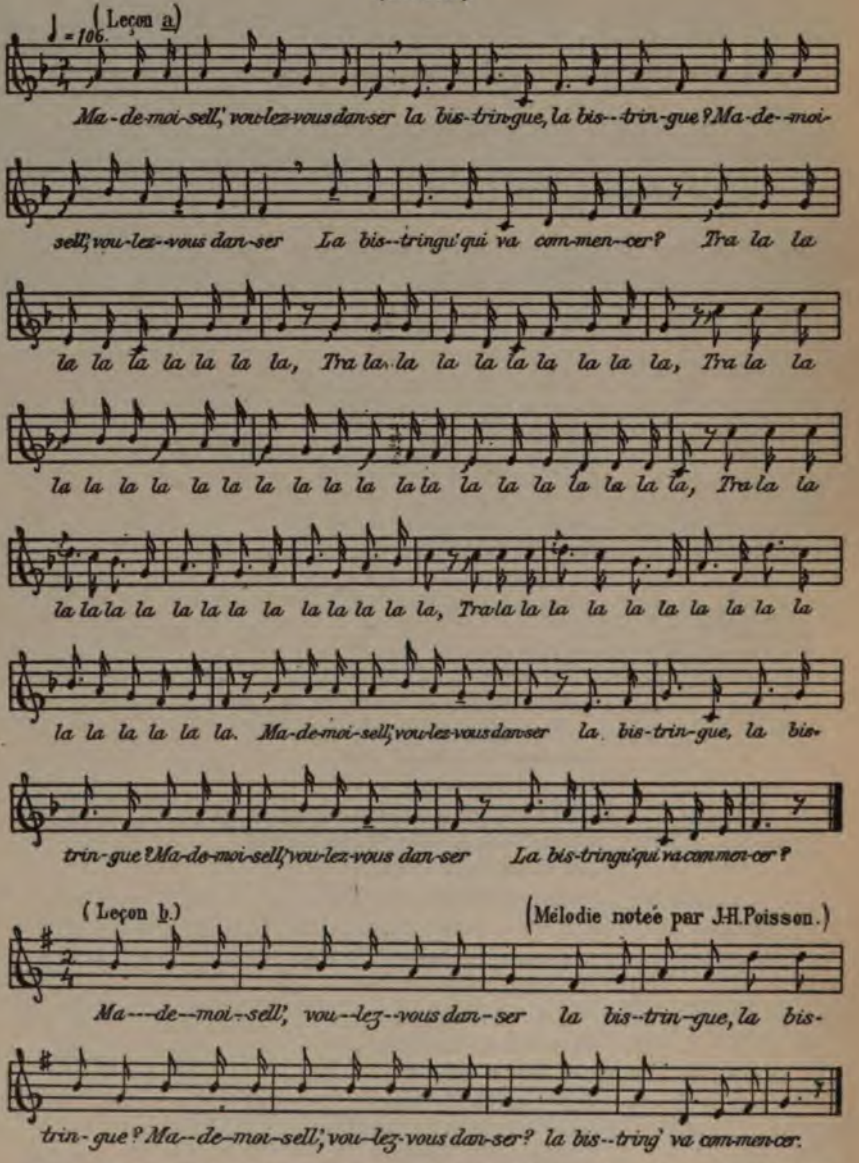
2. Les pèr(es) et mères
Attend[ent] leurs enfants,
Dans leurs chaumières,
Le cœur tout palpitant.
Et sans cérémonies,
L(e) bonhomm(e) sort son *whiskey,*
Et la bonn(e)-femme, les verres.
On s'embrasse et on rit
Comm(e) des compères.

3. Dans la grand(e) chambre,
Tout est bien préparé
En circonstance,
Pour tout(e) la parenté.
Les pâtés, les rôtis,
Les volailles farcies,
Sans compter la côt(e)lette,
Le flacon de *whiskey* . . .
C'est pas trop bête!

[1] Chantée par L.-H. Cantin, qui l'apprit, vers 1895, d'un nommé Picard, à Saint-Romuald (Lévis). (Phonog. 994.)

33. LA BISTRINGUE.[1]

(Danse.)



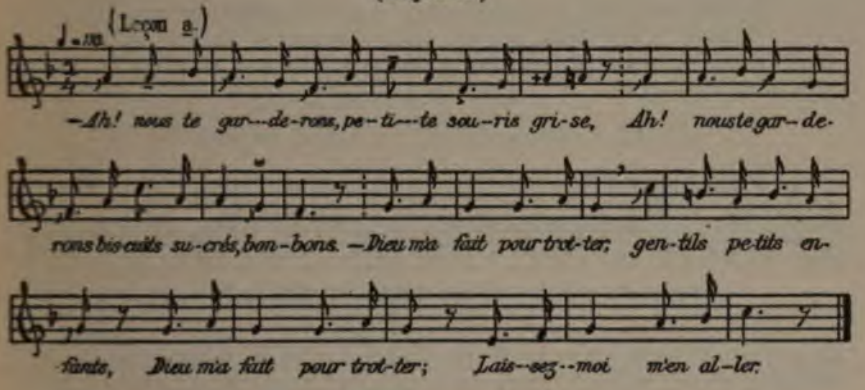
[1] Leçon *a*, chantée par Etienne Poitras, qui l'apprit à Québec, vers 1897–98. (Phonog. 609.) — Leçon *b*, recueillie par A. G. de A. B., qui l'apprit, en 1900, de son père, Théophile Buisson, du Lac-aux-sables (Portneuf). Cette danse est aussi connue à Saint-Pierre-les-Becquets (Nicolet), d'après A. G. Aussi entendue: à Sainte-Marie (Beauce), il y a plus de 20 ans, par C.-M. B; à Saint-Jérome (Terrebonne) par L. de Montigny; et à Beauharnois par O.-E. Prud'homme.

Mademoisell(e), voulez-vous danser | la bistringue, la bistringue?
Mademoisell(e), voulez-vous danser
La bistring(ue) va commencer?

34. LA PETITE SOURIS GRISE.[1]

(Danse ronde.)

(Leçon a.)

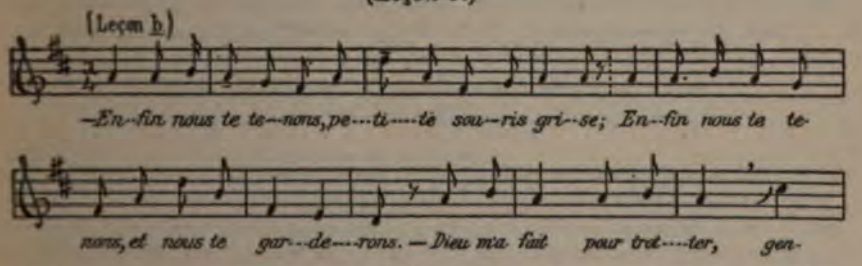


— Ah nous te garderons, | petite souris grise,
Ah! nous te garderons
Biscuits sucrés, bonbons.

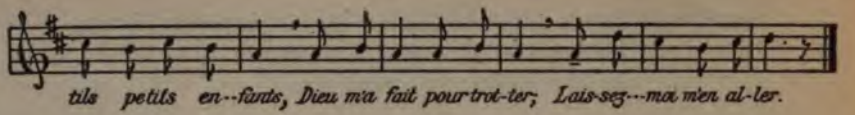
— Dieu m'a fait pour trotter, | gentils petits enfants,
Dieu m'a fait pour trotter;
Laissez-moi m'en aller.

La plus belle maison, | gentils petits enfants,
La plus belle maison
N'est pour moi que prison.

(Leçon b.)



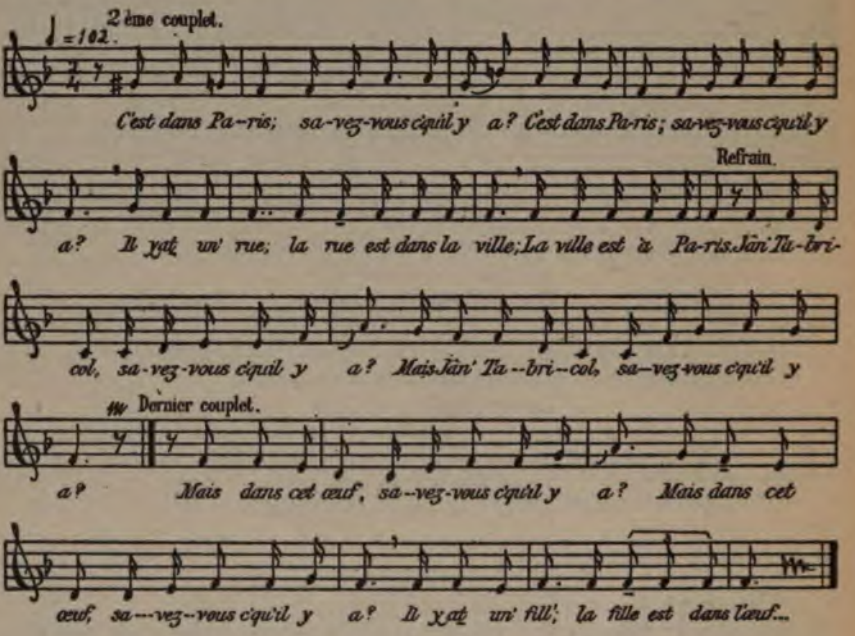
[1] La leçon *a* vient de Etienne Poitras (Montréal), qui, l'ayant d'abord apprise à Montréal, en entendit plus tard une variante à Québec (1896–97) (?) (Phonog. 663.) — La leçon *b* (premier couplet seulement) fut chantée, en mars 1918, par Ernestine Larocque (Ottawa) à C.-M. B., qui la nota à l'oreille. Cette ronde paraît être bien connue aux environs d'Ottawa, particulièrement aux jeunes filles de couvent.



— Enfin nous te tenons, | petite souris grise;
Enfin nous te tenons,
Et nous te garderons.

— Dieu m'a fait pour trotter, | gentils petits enfants,
Dieu m'a fait pour trotter;
Laissez-moi m'en aller.

35. LA RANDONNÉE DE LA VILLE DE PARIS.[1]



1. C'est dans Paris; | savez-vous c(e) qu'il y a? (*bis*)
Il y a*t* un(e) ville; | la ville est à Paris.

[1] Chantée, à Montréal, par Alfred Legault, âgé de 28 ans, qui l'apprit à Montréal, de Joseph Larin, en 1906. Larin l'avait apprise de son père, originaire des Cèdres. (Phonog. 561.) — V.-F. de Repentigny a entendu Albert Girard chanter cette randonnée, à Montréal, en 1908; le refrain contenait les mots: "Le *yable* est en bricolle." — L.-H. Cantin a aussi remarqué la même chanson, à Montréal, il y a une dizaine d'années. Les premiers mots étaient: "C'est dans l'île Bizard; savez-vous . . . ;" (l'île Bizard est située aux environs de Montréal.)

Refrain.

Jâne Tabricol, savez-vous c(e) qu'il y a?
Mais *Jâne Tabricol*, savez-vous c(e) qu'il y a?

2. Mais dans cett(e) ville, | savez-vous c(e) qu'il y a? (*bis*)
Il y *a* un(e) rue; | la rue est dans la ville;
La ville est à Paris.

3. Mais dans cett(e) rue, | savez-vous c(e) qu'il y a? (*bis*)
Il y *a* un arbre; | cet arbre est dans la rue;
La rue est dans la ville;
La ville est à Paris.

4. Mais dans cet arbre, | savez-vous c(e) qu'il y a? (*bis*)
Il y *a* un(e) branche; | la branche est dans l'arbre;
L'arbre est dans la rue;
La rue est dans la ville;
La ville est à Paris.

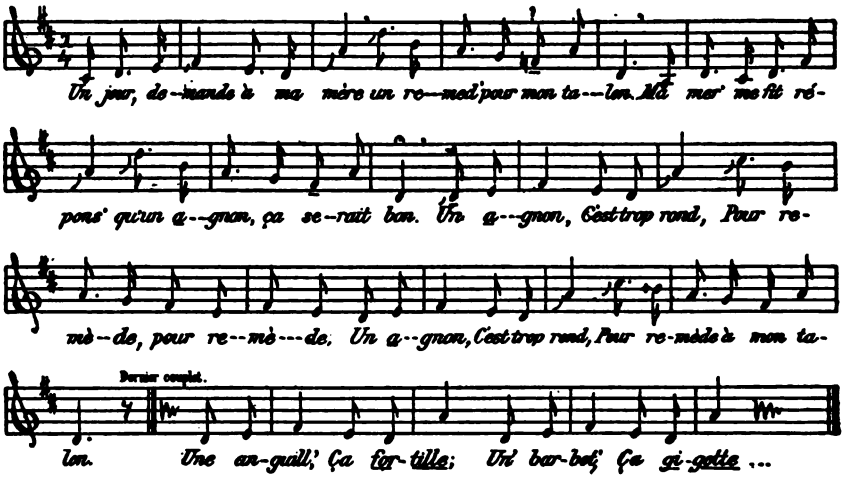
5. Mais dans cett(e) branche, | savez-vous c(e) qu'il y a? (*bis*)
Il y *a* un nid; | le nid est dans la branche;
La branche est dans l'arbre;
L'arbre est dans la rue;
La rue est dans la ville;
La ville est à Paris.

6. Mais dans ce nid, | savez-vous c(e) qu'il y a? (*bis*)
Il y *a* un œuf; | cet œuf est dans le nid;
Le nid est dans la branche;
La branche est dans l'arbre;
L'arbre est dans la rue;
La rue est dans la ville;
La ville est dans Paris.

7. Mais dans cet œuf, | savez-vous c(e) qu'il y a? (*bis*)
Il y *a* un(e) fille; | la fille est dans l'œuf;
L'œuf est dans le nid;
Le nid est dans la branche;
La branche est dans l'arbre;
L'arbre est dans la rue;
La rue est dans la ville;
La ville est à Paris.
Jâne Tabricol, savez-vous c(e) qu'il y a?
Mais *Jâne Tabricol*, savez-vous c(e) qu'il y a?

36. UN REMÈDE À MON TALON.[1]

(Randonnée.)



1. Un jour, (je) demande à ma mère | un remèd(e) pour mon talon.
Ma mère me fit réponse | qu'un oignon, ça serait bon.
— Un oignon,
C'est trop rond,
Pour remède, pour remède;
Un oignon,
C'est trop rond,
Pour remède à mon talon. —

2. Un jour, (je) demande à ma mère | un remèd(e) pour mon talon.
Ma mère me fit réponse | qu'un(e) *plat(e)*, ça serait bon.
— Un(e) *plat(e)*,
C'est trop plat*e*,
Pour remède, pour remède;
Un oignon,
C'est trop rond,
Pour remède à mon talon. —

3. Un jour, (je) demande à ma mère | un remèd(e) pour mon talon.
Ma mère me fit réponse | qu'un nav*ot*, ça serait bon.
— Un nav*ot*,
C'est trop gros;
Un(e) *plat(e)*,
C'est trop plat*e*;
Pour remède, pour remède;
Un oignon,
C'est trop rond,
Pour remède à mon talon. —

[1] Chanté par L.-H. Cantin, qui l'apprit en voyages, vers 1897–98. (Phonog. 929.)

4. . . . . .
— Du persil,
Ça réjouit,
. . . . . .

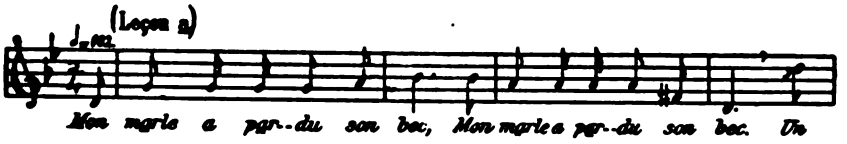
5. . . . . .
— Un(e) barbott(e),
Ça *gigotte*,
. . . . . .

6. Un jour, (je) demande à ma mère | un remèd(e) pour mon talon.
Ma mère me fit réponse | qu'une anguill(e), ça serait bon.
— Une anguille,
Ça *fortille*;
Une barbotte,
Ça *gigotte*;
Du persil,
Ça réjouit;
Un nav*ot*,
C'est trop gros;
Un(e) *pétat(e)*,
C'est trop plat*e*;
Un oignon,
C'est trop rond,
Pour remède, pour remède;
Un oignon,
C'est trop rond,
Pour remède à mon talon. —

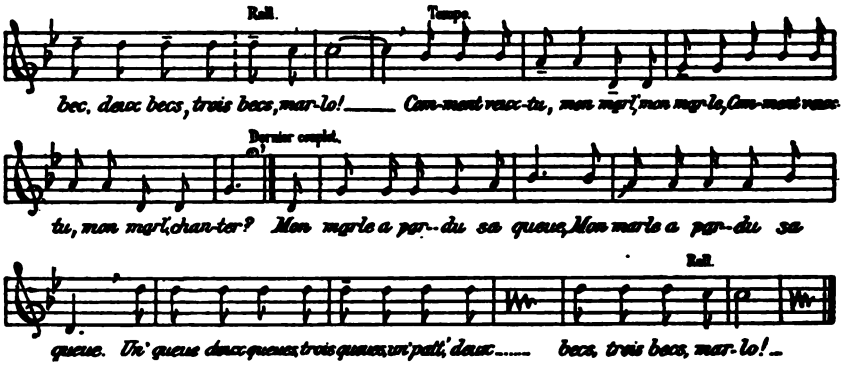
7. Un jour, (je) demande à ma mère | un remèd(e) pour mon talon.
Ma mère me fit réponse | qu'un garçon, ça serait bon.
— Un garçon,
C'est bien bon,
Pour remède, pour remède;
Un garçon,
C'est bien bon,
Pour remède à mon talon. —

37. LA RANDONNÉE DU MERLE.[1]

(*Leçon a.*)



[1] Leçon *a*, chantée par J.-B.-A. Tison, qui l'apprit à Saint-Jérôme (Terrebonne), vers 1878. — Leçon *b*, premier couplet seulement, chanté par Etienne Poitras, qui l'apprit à Québec, de sa mère, vers 1896–97. (Phonog. 642, 656.)



1. Mon merle a perdu son bec, (*bis*)
Un bec, deux becs, trois becs, *marlo!*

Refrain.

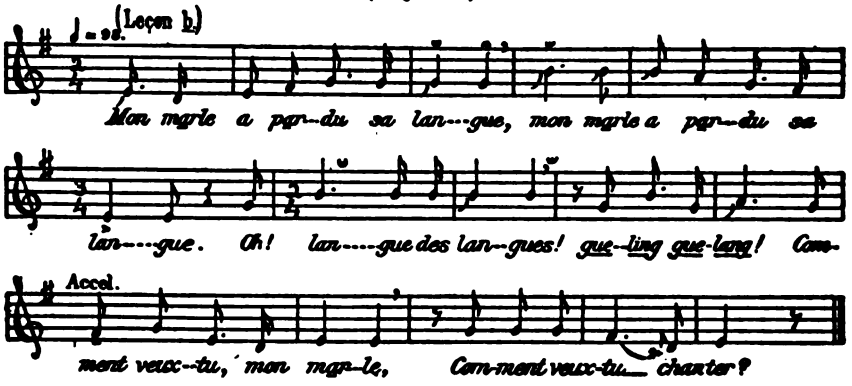
Comment veux-tu, mon merle, mon merle,
Comment veux-tu, mon merle, chanter?

2. Mon merle a perdu son œil, (*bis*)
Un œil, deux yeux, trois yeux,
Un bec, deux becs, trois becs, *marlo!*

3. Mon merle a perdu sa tête, (*bis*)
Un(e) têt(e), deux têt(es), trois têtes,
Un œil, deux yeux, trois yeux,
Un bec, deux becs, trois becs, *marlo!*

4. Etc.: son cou, sa *falle*, son dos, ses ailes,
sa queue, son ventre . . .

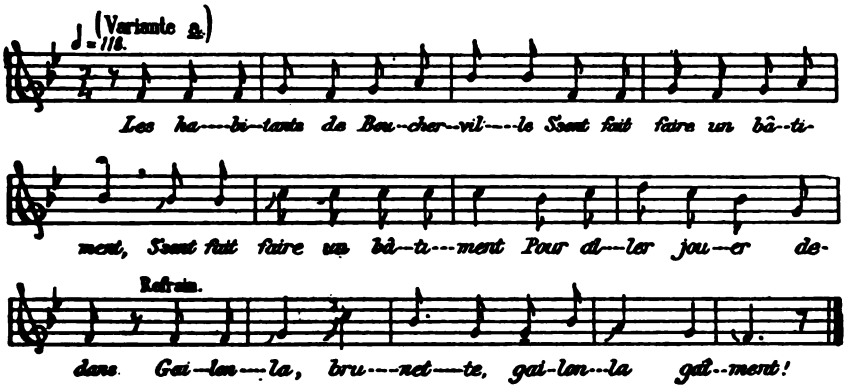
(*Leçon b.*)



Mon merle a perdu sa langue, (*bis*)
Oh! langue des langues, *gueling, guelang!*
Comment veux-tu, mon merle,
Comment veux-tu chanter?

38. LE BÂTIMENT DES INNOCENTS.[1]

(*Variante a.*)



1. Les habitants de Boucherville
S(e) sont fait faire un bâtiment,
S(e) sont fait faire un bâtiment,
Pour aller jouer dedans.

Refrain.

Gailonla, brunette, *gailonla* gaiment!

2. S(e) sont fait faire un bâtiment,
Pour aller jouer dedans.
La carcasse du bâtiment,
C'est un(e) boite de fer blanc.

3. La carcasse du bâtiment,
C'est un(e) boite de fer blanc;
Les trois mâts du bâtiment
Sont trois *cotons d'harb(e)*-Saint-Jean.

4. Les trois mâts du bâtiment
Sont trois *cotons d'harb(e)*-Saint-Jean.
Les trois voil(es) du bâtiment
Sont trois vest(es) de bouragan.

5. Les trois voiles du bâtiment
Sont trois vest(es) de bouragan.
Les mat(e)lots du bâtiment
Sont des agneaux du printemps.

6. Les mat(e)lots du bâtiment
Sont des agneaux du printemps.
L(e) capitain(e) du bâtiment,
C'est un bœu(f) qu(i) a l(e) front tout blanc.

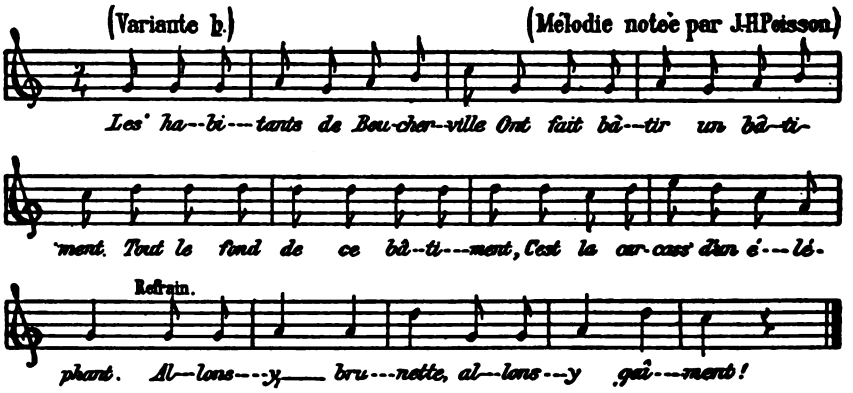
[1] L.-H. Cantin, qui chanta cette chanson, l'avait apprise, vers 1894, de Pierre Couture (Lévis). (Phonog. 1030.)

7. L(e) capitain(e) du bâtiment,
C'est un bœu(f) qu(i) a l(e) front tout blanc.
. . . La maîtress(e) du bâtiment,
C'est un(e) . . . [1] vach(e) de trent(e)-deux ans.

8. La maîtress(e) du bâtiment,
C'est un(e) . . . vach(e) de trent(e)-deux ans.
. . . L(e) gouvernail du bâtiment,
C'est la queue d'un vieux ch(e)val blanc.

9. . . . L(e) gouvernail du bâtiment,
C'est la queue d'un vieux ch(e)val blanc,
Et tous ceux qui vont dedans,
Ce sont tous des innocents!

(*Variante b.*)[2]

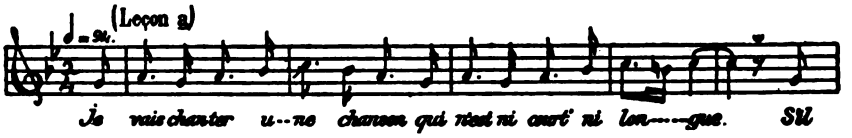


Les habitants de Boucherville
Ont fait bâtir un bâtiment;
Tout le fond de ce bâtiment,
C'est la carcass(e) d'un éléphant.

Refrain.

Allons-y, brunette, allons-y gaîment!

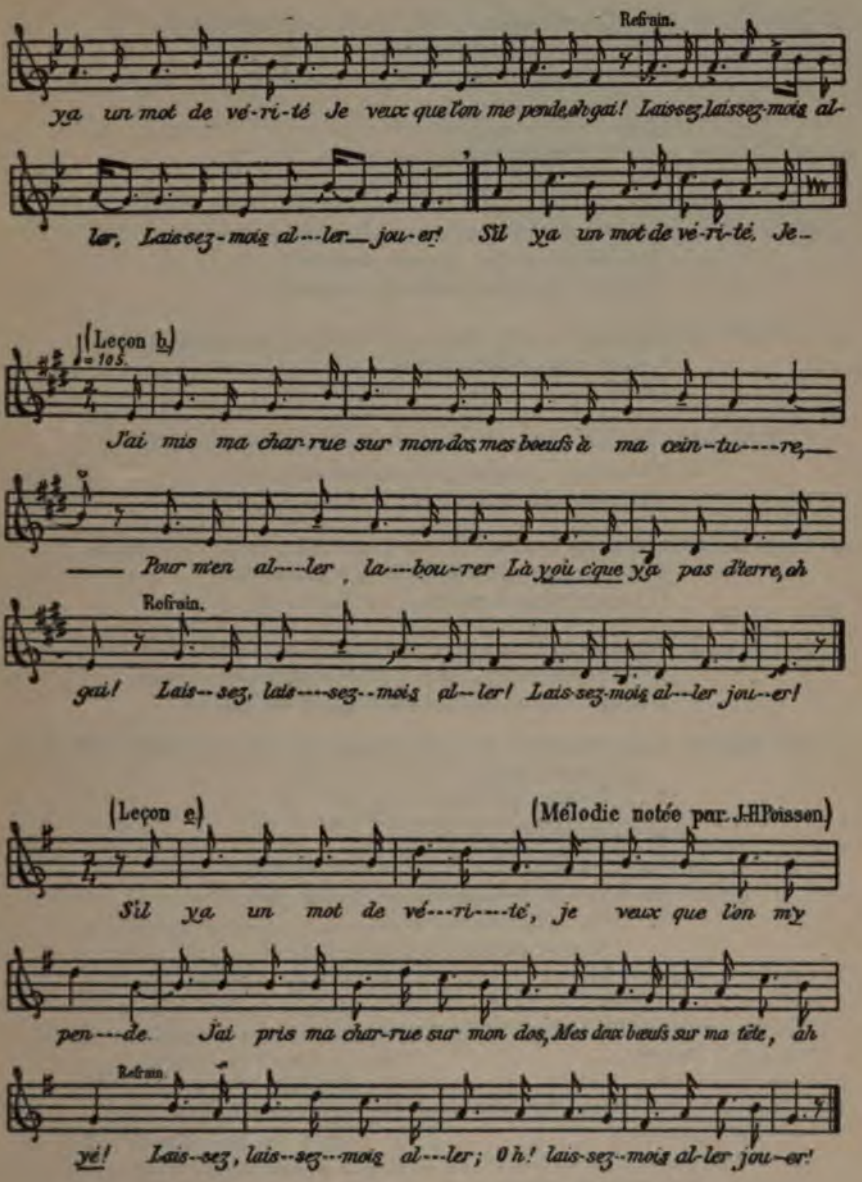
39. LA CHANSON DES MENSONGES.[3]



[1] Redondances éliminées dans le texte.

[2] Collection A. G. Cette mélodie, communiquée et notée par J.-H. Poisson, fut apprise, en 1912, de l'abbé H. Vincent, de 33 ans, alors vicaire à Saint-Pierre-les-Becquets (Nicolet).

[3] Leçon *a*, celle de Joseph Rousselle; apprise de son père, Jos. Rousselle, vers 1887, à Kamouraska.—Leçon *b*, celle de J.-B.-A. Tison (Montréal); mélodie et troisième couplet



seulement. (Phonog. 1138, 948.) — Leçon *c*, texte recueilli sans la mélodie, de Mme H. Larichelière. Isaac Audet, son père (La Prairie), de qui elle l'a apprise, vers 1858, l'avait lui-même entendue au même endroit cinquante ans auparavant.—Leçon *d*, communiquée par notre correspondant A. G., qui l'a recueillie de Anatole Rainville, âgé de 21 ans, de Saint-Edmond (Berthier); texte seulement.—Leçon *e*, aussi recueillie par A. G.; mélodie notée par J.-H. P. sous la dictée de G. P.; chantée par Mme Joseph Auger, de 55 ans (Ecureuils, Portneuf); apprise, vers 1876, de Mme Alfred Jacques, du même endroit.

1. Ecoutez, je vais vous chanter | un(e) chanson de mensonges.[1]
S'il y a*t* un mot de vérité,
Je veux que l'on me pende, oh gai![2]

Refrain.

Laissez, laissez-moi*s* aller,
Laissez-moi*s* aller jouer![3]

2. S'il y a*t* un mot de vérité, | je veux que l'on me pende.
J'ai mis[4] ma charrue sur mon dos,
Mes bœufs à ma ceinture, oh gai![5]

3. J'ai mis ma charrue sur mon dos, | mes bœufs à ma ceinture.
C'était pour aller labourer
Là où y avait pas d(e) terre, oh gai![6]

4. C'était pour aller labourer | là où y avait pas d(e) terre.
Dans mon chemin, j'ai rencontré
Un pommier chargé d(e) fraises, oh gai![7]

5. Dans mon chemin, j'ai rencontré | un pommier chargé d(e) fraises.
J'ai pri*s* une branch(e), je la secouai;[8]
Il tomba des framboises, oh gai![9]

6. Je pris un(e) branche, je la secouai; | *i* tomba des framboises.
Est v(e)nu*t* un(e) vieill(e) bonn(e)-femme à moi,
Qui dit: — Laisse-moi mes figues, oh gai! —

7. Est v(e)nu*t* un(e) vieill(e) bonn(e)-femme à moi, | qui dit: — Laisse-moi mes figues. —
J'ai vu venir un petit chien,
Qui me mordit l'orteil, oh gai!

[1] (*a*) "Je vais vous chanter une chanson qui n'est ni court(*e*) ni longue."
(*d*) "Ecoutez j(e) m'en vais vous chanter une chanson pour rire;
Car, si j(e) dis une vérité,
Je veux que l'on m'*y* pende, oh gai!"
Le premier vers manque dans *e*.

[2] (*e*) ". . . m'y pende . . . "

[3] Dans *e*, le mot "*aillé!*" commence le refrain.

[4] (*a* et *e*) "J'ai pris . . . "

[5] (*c*) "Mon bœuf . . . ;" (*a*) ". . . dessus ma tête;" (*e*) "mes deux bœufs sur ma tête;" dans *d*, le troisième couplet passe avant celui-ci.

[6] (*a*) "J(e) sui*t* en allé . . . "
(*b*) "*Où c(e) qu'y* a pas de terre."
(*d*) "Je m(e) suis en allé labourer
Là où il y avait pas de terre."
(*e*) "Là où il n'y a pas de terre."

[7] (*d*) "Un c(e)nellier de groseilles."
(*e*) "Un petit prunier chargé de framboises."

[8] (*d*) "Je l'ai pris, je l'ai secoué."

[9] Les couplets 4 et 5 sont tirés de la leçon *c*. Voici ceux de la version *a*: —
"Dans mon chemin, j'ai rencontré un chou chargé d(e) framboises.
J'en ai cueilli, j'en ai mangé,
Qu'il en tomba des poires, oh gai!"

8. J'ai vu venir un petit chien, | qui me mordit l'orteil,
Il me mordit l'orteil,
Me fit saigner l'oreille, oh gai![1]

9. Il me mordit l'orteil; | me fit saigner à l'oreille.
Je pris parti d(e) m'en retourner
Retrouver mon ménage, oh gai![2]

10. Je pris parti d(e) m'en retourner | retrouver mon ménage.
Je trouvai mon coq qui carde,
Et la poule qui file, oh gai![3]

11. Je trouvai mon coq qui carde, | et la poule qui file,
J(e) n'avais qu'un petit chien barbet;
Il coulait lessive, oh gai![4]

12. J(e) n'avais qu'un petit chien barbet; | il coulait la lessive.
La chatte était sur le foyer,
Qui brassait la marmite, oh gai![5]

13. La chatte était sur le foyer, | qui brassait la marmite.
Quand elle voulut goûter la sauce,
Ell(e) se gela les griffes, oh gai![6]

14. Quand elle voulut goûter la sauce, | ell(e) se gela les griffes.
Les mouches qui sont au plancher[7]
(Se) sont éclatées de rire, oh gai![8]

[1] Les couplets 7 et 8, dans les leçons *b*, *d* et *e*, sont remplacés par le couplet suivant:—
(*b*) "Il m'en tombe un(e) dessus l'orteil,
Qui m(e) *saignit* à l'oreille, oh gai!"
(*d*) "Il m'en tomba une sur l'orteil;
M'a fait saigner de l'oreille."
(*e*) "M'en a tombé une sur le pied;
J'en *saignis* par l'oreille."

[2] (*d*) "Je m'en retourne à la maison,
Pour trouver mon ménage."
(*e*) "Je m'en retourne à ma maison,
J'y trouvis bon ménage."

[3] (*d*) "J'ai trouvé ma femme par paquets,
Et ma chatte qui file, oh gai!"
(*e*) "J'ai trouvé ma poule qui filait,
Ma bonne-femme qui *cacasse*."

[4] (*d*) "Mon coq qui fait la roue,
Ma poule qui coule la lessive, oh gai!"

[5] (*d*) "Ma chatte tira le pain du four,
Elle se gela les griffes, oh gai!"
(*e*) "Le chien, qui enfournait le pain,
Le chat, qui le retire."

[6] Les couplets 11, 12, 13, ne se trouvent pas dans *a* et *b*.
(*c*) "Le chat en retirant le pain,
Il s'est gélé la griffe."

[7] (*c* et *e*) "Les mouches qu(i) étaient au plancher *d'haut*."

[8] (*a*) "Qui s'éclatent de rire;" (*d*) "qui s'éclataient de rire;" (*e*) "qui s'étouffaient de rire."

15. Les mouches qui sont au plancher | (se) sont éclatées de rire.
Il en tombe un(e) sur la marmite;
Ell(e) s'est cassé la cuisse, oh gai![1]

16. Il en tombe un(e) sur la marmite; | ell(e) s'est cassé la cuisse.
Faut aller chercher l(e) médecin,
Le médecin des mouches, oh gai!

17. Faut aller chercher l(e) médecin, | l(e) médecin des mouches.
— Bon médecin, bon médecin,
Que dit(es)-vous de ma cuisse? oh gai!

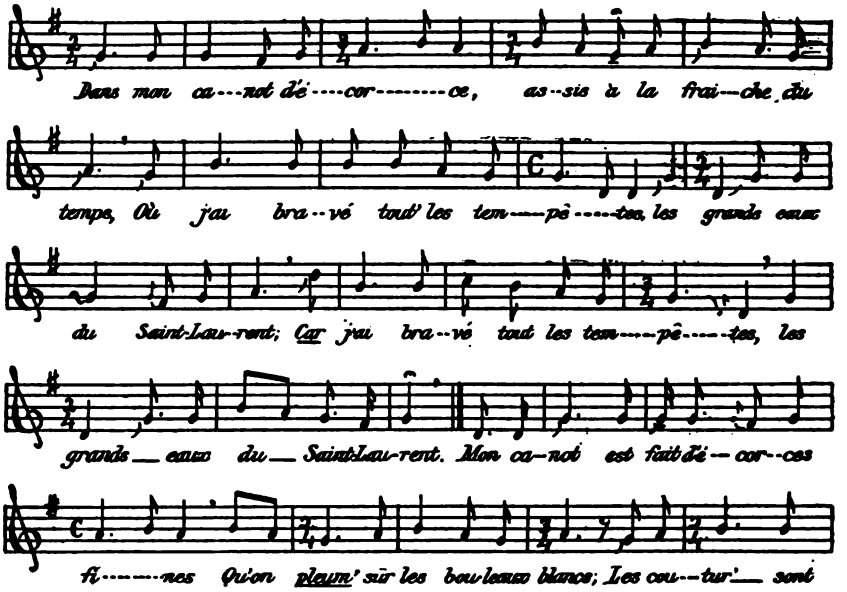
18. Bon médecin, bon médecin, | que dit(es)-vous de ma cuisse?
— Votre cuiss(e) ne guérira point
Qu'ell(e ne) soit dans l'eau baignante, oh gai!

19. Votre cuiss(e) ne guérira point | qu'ell(e ne) soit dans l'eau baignante,
Dans un vase d'or et d'argent,
Orné de roses blanches, oh gai![2]

Refrain.

Laissez, laissez-mois aller,
Laissez-mois aller jouer!

40. MON CANOT D'ÉCORCE.[3]



[1] (*e*) "Y en a un(e) qu'a tombé en bas."

[2] 16, 17, 18 et 19 ne se trouvent que dans *a*.

[3] Chanson de canotier canadien chantée par Joseph Rousselle (Kamouraska), qui l'apprit à la Baie-Georgienne (Ontario), en 1893. (Phonog. 1093.)

1. Dans mon canot d'écorce, | assis à la fraiche[ur] du temps,
Où j'ai bravé tout(es) les tempêtes, | les grand(e)s eaux du Saint-Laurent. (*bis*)

2. Mon canot est fait d'écorces fines
Qu'on *pleum(e)* sur les bouleaux blancs;
Les coutur(es) sont fait(es) de racines,
Les avirons, de bois blanc. } (*bis*)

3. Je prends mon canot, je le lance
A travers les rapid(es), les bouillons.
Là, à grands pas il s'avance.
Il ne laiss(e) jamais le courant. } (*bis*)

4. C'est quand je viens sur le portage, | je prends mon canot sur mon dos.
Je le renvers(e) dessus ma tête: | c'est ma cabane pour la nuit. (*bis*)

5. J'ai parcouru *le long des* rives, | tout le long du fleuv(e) Saint-Laurent
J'ai connu les tribus sauvages | et le[urs] langages différents. (*bis*)

6. — T(u) es mon compagnon de voyage! —
Je veux mourir dans mon canot.
Sur le tombeau, près du rivage,
Vous renverserez mon canot. } (*bis*)

7. Le laboureur aim(e) sa charrue, | le chasseur son fusil, son chien;
Le musicien aim(e) sa musique; | moi, mon canot, c'est [tout] mon bien! (*bis*)

41. AVENTURES DE MARINS CANADIENS.[1]

1. [C'est] un(e) chanson d'exemple | que je vais vous chanter.
En revenant de France | je l'[y]ai composée,
Le quinze de novembre, | un samedi matin,
Un jour bien remarquable | que je n'oublierai point.

2. Nous avons levé l'ancre; | le vent nous adonnait;
Nous avons mis les voiles | pour passer d(e)vant chez moi.
Quand nous fûm(es) à l'église, | à l'églis(e) d(e) Saint-Vallier,
Que ma peine est étrange! | Rien n(e) peut me consoler.

3. J'ai toujours en mémoir(e)
Ma femme et mes enfants,

[1] Cette chanson du terroir canadien eut pour auteur — d'après la tradition — un pilote de Saint-Vallier (Bellechasse), qui avait lui-même fait le voyage qu'il raconte. L.-H. Cantin, qui a fourni le texte sans pouvoir retrouver l'air, le reçut, vers 1885, de Magloire Cantin (Hawkesbury, Ont.); ce dernier l'avait appris à Saint-Romuald (Lévis), où il demeura longtemps.

Qui me sont si chers,
Qui sont mon propre sang.
C'est leurs tendres caresses,
Le jour que j'ai parti,
Qui causent ma tristesse,
Redoublent mon ennui.

4. Quand nous fûm(es) sur la mer, | au gré de tous les vents,
Une cruell(e) tempête | *force* not(re) bâtiment.
La peine que j'endure | me fait *réflexionner*
Ma méchante conduite. | Il faut bien l'endurer!

5. Rendus en Angleterre, | assez heureusement;
Malgré tout(es) les tempêtes | arriv(és) sans accident,
Le quinze de décembre. | . . . Nous [sommes] arrivés
Au port de Liverpool, | le dimanche au lever.

6. Il *y a* rien qui me flatte, | dans cett(e) terre étrangère.
Toujours dedans la peine, | rien n(e) peut me consoler.
L'espac(e) de trois semaines, | [je ne peux] rencontrer
Mon compagnon fidèle; | je vais vous le nommer.

7. En racontant nos peines | nous avons décidé
De partir pour la France, | moi et Magloir(e) Mercier.
Grand Dieu! quelle tourmente
Que j'avais enduré(e),
En dix-huit-cent-quarante,
Au mois de février!

8. Sur les côtes de France | [c'est là qu']on est venu
Bien près de fair(e) naufrage, | si Dieu [l']avait voulu.
Dieu, par sa Providence,
A voulu nous sauver,
Voyant que nos consciences
N'étaient point préparées.

9. Dans ce triste voyage,
J'[avais] assurément
Une faible équipage,
Un méchant bâtiment.
Nous arrivons en France, | tous bi-en estropiés,
Une partie malade, | *mais hors de* travailler.

10. Un exemple bien sage | [je] vais vous donner.
Dans *le règn(e) de* la vie, | on est tout exposé,
En tout lieu *qu'*on puisse être, | sans la grâce de Dieu,
Exposé aux naufrages | en tout temps, en tous lieux.

11. Dans la saison d'hiver,
On est tout exposé;
Aux voyag(es) sur la mer,
On court de grands dangers,

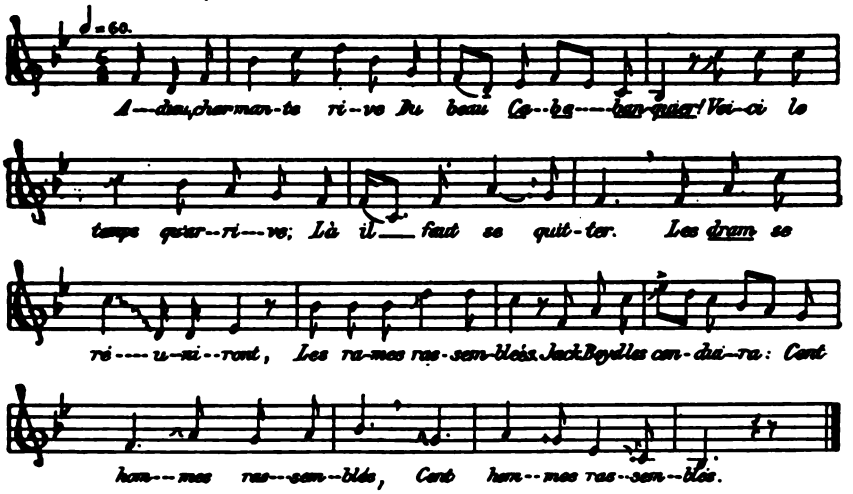
Dans les nuits les plus noires,
Malgré tous les gros temps.
Mais quand on est à terre,
On a le cœur content.

12. [C'est] le dix-huit de mars | que nous avons parti
De la France jolie, | pour nous en revenir.
Au retour du voyage, | quand nous fûm(es) arrivés,
Au port de Liverpool | nous avons [em]barqué.

13. Nous partîm(es) pour Québec, | tous, le cœur content,
Espérant de revoir | tous nos chers parents.
Mon Dieu! quelles caresses
Vont-ils nous donner,
En [ayant] la promesse
De ne plus les quitter!

14. Ecoutez, mes amis,
La fin de ma chanson.
A Dieu j'ai [bien] promis
D(e ne) plus quitter la maison.
Nous avons fait vœu, | moi, [aussi] mon ami,
De ne plus voyager | de toute notre vie.

42. LES *DRAVEURS* DE LA GATINEAU.[1]



1. Adieu, charmante rive
Du beau Ka[ka]bongué![2]

[1] Leçon *a*, chantée en entier par V.-F. de Repentigny, qui l'apprit de Joseph Dorais (Saint-Timothée, Beauharnois), en 1878. — Leçon *b*, texte de L.-H. Cantin, qui remonte à 1890, tel que chanté par son père, Magloire Cantin (Hawkesbury, Ont.). (Phonog. 758.)

[2] (*b*) *Kalibongué*; (*a*) *Cababanquier*. Ce lac porte le nom de Kakabonka, sur les cartes récentes.

Voilà le temps[1] qu(i) arrive;
Il faut donc se quitter.[2]
Les *drom*[3] (?) se réunissent, | les rames rassemblées;[4]
Jack Boyd les conduira, | cent hommes rassemblés.
Cent hommes rassemblés.

2. *L'hivernant*, il nous quitte,
Sa poche sur[5] le dos.
— Tu t'éloignes bien vite,
Tu maudis la rivièr(e),
La rame et l'aviron,
Tu maudis jusqu'à l'air
Que nous [y] respirons. — (*bis*)

3. Traversons la rivière;[6]
Ne craignons point le vent.
Suivons donc la lisière,
Où coule un gros courant.[7]
Traversons le Désert,[8] | quand même il serait tard.[9]
Jack Boyd, not(re) grand *foreman*,[10] | est un brave gaillard,
Est un brave gaillard. (*bis*)

4. C'est la *gang* de Deschênes[11]
Qui [est[sur le *hard-work*.[12]
Ils marchent bien sans gêne[13]
Et en ôtant leurs *frocks*,[14]
Faisant craquer leur bord
De ce(s) pesants rouleaux,[15]
Raidissant[16] leurs amarr(es)
Presque au-dessus de l'eau. (*bis*)

5. — Sautons chut(tes) et rapides
Et nageons adroit(e)ment!
Nos chemis(es)[17] sont humides
Et sècheront lent(e)ment.
Rendons-nous au Désert,[18]

[1] (*b*) *Drave;* angl. *drive:* le flottage et la descente du bois.
[2] (*a*) "Là où il faut;" (*b*) "se laisser . . . "
[3] (*b*) "Les *gangs;*" c.-à-d. les bandes, les ateliers.
[4] (*b*) ". . . tout rassemblées;" (*a*) "les *gangs* rassemblées."
[5] (*b*) "Sa poch(e) dessus . . . "
[6] Dans *b*, la phrase commençant par "Jack Boyd . . . " est la seconde du couplet.
[7] (*a*) "Nous somm(es) sur la rivière, Qui suit le grand courant."
[8] Le Désert est près de Maniwaki, sur la Gatineau (N. d'Ottawa).
[9] Cet hémistiche vient immédiatement après le première ligne de la strophe, dans *b*.
[10] (*a*) "Car notre grand *foreman* (contremaître), C'est . . . "
[11] (*a*) "C'est la *gagne* des Chênes . . . "
[12] (*a*) "Etant sur un bien bon *édouar* . . . "
[13] (*a*) "Ils s'en iront sans gêne."
[14] (*b*) "Sans ôter leurs *frocks*."
[15] (*b*) ". . . bord de pesants rouleaux."
[16] (*a*) "Raidiront . . . "
[17] (*b*) "Nos chemins . . . "
[18] (*b*) ". . . au village."

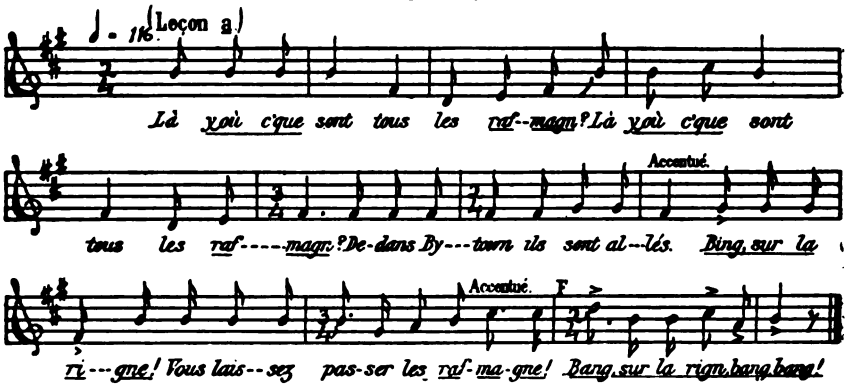
Car Gouin nous attend là.
Dessus[1] le gazon vert
C'est lui qui *traitera.* (*bis*)

6. . . . A nous aut(res) . . . , bons *draveurs,*
Roulant le cabestan,
Ils diront dans leur cœur
Qu'il nous faut de l'argent.
En poussant à plein bras
. . . Sur (nos) machines,
Descendons jusqu'en bas
Sans que rien (ne) [nous] répugne. (*bis*)[2]

7. Buvons, mes chers confrères,
A la santé de Gouin,[3]
Trois ou quatre rasades,
Et donnons-lui la main!
Prenons la Gatineau,
Descendons[4] jusqu'en bas,
Car nos barques sur l'eau
Vont mieux qu'un *rabaska.*[5] (*bis*)

43. LES *RAFTMANS.*[6]

(*Leçon a.*)



1. *Là y où c'qu'i* sont, tous les *rafmagn?*[7] (*bis*)
Dedans *Bytown*[8] ils sont allés.

[1] (*a*) "De dessus . . . "
[2] Cette strophe ne se trouve que dans *b*.
[3] (*a*) ". . . de *Rouen* (!)"
[4] (*b*) "*Dravons* . . ."
[5] Nom d'origine indienne: grand canot.
[6] Leçon *a*, de J.-B.-A. Tison, qui l'apprit à Saint-Jérôme (Terrebonne) vers 1878. Leçon *b*, de E.-Z. Massicotte; apprise en 1885, d'un jeune Québecois. (Phonog. 643, 506.)
[7] Pour l'angl. *raftmen*, flotteurs.
[8] Bytown est aujourd'hui devenu Ottawa.

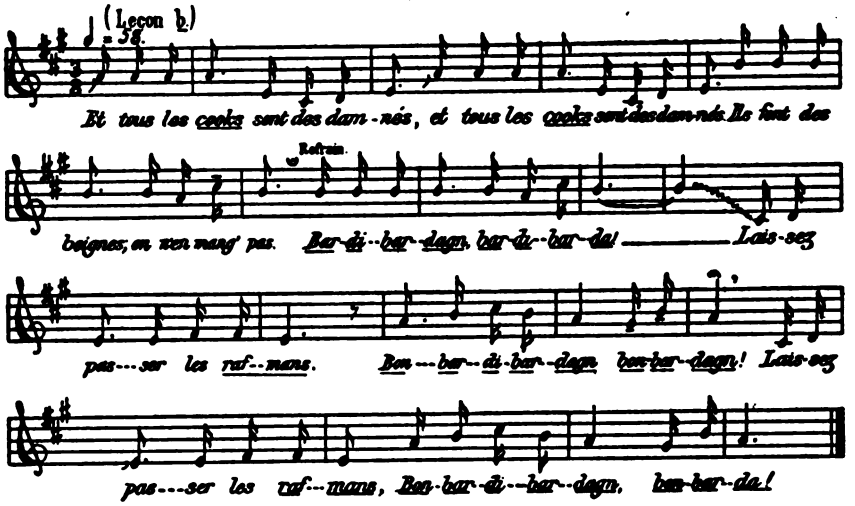
Refrain.

Bign sur la rigne!
Vous laissez passer les *rafmagne!*
Bagn sur la rign, bagn, bagn!

2. Dedans la ville ils sont allés, (*bis*)
C'était pour *ben* s'habiller.

3. Oh! c'était pour *ben* s'habiller. (*bis*)
Des bell(es) p(e)tit(es) bott(es) dans leurs gros pieds.

(*Leçon b.*)



4. Et tous les *cooks*[1] sont des damnés; (*bis*)
I(ls) font des beignes; on n'en mang(e) pas.

Refrain.

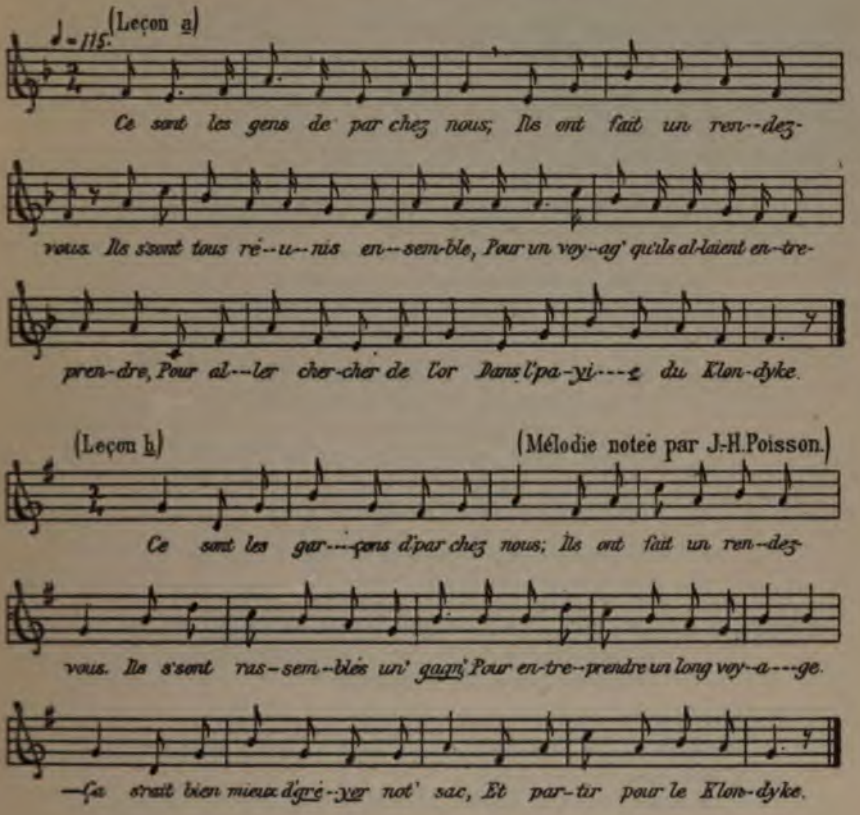
Bardi bardagne, bardi barda!
Laissez passer les *rafmanns,*
Bon bardi bardagne, bon bardagne!

5. Jusqu'à la *m(e)nass(e)*[2] qu'i(ls) mont(ent) dans l(e) bois, (*bis*)
Et *pis* nous aut(res), *on* n'en a pas.

6. Et tant d'amants qui s(e) font la cour; (*bis*)
Et *pis* nous aut(res), *on s(e)* la fait pas.

[1] Angl., cuisiniers. [2] Melasse.

44. LE DÉPART POUR LE KLONDYKE.[1]



1. Ce sont les gens[2] de par chez nous,
Qui ont[3] fait un rendez-vous.
Ils s(e) sont tous réunis ensemble,[4]
Pour entreprendre un long voyage,[5]

[1] Leçon *a*, chantée par L.-H. Cantin, qui l'apprit de Jos. Lauzon (Hawkesbury, Ont.), vers 1898. (Phonog. 1188.)—Leçon *b* (Collection A. G.), chantée par G. P. et notée par J.-H. P.; cette version vient de Wilbrod Papillon, de 28 ans, des Ecureuils (Portneuf), qui l'apprit, à 20 ans, de Arma Lamothe, de Saint-Basile (Portneuf).—Leçon *c* (Collection Lanctôt-Barbeau), recueillie, à Ottawa, en mai 1918, de Zénon Bélair, né à Saint-Eustache (Deux-Montagnes) en 1891; apprise en 1910, à Montréal, de Louis Vermette, alors âgé de 17 ans. (Nous avons en même temps recueilli les mélodies de certaines chansons du répertoire Bélair, dont les textes nous ont été remis en manuscrit dans un cahier intitulé: "Cahier de chansons appartenant à M. Zénon Bélair, Montréal, 1909.")

[2] (*b*) ". . . garçons . . . "

[3] (*a*) "Ils ont . . . "

[4] (*b*) ". . . sont rassemblés une *gang*;" (*c*) "ils se rassemblent tous ensemble."

[5] (*a*) "Pour un voyag(e) qu'ils veul(en)t entreprendre;" (*c*) "pour un voyage à entreprendre."

Pour aller chercher de l'or
Dans l[e] pays du Klondyke.[1]

2. A fallu faire une assemblée,
Pour décider Monsieur Gauthier.[2]
— Tu ferais mieux d'ach(e)ter ta *carte;*[3]
Tu passerais pour bien plus *smarte.*[4]
Prend[s] *les chars*[5] avec nous autres
Pour l[e] pays du Klondyke.[6] —

3. Quand Gauthier[7] fut décidé,
Au dépôt s'en sont allé.[8]
Ils s'en vont deux par deux,
Quatre par quatre, avec leurs sacs.
J(e) vous assure qu(e) c'était un(e) farce,
D(e l)es voir partir pour le Klondyke![9]

4. Quelles nouvell(es) décourageantes
A leurs femmes ils vont apprendre!
Ils ont commencé par leur dir(e):
— Ma chère vieille, il faut partir
Pour aller chercher de l'or,
Dans l(e) pays du Klondyke. —

5. Quand *les chars* furent arrivés,
Le conducteur a débarqué.[10]
Il leur dit: — Mes voyageurs,[11]
Embrassez vos femmes qui pleur(ent)!
C'est dans ce train que l(e) monde *embarque*
Pour l(e) pays du Klondyke.[12] —

[1] (*b*) "Ça serait bien mieux de *greyer* notre sac
Et partir pour le Klondyke."
(*c*) "C'était pour préparer le sac
Pour partir pour le Klondyke."

[2] Dans *a*, le second vers vient le premier.

[3] Billet.

[4] Angl., pour "habile, intelligent."

[5] Angl., pour "le train."

[6] Ces deux strophes manquent à la leçon *b*. La leçon *c* substitue les vers suivants au quatre derniers de la deuxième strophe: —

"Si vous ne venez pas au voyage,
Vous allez passer pour un *kickeur.*
Venez donc acheter votre *carte,*
Pour partir pour le Klondyke."

[7] (*b*) ". . . le père G . . . "

[8] (*b*) "C'est au dépot il s'est en allé."

[9] Ces quatre derniers vers sont omis dans la version *b*. La leçon *c* omet cette strophe.

[10] (*b*) "Quand le père Gauthier fut décidé,
Dans les chars il s'est embarqué."

[11] (*b*) "Le conducteur des voyageurs
Dit d'embrasser vos . . . "
(*c*) "Il dit a ses voyageurs . . . "

[12] (*b*) "Voilà le *train* qui va arriver:
C'est dans ce *train*-là qu'il faut *embarquer.*"
(*c*) ". . . dans ce *char* . . . , pour partir pour . . . "

6. Y en avait un parmi la *gagne*,[1]
Ça lui coûtait d(e) *laisser* sa femme . . .
Comme il n'était pas bien habile
Pour prendre les *chars* à *full-steam*,[2]
Il a[3] tombé, la tête sur la *track* . . . [4]
[N']a pas pu se rendre au Klondyke.[5]

7. Y en avait[6] un autre parmi la *gagne*,
Ça lui coûtait d(e) *laisser* sa femme.
Il se penche en dehors des *chars*,[7]
Pour lui jeter un doux regard.
Tout d'un coup les pieds lui partent . . . [8]
Il n'a pas pu s(e) rendre au Klondyke.[9]

8. Les deux autres compagnons,[10]
Etaient[11] dans l(e) dernier wagon,
Les voilà pris en chicane,
C'est à propos d'une femme.[12]
Le conducteur vous les débarque,[13]
Avant d'arriver au Klondyke.[14]

9. Cette chanson a été composée
Par Martel, qui (ne) veut pas y aller.[15]
Ça (ne) lui coût(e)rait pas d(e) partir,
S'il[16] savait d'en[17] revenir . . .
C'est la seul(e) raison qui le flatte[18]
De (ne) pas partir pour le Klondyke!

10. La morale de cette chanson
Est d'y faire bien attention.

[1] (*c*) "Il y en a un . . .;" Angl. *gang* pour "bande."
[2] Angl., pour "en pleine vapeur."
[3] (*b*) "J'ai . . . "
[4] Angl., pour "la voie." (*c*) "Tout d'un coup les deux pieds lui partent . . . "
[5] (*b*) "J'ai arrivé mort, au Klondyke;" (*c*) "il n'a pas pu . . . "
[6] (*c*) "Il y en a . . . "
[7] (*c*) "Il se passe la tête en dehors du *char* . . . "
[8] (*c*) "Je vous assure qu'il la regarde!
La tête *i* tombe dessus la *track*."
[9] Manque dans la leçon *b*.
[10] (*c*) ". . . voyageurs;" (*b*) "ce sont les cinq autres de mes . . . "
[11] (*b*) "Assis . . .;" (*a*) "qui étaient . . . "
[12] (*c*) "Les voilà tous pris . . . ;" (*a*) "pour un p(e)tit mot à propos d(e) leurs femmes." Ces deux vers manquent dans *b*.
[13] (*a*) "L(e) conducteur les a débarqués . . . "
[14] (*c*) "Ils n'ont pas pu s(e) rendre au Klondyke."
[15] (*a*) "Celui qu(i) a composé la chanson,
C'est un garçon qui (ne) voulait pas y aller."
[16] (*a*) ". . . me coûterait . . . ; si je savais."
[17] (*b*) ". . . d'y . . . "
[18] (*b*) "C'est pour cette raison qu'il flatte . . . "

Quand vous partez pour quelque part,
Surtout pour aller chercher d(e) l'or,
Fait(es) attention d(e) pas *fair(e) pétate*[1]
Avant d(e) partir pour le Klondyke![2]

45. CHAPLEAU ET SON NOUVEAU GOUVERNEMENT.[3]

(*Chanson politique.*)

1. Accourez, peuple fidèle,
Venez à la mission!
C'est Chapleau qui vous appelle;
Il demand(e) votre nom.

2. — Tarte, ne sois pas rebelle!
Au contraire, meilleur garçon,
Pour te payer de tes peines,
Portefeuill(e) nous te donn(e)rons.

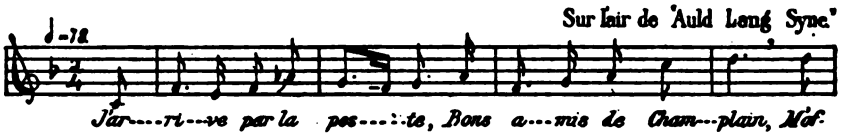
3. — Paquet, n(e) sois pas incrédule!
Arrange-toi avec mes enfants.
Au cabinet, je t(e) le jure,
Tu seras au premier rang.

4. — Taillon, comm(e) je l'espère,
Tâche un peu de patienter,
Car Paquet me coûte trop chère;
Je n'ai plus d(e) place à donner. —

5. Pour finir la chansonnette,
J'ai beaucoup plus à penser.
— Mes amis, le temps nous presse,
. . . Faut aller à nos comtés!

46. L'ENFANT-TERRIBLE.[4]

(*Chanson politique.*)

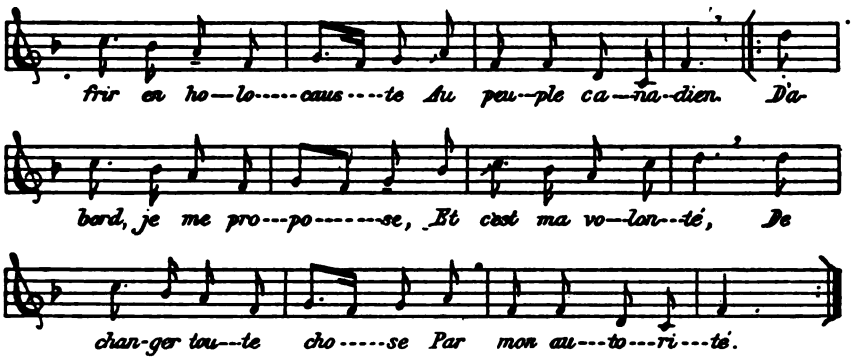


[1] Faiblir, échouer.

[2] Strophe tirée de la version *c*.

[3] Composée vers 1889, par un original, surnommé "Galette-madame!" qui avait acquis une certaine popularité, à Montréal, en vendant des galettes tout en récitant des boniments rimés. S'imaginant peut-être qu'il était poète, il abandonna la galette pour vendre des chansonnettes et des monologues rimés ou assonancés. La mélodie de cette chanson était une adaptation du cantique bien connu: "Accourez, peuple fidèle."

[4] Cette chanson était connue dans le comté de Champlain, il y a un demi-siècle, lorsque "le fameux" Eric Dorion, dit l'"Enfant-terrible," voulut être candidat. Les mots



J'arrive par la poste,
Bons amis de Champlain,
M'offrir en holocauste
Au peuple canadien.
D'abord, je me propose,
Et c'est ma volonté,
De changer toutes choses
Par mon autorité.
Et mon nom de "Terrible,"
Qui vous est bien connu,
Me rendra tout facile,
Si je suis bienvenu.

OTTAWA, CANADA.

viennent de feue Arcélie Matte, originaire de Ste.-Anne-de-la-Pérade, épouse de feu Joseph Philippe Godin, marchand aux Trois-Rivières. La mélodie est celle de "*Auld Lang Syne;*" chantée ici par notre collaborateur, M. Massicotte. (Phonog. 611 *b.*)

CONTES POPULAIRES CANADIENS (*troisième série*).

(*a*) CONTES DE LA BEAUCE.

PAR EVELYN BOLDUC.

79.[1] LA FÉE DE LA MER VERTE.[2]

IL est bon de vous dire qu'il y avait, une fois, un vieillard bien pauvre. Il avait une femme et quatre enfants, et pas de moyens.

Une bonne nuit, le feu prend et brûle toute la maison. Le vieillard de se lamenter: "Qu'allons-nous faire à présent, bonne-femme? Il ne nous reste rien; qu'allons-nous faire?" Les voilà qui partent tous ensemble; ils marchent, marchent, marchent.

Au bout du chemin, qu'est-ce qu'ils voient? Une petite maison. Cognent à la porte: pan, pan! Pas de réponse. Ils entrent et ne trouvent personne en dedans. "Ah bien! ma femme, nous allons toujours coucher ici." Le lendemain matin, ils se lèvent, cherchent partout le maître de la maison; pas un chat! "Ecoute un peu, ma femme, nous allons rester ici jusqu'à ce que le propriétaire revienne. Mais faisons bien attention de ne rien briser." *Comme de fait*, ils restent là tous ensemble et ils cultivent la terre, bien heureux, bien contents, pendant trois ans.

Un beau matin, qui est-ce qui arrive? Le fils du roi. "Bonjour, monsieur!" — "Bonjour, monsieur!" — Voulez-vous bien me dire qu'est-ce que vous faites sur ma propriét*aire?*"[3] — "Ah! mon bon monsieur, ne me faites pas de trouble. Je suis un pauvre homme, ma maison a brûlé, et je suis venu me sauver ici." — "Savez-vous bien qui je suis? Je suis le fils du roi." — "Ah! monsieur le roi, vous êtes riche, ayez pitié du pauvre monde!"

Parmi ses quatre enfants, le vieillard avait une belle petite fille de douze ans, fine comme une mouche. En la voyant, le fils du roi dit: "Si vous voulez me donner votre petite fille pour que je l'amène avec moi, je la ferai bien élever et instruire, et je vous donnerai ma terre et ma maison." Quand on est pauvre, que peut-on faire! "Pauvre enfant, que fait le père, tu seras bien plus riche et heureuse avec le

[1] Les numéros de la troisième série font suite à ceux des séries publiées les années dernières, dans The Journal of American Folk-Lore.

[2] Ce conte et le suivant viennent de Joseph Bolduc ("*Barras*"), de Saint-Victor, Beauce, qui les apprit, dans son enfance, de vieillards du voisinage. Comme ils ne furent pas recueillis sous dictée, la transcription en est assez libre.

[3] Pour "propriété, bien."

fils du roi qu'avec nous; va donc!" Le fils du roi met la belle petite fille dans son carrosse et il file.

Rendu à son château, il dit à sa servante: "Tiens, une petite fille que j'ai prise comme l'enfant de la maison. Aies-en bien soin!" Il va ensuite à l'école et il recommande à la maîtresse de bien instruire la petite fille. La voilà qui va à l'école, apprend ses leçons. Il faut vous dire[1] qu'elle était heureuse!

Au bout d'une couple d'années, elle était grande*tte* et belle, mais belle! Un beau matin, le fils du roi lui dit: "Viens ici un peu, dans ma chambre; je veux te parler. Je t'ai amenée de chez tes parents, qui étaient bien pauvres; j'ai eu soin de toi; je t'ai fait instruire. Aujourd'hui, je veux t'épouser. Qu'en dis-tu?" — "Ah! monsieur le roi, vous voulez rire de moi. Un fils de roi, c'est pas pour une fille comme moi." — "Je t'aime, je veux t'avoir pour ma femme. Si tu veux, nous allons nous marier aujourd'hui." — "Je suis bien la fille la plus chanceuse du monde! Il ne pourrait jamais rien m'arriver de mieux." Et ils se marient le même jour; font une petite noce, mais bien tranquillement.

Au bout de cinq ou six mois, le fils du roi en se levant dit à sa femme: "Ma femme, aujourd'hui, nous allons voir tes parents." — "Ah! mon mari, c'est-il possible que vous vouliez aller voir de si pauvres gens?" — "Oui, tu ne les as pas vus depuis trois ans. Je vais faire atteler mes quatre chevaux à mon carrosse et nous allons partir tantôt."

Comme ils passent dans une petite coulée,[2] ils voient à terre une belle serviette. "Mon mari, laissez-moi ramasser cette serviette." — "Mais, ma femme, des serviettes, nous en avons en quantité chez nous." — "Laissez-moi la ramasser pour l'emporter en présent à mes parents qui sont si pauvres." Le mari se baisse pour ramasser la serviette. Qu'est-ce qu'il y avait dessous? Une vieille bonne-femme, qui lui saute à la gorge: "Epouse-moi ou je t'étrangle." — "Mais, bonne-femme, je ne puis pas, je suis déjà marié. Voyez ma femme assise dans ma voiture." — "Celle-là? Elle n'est bonne qu'à faire une servante. Epouse-moi ou je t'étrangle." La petite femme, qui entend tout cela, dit à son mari de céder, pour sauver sa vie. La fée — c'en était une — dit: "Toi, la petite femme, assieds-toi sur le siège d'arrière." Inutile de vous dire qu'ils ne se rendirent pas voir les parents de la petite femme, pour leur montrer la vieille fée.

Revenus au château, la fée envoie la jeune femme faire le train tout comme une servante, tandis qu'elle-même se fait la reine et la maîtresse partout. Au bout de sept ou huit jours, un beau matin,

[1] Dans le sens approximatif de: "Il va sans dire que . . ."

[2] Vallon.

la fée se lève en sacrant à tout casser: "Ça ne traînera plus comme ça; il faut que je me débarrasse de cette maudite servante! A neuf heures demain matin, je veux qu'on me la pende." — "Mais, ma femme . . ." — "Il n'y a pas de mais. Va me *q'ri* quatre bourreaux pour lui arracher les deux yeux."

Les quatre bourreaux emmènent la jeune femme dans une forêt: "Aimez-vous mieux mourir ou vous faire arracher les deux yeux?" — "Seigneur, grand Dieu! quel triste sort! J'aime encore mieux me faire arracher les deux yeux." Les bourreaux lui arrachent les deux yeux, et la laissent là, assise sur une souche.

Au bout de quelque temps, elle se dit: "J'aime autant mourir en marchant; je trouverai peut-être quelqu'un dans le bois." Et elle se met à marcher, les deux mains devant le visage; marche, marche. Tout à coup, elle entend 'bûcher.'[1] Marchant un peu plus vite, elle crie: "Y a-t-il du monde ici?" L'homme qui 'bûchait' répond: "Oui, il y a un homme." — "Mon bon monsieur, pour l'amour du bon Dieu, amenez-moi chez vous." En voyant cette pauvre femme, la face toute couverte de sang, l'homme se met à pleurer: "Mais, pauvre dame, je ne puis pas vous amener avec moi; ma femme est plus mauvaise que le diable." — "Amenez-moi *pareil;* je mourrais de faim, dans les bois." L'homme attelle, met un peu de bois dans le fond de sa charrette, assied la femme au milieu et lui donne les *haridelles* pour se tenir.

Quand il arrive à la maison, sa femme sort à la porte: "Mais qu'est-ce que c'est, ça?" — "Ma femme, c'est une pauvre malheureuse que j'ai trouvée dans le bois." La maîtresse de maison, en voyant le pauvre visage couvert de sang, dit à la malheureuse: "Pauvre enfant, entrez dans la maison; nous allons vous soigner." Elle lui aide à descendre, lui donne la main, pour la conduire. Après l'avoir fait asseoir dans sa plus belle chaise, elle baigne ses plaies et lui donne à manger. Au bout de quelques semaines, la pauvre malheureuse 'achète' un beau petit garçon.

On l'élève 'au mieux,' en l'envoyant à l'école jusque vers l'âge de sept ans. Les autres enfants lui disaient: "Où est ton père? Où est ta mère? Si tu ne les connais pas, c'est donc que tu es 'un trouvé.'" Le petit garçon s'en va à sa mère en pleurant: "Maman, est-ce que j'ai un père et une mère comme les autres?" — "Oui, mon fils." — "Où est mon père?" — "Cela, je ne puis pas te le dire." — "Où est ma mère?" — "C'est moi, mon enfant." Voilà le petit garçon bien content de pouvoir répondre aux autres. Mais les gens qui l'élevaient et qui avaient si bien soin de sa mère étaient pauvres, et il était mal habillé. Les enfants de l'école criaient: "Guenill*ou*, guenill*ou*!" En colère, le petit garçon retourne trouver sa mère:

[1] Ce mot, au Canada, signifie particulièrement "abattre des arbres."

"Maman, je ne vais plus à l'école." — "Mais, pauvre enfant, que vas-tu faire?" — "Je vais chercher mon père." — "Tu ne le trouveras jamais; il est remarié à un vieille fée qui m'a fait crever les deux yeux et qui t'empêchera de le rejoindre." — "Maman, je vais aller trouver mon père et vous venger de la vieille fée." — "Bonne chance, mon pauvre enfant!"

Le lendemain matin, après que sa mère lui ait donné deux petites galettes, l'enfant part; marche, marche. Rendu à la *brunante*, il voit un vieillard qui 'bûche' à la porte de sa cabane. "Bonjour, grand-père!" — "Bonjour, mon enfant! Où t'en vas-tu donc?" — "Ah! grand-père, j'ai un long voyage devant moi: je cherche mon père." — "Comment s'appelle-t-il?" — "Je ne sais pas; il est marié à une vieille fée qui a fait arracher les deux yeux de ma pauvre mère." — "Je sais de qui tu veux parler. Laisse-moi faire; tu m'as l'air d'un bon enfant; je vais t'aider." Il donne à souper au petit garçon, le fait coucher, lui donne à déjeuner. "Maintenant, voici deux petites galettes que tu mangeras en pensant à moi. Prends le chemin que tu vois devant toi, marche tout droit jusqu'à ce que tu arrives à une grande ville, où tu verras un beau château jaune; c'est là que 'reste' ton père. Tu frapperas à la porte; ton père ouvrira sans te reconnaître. Demande-lui de te prendre comme l'enfant de la maison. S'il ne veut pas, *tourmente* un peu, et tu verras. Bonne chance, mon garçon!"

Part, marche, marche. Rendu à la fourche des quatre chemins, il s'arrête et mange une petite galette, ensuite reprend son chemin. En arrivant à la ville, il tourne à gauche et voit un beau château tout jaune, reluisant au soleil. "Bon! c'est là." Pan, pan! "Qui est jà?" — "Monsieur le roi, c'est moi, un pauvre enfant; voulez-vous me prendre comme l'enfant de la maison?" — "J'ai déjà un domestique, c'est assez; va-t-en!" — "Cher bon monsieur le roi . . ." — "Voyons, que dit la fée sa femme, toi qui es roi, fais donc un bon coup, une fois." — "C'est bon, entre!" Le petit garçon est bien content: ça commence bien!

Pendant cinq ou six mois, tout marche (comme) sur des roulettes. Un beau matin, voilà la fée en colère, qui sacre, jure, et casse tout dans la maison. "Je veux me débarasser de ce petit garçon-là. Demain matin, à neuf heures, je veux qu'il soit pendu, s'il ne m'a pas ramené le cheval à barbe grise." Voilà notre ami bien en peine, lui qui n'a jamais entendu parler du cheval à barbe grise. Il part et retourne trouver le vieillard, qui 'bûchait' toujours à la porte de sa cabane. "Bonjour, grand-père!" — "Bonjour, mon garçon! Comment t'arranges-tu?" — "Bien tristement; la reine veut me faire pendre demain matin à neuf heures si je ne lui ramène pas le cheval à barbe grise." — "Ne prends pas de peine, je vais t'aider. Viens manger et dormir."

Le lendemain matin, au petit jour, le vieillard donne au garçon deux petites galettes: "Prends le premier tournant devant toi. Quand tu auras faim, mange une petite galette en pensant à moi. Marche jusqu'au champ tout clos en fer. Là, tu verras vingt-cinq lions de garde, les animaux les plus féroces de la terre; l'étable qui renferme le cheval à barbe grise est de l'autre côté. En mettant le pied dans le champ, pense à moi, et aie bien soin de ne pas faire de bruit. En entrant dans l'étable, tu verras un mors de bride en argent; ne le prends pas. Il y en a, ensuite, un en cuivre; ne le prends pas, ça rendrait le cheval trop gaillard. Mais tu prendras le troisième, qui est en bel acier; tu le mettras dans la gueule du cheval que tu selleras; et tout ira bien."

Le petit garçon suit les directions à la lettre. En mettant le pied dans le champ, il pense au vieillard, et tous les lions s'endorment. Sur la pointe des pieds il passe jusqu'à l'écurie, trouve les trois mors de bride, prend le mors en acier, selle le cheval à barbe grise, et saute dessus. Le cheval piaffe, et voilà les vingt-cinq lions réveillés. Mais mon garçon donne un coup de chapeau à son cheval, qui saute par-dessus la clôture. Les voilà qui filent comme le vent.

A huit heures et demie, ils étaient rendus à la porte du château jaune. "Madame la reine, venez remiser votre cheval à barbe grise." — "C'est-il possible que tu aies pu le voler aux vingt-cinq lions de garde? Tu as bien du talent, mon petit gars."

Pendant quinze jours, la reine est douce comme un agneau. Au bout de ce temps, un beau matin, elle se lève dans une colère effrayante; elle casse tout dans la maison. "Mais qu'est-ce que tu as encore?" — "Il y a que je veux faire pendre ce guenill*ou*, demain matin à neuf heures, s'il ne me ramène pas le château de cristal, qui est au-dessus de la mer verte, pendu par trois chaînes d'or." Voilà le petit garçon bien en peine. Il va retrouver le vieillard qui lui a déjà tant aidé.

En arrivant, il le trouve encore à la porte de sa cabane, qui 'bûchait.' "Bonjour, grand-père!" — "Bonjour, mon enfant! Qu'est-ce qu'il y a encore?" — "Ah! grand-père, me voilà bien mal pris; la fée veut me faire pendre demain matin, à neuf heures, si je ne lui rapporte pas le château de cristal pendu au-dessus de la mer verte par trois chaînes d'or." — "Ne prends pas de peine, mon garçon; je vais t'arranger ça. Viens manger et dormir."

Le lendemain matin, au petit jour, le vieillard donne au garçon deux petites galettes: "Prends le chemin qui est devant toi et marche tout droit jusqu'à ce que tu trouves la mer verte. Là, en face, tu verras le château de cristal pendu deux arpents au-dessus de la mer verte par trois chaînes d'or. Dans ce château, il y a trois filles à marier qui sont des fées. Elles font croire aux garçons qu'elles vont

les faire entrer en les tirant par une corde, mais quand ils sont dans l'air, elles coupent la corde pour qu'ils se noient. A toi je vais donner un petit canot fait *avec* du papier, pour que tu puisses le plier et le mettre dans ta poche, un petit aviron de bois et un violon. En arrivant à la mer verte, tu nageras jusqu'au château, où tu verras les trois demoiselles qui se promènent sur la *galerie*. Avant de te mettre la corde autour du corps pour monter les trouver, fais leur promettre de ne pas la couper, parce qu'elles tiennent toujours leur promesse. Pense à moi en mangeant tes deux petites galettes."

En arrivant à la mer, le garçon déplie son beau petit canot, et avec son aviron de bois, nage, nage sur la mer verte jusqu'au château de cristal. En arrivant, il voit les trois demoiselles qui se promènent sur la *galerie*. "Bonjour, monsieur! Qu'est-ce que vous voulez?" — "Je suis garçon et je cherche à me marier!" — "C'est bon, vous allez venir nous en parler." — "Mes bonnes demoiselles, je ne viendrai que si vous promettez de ne pas couper la corde en me tirant jusqu'à la *galerie*." — "Nous promettons." Elles lui jettent la corde, qu'il attache autour de sa taille, et elles le tirent jusqu'au haut. Quand il est rendu là, les trois fées se mettent à lui demander laquelle des trois il veut épouser. Il choisit la plus jeune, qui était la plus petite. Les mariages se font vite dans ce pays; en disant: "Marions-nous!" les voilà mariés. Les fées, *c'est* fort! Comme elles le désirent, une belle table bien *gréée* paraît, et la noce se fait.

Le garçon dit: "Maintenant, il faut nous divertir; nous allons danser; je joue bien du violon." — "Mais nous ne savons pas danser." — "Ça ne fait rien; je joue si bien que toute le monde danse en m'écoutant. Mais ma petite femme ne dansera pas; j'aime mieux qu'elle s'assèye à côté de moi." Et il se met à jouer: *Hé zing zing zing, hé zing zing zing!* "Arrête, arrête, nous sommes fatiguées." *Hé zing zing zing, hé zing zing zing, hé zing zing!* Voilà les deux fées tombées à terre, sans connaissance. Le garçon les saisit par la taille et les jette à la mer: vlan, vlan! noyées toutes les deux. "Mais, mon mari, pourquoi as-tu jeté mes sœurs à l'eau?" — "J'avais peur qu'elles mettent le désaccord dans notre ménage; nous serons bien plus heureux seuls ensemble." — "C'est bon! veux-tu visiter mon château?" — "Oui!"

Elle lui montre six belles chambres. Arrivés à la porte de la septième: "Celle-ci, ce n'est pas la peine de la montrer." — "Ouvre la porte, que je voie." — "Elle est pareille aux autres." — "Ma petite femme, laisse-moi entrer, je t'en prie!" — "C'est bon; viens!" Elle ouvre la porte d'une belle chambre. Au milieu il y avait une table où était perchée une corneille qui gardait une corbeille; dans la corbeille se trouvaient deux beaux yeux. "Mais qu'est-ce que je vois, là?" — "Il faut que je te dise, mon cher mari, que nous étions

quatre sœurs, fées: deux que tu viens de noyer et une autre qui a fait arracher ces yeux à la femme du fils du roi, qu'elle a ensuite épousé." — "Ah! ah!" — "Cette corneille, c'est la vie de ma sœur; si tu lui cassais les pattes, tu casserais les jambes de ma sœur; si tu lui tordais le cou, tu tordrais le cou de ma sœur." — "Ah! ah! c'est bien drôle pour moi, toutes ces histoires-là. Et la petite manivelle à côté de la table, qu'est-ce que c'est?" — "C'est la manivelle qui transporte le château où je veux; je tourne trois tours à droite en disant: 'Château, va à telle place,' et aussitôt le château y est rendu." Imaginez si notre garçon écoutait tout cela avec attention; il avait bien compris que c'étaient les yeux de sa mère qui étaient dans la corbeille.

En descendant l'escalier, il dit: "Ma petite femme, les yeux qui sont dans la corbeille, y aurait-il moyen de les poser de nouveau?" — "Oui, si quelqu'un les remettait sous leurs propres paupières avec amitié, la femme verrait encore avec des yeux de quinze ans." — "Bonne chose à savoir! A présent, amusons-nous, dansons!" — "Mais je ne sais pas danser." — "Je joue si bien du violon qu'en m'écoutant, on sait danser." — "Mais j'ai peur que tu me noies comme mes deux sœurs." — "Pas de danger, ma petite femme, je t'aime bien trop pour cela!" — "C'est bon!" Le voilà qui se met à jouer: *Hé zing zing zing, hé zing zing zing!* "Arrête, arrête, je suis fatiguée." *Hé zing zing zing, hé zing zing zing!* La petite femme tombe à terre, sans connaissance. Son mari la saisit par le bras et la jambe et la jette, vlan! à l'eau. Aussitôt, il monte en courant à la chambre de la manivelle, tourne trois tours: "Château, va devant la maison de mon père." Du coup il se trouve rendu. Comme c'est la nuit, il s'assure seulement qu'il est bien rendu à la bonne place; puis il se couche et s'endort.

Le lendemain matin, le roi se lève, sort dehors. Qu'est-ce qu'il voit? Le beau château de cristal suspendu dans les airs par trois chaînes d'or. "La reine, viens vite voir!" Elle sort à la course: "Mais c'est-il bien possible que ce soit le château de cristal pendu dans les airs par trois chaînes d'or? Ce petit garçon-là a bien du talent." Comme elle disait cela, le garçon sort sur sa *galerie:* "Bonjour, le roi! bonjour, la reine!" — "Bonjour, mon garçon!" — "Monsieur le roi, entrez donc dans mon château." Le roi entre: "Monsieur le roi, savez-vous qui je suis?" — "Oui, tu es le petit garçon que j'ai engagé comme l'enfant de la maison." —"Non, monsieur le roi; je suis votre propre fils. Vous rappelez-vous de ma pauvre mère à qui votre deuxième femme a fait arracher les yeux?" — "Oui, je m'en rappelle trop bien; elle est morte dans les bois." — "Non, elle n'est pas morte; c'est elle qui m'a élevé, avec de pauvres gens qui nous ont toujours bien traités. Venez avec moi." Ils montent

dans la septième chambre: "Voulez-vous que je nous venge de la fée?" — "Ah oui!" Le garçon saisit la corneille, lui casse les deux pattes et lui tord le cou. En même temps, ils entendent 'beugler' la bonne-femme, dans l'autre maison. Ils courent voir et la trouvent morte.

Le roi fait alors atteler par ses valets ses quatre chevaux à son carrosse; le garçon met les yeux de sa mère dans une petite boîte qu'il emporte dans sa poche; et les voilà partis, cherchant l'homme qui 'bûchait' dans l'abatis.

En arrivant, le roi veut entrer tout de suite: "Attendez un peu, mon père; je vais entrer le premier." Il entre: "Bonjour, ma mère!" — "Ah! cher enfant, c'est donc toi?" — "Oui, ma mère, j'ai trouvé mon père, et je suis venu vous poser les yeux." Il s'avance, lui ouvre les paupières et remet avec amitié les yeux dedans les paupières. Aussitôt, la mère voit avec des yeux de quinze ans. Le roi entre, embrasse sa femme, et je vous laisse penser s'ils étaient contents tous ensemble. "A cette heure, nous allons payer les gens qui ont eu si bien soin de vous. Mes amis, combien demandez-vous pour tout votre *trouble?*" — "Monsieur le roi, ce n'est rien." Mais le roi leur laisse quelques cents piastres en récompense, et il repart avec sa femme et son fils. En arrivant chez lui, il fait mettre un table garnie de toutes sortes de beaux plats, de belles viandes. Ils firent un grand repas, mais moi, ils ne m'invitèrent pas.

80. LE PETIT JARDINIER. [1]

Il est bon de vous dire qu'une fois il y avait un roi qui avait un fils unique.

Ce fils lui dit, un beau jour: "Mon père, je voudrais voyager sur la mer, faire le trafic." Le roi lui grée un beau bâtiment, le charge de beau drap, de belles soieries.

Au bout de quelques jours de marche sur l'eau, il arrive chez une reine veuve. Comme il accostait *au* quai, la reine, en grande politesse, vient lui offrir de loger chez elle. Cette reine avait un fils unique de quinze ans, qui n'avait jamais vu de bâtiment. L'autre prince lui dit: "Venez faire la visite de mon bâtiment." Les voilà qui y vont tous les deux. Le petit garçon trouvait tout ça bien beau: "Mais faites donc marcher votre bâtiment un peu, que je fasse un petit tour." — "Oui!" Après avoir fait un tour, le petit garçon dit: "Maintenant, c'est assez. Ramenez-moi chez ma mère." — "Mon petit garçon, tu parles bien, tu est bien fait, j'ai envie de t'amener avec moi." — "Monsieur, je vous ai pris pour un gentilhomme, mais je vois bien que vous êtes une canaille; reconduisez-moi tout de

[1] Cf. note accompagnant no 79.

suite chez moi." — "Je t'amène avec moi ou je te jette dans l'île d'Orléans, qui est toute pleine de bêtes féroces." — "J'aime encore mieux me faire jeter sur l'île avec les bêtes féroces." Le prince prend le petit garçon par sa culotte, le vire trois tours en sacrant comme un déchaîné et le lance à l'eau. Mais l'eau n'était pas profonde, et le jeune homme réussit à gagner le bord.

En pleurant, il se met à marcher. Il trouve un petit sentier qu'avaient fait les bêtes féroces. "Puisqu'il faut mourir, j'aime autant mourir tout de suite." Et il part à marcher à la rencontre des animaux.

Au bout de quelques minutes, qu'est-ce qu'il voit? Une petite poussière. "C'est peut-être une bête qui vient me manger; j'aime autant en finir tout de suite. Allons voir." A la fin, il voit que c'est un homme qui s'en vient: "Bonjour, monsieur!" — "Bonjour, monsieur! Que venez-vous faire ici?" — "Ah! mon bon monsieur, c'est une canaille qui m'a jeté sur cette île garnie de bêtes féroces, pour me faire dévorer. Ne pourriez-vous pas m'amener chez vous?" — "C'est bien difficile; le roi mon maître n'a qu'une fille unique avec qui je dois me marier, et il ne veut pas qu'elle voie d'autre homme." — "Mon bon monsieur, un guenill*ou* comme moi ne peut pas vous faire tort; amenez-moi donc!" — "C'est bon, vous allez m'aider à *cultiver* les vaches. On verra ce que le roi dira." Et ils partent.

Rendus à la porte du château: pan, pan! "Qui est là?" — "C'est un pauvre enfant qu'une canaille a jeté dans l'île garnie de bêtes féroces, pour le faire dévorer." — "Va-t-en!" La reine, qui écoutait par la porte de sa chambre, crie: "Je t'en prie, toi qui es roi, ne fais donc pas l'avare. Un domestique de plus, ça ne sera pas trop." — "C'est bon, c'est bon! je vais le garder; il aidera à *cultiver* les vaches." Le garçon reste comme ça un an à travailler.

La fille du roi le trouvait beau et fin, et elle le suivait partout. Un beau jour, le roi dit à la reine: "T'aperçois-tu de quelque chose?" — "Non! Qu'y a-t-il?" — "T'aperçois-tu que notre fille tourne autour du petit *engagé*?" — "C'est vrai. Tu n'aimes pas cela? Voici ce que nous allons faire: nous allons le mettre à travailler dans le jardin; il sera toujours sale, et notre fille le laissera bien tranquille." — "C'est bon!"

Le lendemain matin, la reine donne au garçon une vieille culotte sale, en disant: "Aujourd'hui tu vas travailler dans mon jardin d'un arpent carré. Arrange tout bien à l'ordre." — "Oui, madame la reine!" Il se met dans le jardin, plante des rosiers, sème de belles fleurs, sarcle les oignons. Tout poussait, que c'était toute beauté de voir cela.

Les jeunes filles, *ça* aime les fleurs; la fille du roi était toujours dans le jardin à se cueillir des bouquets. Le roi n'était pas trop content

de cela. Il appelle sa fille. "Ma fille, tu sais que j'ai élevé un garçon exprès pour te marier à lui; mais tu tournes toujours à l'entour du petit *engagé;* il faut que cela cesse." — "Mon père, le jardinier est aussi bon garçon que votre choisi." — "Ça ne fait rien; il n'a pas de talent et je ne veux pas que tu te maries à lui." — "Pas de talent? Mais depuis qu'il travaille dans le jardin, tout fleurit à merveille; les oignons sont gros comme ça." — "Ecoute un peu; ils vont partir tous les deux sur la mer, dans deux jours, pour faire le trafic. Promets-tu de te marier à celui qui reviendra le plus riche, dans six mois?" — "Oui, mon père!"

Les rois, *c'est* fort et capable de faire n'importe quoi. Dans deux jours, le roi fait bâtir et gréer deux beaux bâtiments qui avaient l'air bien pareils, mais qui ne l'étaient pas. Celui du petit jardinier était en mauvais bois et mal arrangé; il devait coûter beaucoup à tenir en ordre. Celui du choisi était en bon bois, bien fini, extra. Pour les marchandises, le roi fait la même chose; à son préféré, il donne une charge de beaux draps, de belles soieries; au jardinier, des vieilleries, de l'indienne. La jeune fille, s'en apercevant bien, appelle son ami et lui dit: "Tu te fais tricher, mais va à la grâce de Dieu! Fais ton possible et tout ira bien."

Et les voilà partis. Vers le bout de leur temps, le choisi arrive avec son bâtiment à la plus grande ville du monde. Là, il débarque et il vend dans les rues toute sa marchandise avec un gros profit. Quand il a fini de vendre, il s'en revient, le soir, vers son bâtiment, ses poches pleines d'argent. Dans une *baisseur*, il rencontre une pauvre femme, qui lui dit: "Vous qui êtes riche et généreux, faites donc enterrer le pauvre cadavre que vous voyez au bord du chemin, et qui empeste trois lieues à la ronde." — "Bonne-femme, laisse-moi passer mon chemin tranquille; ce n'est pas de mes affaires."

En arrivant sur le bord de la mer, le choisi voit arriver le petit jardinier: "Ah! tu es en retard, l'ami! Dépêche-toi."

Le petit jardinier débarque, vend sa marchandise aussi bien que possible. Vers la *brunante*, comme il s'en revient, il rencontre une vieille femme dans une *baisseur*. "Mon bon jeune homme, je vous en prie, faites donc enterrer le pauvre cadavre que vous voyez au bord du chemin et qui empeste trois lieues à la ronde." — "Oui, madame, mais je ne suis ni bedeau ni rien; enseignez-moi donc le chemin de l'église." — "Oui, mon bon monsieur."

Mais le curé de l'endroit était *chérant;* il prend tout l'argent du petit jardinier, des mille et des mille piastres. Aussi, le jardinier s'en revenait en pleurant à chaudes larmes, quand, en chemin, il revoit la vieille femme. "Mon bon jeune homme, qu'avez-vous donc à pleurer?" — "Ah! madame, ce n'est pas étonnant si je pleure. Je croyais que c'était comme chez nous pour se faire enterrer ici, que

cela coûterait une trentaine de piastres; mais il a fallu que je donne tout mon argent, des mille et des mille piastres. Le choisi du roi va arriver avant moi, maintenant, et je vais perdre ma belle princesse." — "Mon bon jeune homme, vous êtes poli et de bon cœur; je vais vous aider, parce que je suis fée. Le roi du pays d'à côté est aveugle depuis sept ans; il a fait battre un ban dans tous les pays du monde qu'il donnera sa fille en mariage et tous les biens qu'il pourra emporter à celui qui lui rendra la vue." — "Mais je ne veux pas de sa fille en mariage. J'aime mieux ma princesse; et je ne peux pas lui rendre la vue." — "Pas si vite, mon garçon! Prenez cette petite bouteille et cette plume. En arrivant vous ferez passer le roi dans une chambre noire, et trois fois de suite, vous lui graisserez les yeux. Si vous ne voulez pas de sa fille, vous vous arrangerez avec lui ensuite." — "Merci, madame la fée! Vous êtes bien bonne et je ne vous oublierai pas."

Le petit jardinier embarque dans son bâtiment et s'en va tout droit chez le roi aveugle; arrive à la porte, demande à coucher. "Monsieur le roi, voulez-vous que je vous rende votre vue de quinze ans?" — "Cher jeune homme, tous les meilleurs médecins du monde ont essayé, pas un n'a réussi; ce n'est pas vous qui me guérirez." — "Laissez-moi toujours essayer." — "Ha! ha!" La reine, qui écoutait en *faisant son petit train*, dit: "Essaye donc; ça ne peut pas te faire mal." — "Non, non!" A force de s'obstiner, le roi change d'idée, et il entre dans le cabinet noir. Le jardinier donne à la reine son portemanteau après avoir pris la petite fiole, grosse comme ça, et la plume. Il fait asseoir le roi, lui ouvre la paupière et par trois fois passe la petite plume. Le roi crie: "Mon Dieu! je vois un peu." — "Couchez-vous sans broncher; je reviendrai." Le jardinier part, en fermant la porte. Vers neuf heures, il retourne et il fait la même chose. Le roi crie: "Mon Dieu! je vois quelque chose." — "Couchez-vous sans broncher; je reviendrai." Le petit jardinier va se coucher dans une chambre bien éclairée. "Demain, au soleil levant, je serai debout."

En effet, le lendemain matin, il se lève avec le soleil qui brillait sur la terre, entre dans le cabinet noir et repasse trois fois la petite plume sur l'œil du roi. "Maintenant, venez avec moi." En ouvrant la porte du cabinet noir, le roi crie: "Mon Dieu! je vois avec mes yeux de quinze ans. La reine, viens ici tout de suite avec mes six enfants, que je n'ai jamais vus." Imaginez si toute la famille était contente!

Après déjeuner, le roi dit au jardinier: "A cette heure, mon ami, vous allez avoir ma fille en mariage. Voyez si elle est belle! Et vous aurez tous les biens que vous voudrez emporter." — "Non, merci, sire mon roi! Votre princesse est bien belle, mais je ne suis pas venu ici pour me faire payer, seulement pour vous rendre service." — "Il faut que vous preniez quelque chose. Si vous ne voulez pas de ma

fille en mariage, c'est que vous en aimez une autre." — "Oui, j'aime la princesse du roi mon maître, mais je crois bien que je l'ai perdue." Et il raconte tous ses malheurs au roi. "Mon ami, je veux t'aider; attends à demain." Et le roi lui fait bâtir un beau bâtiment tout en or et en argent, avec une belle chambre bien finie, en beau bois; ce qu'il y avait de plus rare au monde.

Pendant ce temps-là, le préféré du roi arrive chez son maître, avec de beaux présents pour tout le monde. "Ma fille, prépare-toi tout de suite à te marier." — "Mais, papa, le petit jardinier n'est pas arrivé." — "Votre petit jardinier, dit le choisi, il n'est pas prêt de revenir; il a gaspillé tout son argent à parler avec les femmes pour faire enterrer les cadavres." — "Ma fille, tu vas te marier tout de suite avec mon choisi." — "C'est bon, mon père; mais pas ce soir, il est trop tard."

Le lendemain matin, le roi court réveiller sa fille: "Lève-toi, il est temps de te marier." — "Mon père, laissez-moi aller regarder dehors encore une fois." — "C'est bon!" — "Mon père, mon père, venez donc voir ce qui arrive sur la mer; cela luit comme un soleil." — "Mais qu'est-ce que ce peut bien être? Ma fille c'est peut-être quelque faraud qui vient pour toi. Mets vite tes rubans et pousse-toi. Tu te marieras demain."

Arrive ce beau bâtiment, tout en or et argent. En voyant le capitaine si bien habillé, le roi ne reconnaît pas le jardinier. "Ma fille, pousse-toi pour cet homme riche. Ah! c'est toi, jardinier? Où as-tu pris ton beau bâtiment?" Le jardinier débarque, embrasse la princesse, donne la main au beau-père et leur conte toutes ses aventures. Imaginez les belles noces qu'ils firent! Ils écrivirent une lettre à la fée, pour la remercier; mais moi, ils ne m'ont rien écrit.

SAINT-VICTOR, BEAUCE, P.Q.

(*b*) CONTES DE CHICOUTIMI ET DE LA MALBAIE.

PAR MALVINA TREMBLAY.

81. LE ROYAUME SOUS L'EAU. [1]

Il y avait, une fois, un oiseleur.

Un jour, il part avec sa cage pour la chasse. Marche, marche. Arrive au pied d'une côte, regarde en haut et aperçoit une femme penchée, qui contemplait un oiseau dévorant un poisson. Monte la côte, s'approche tout doucement de la femme, lui met la main sur l'épaule et lui dit: "Vous êtes mon esclave; suivez-moi!" et il l'emmène.

[1] Récité par Mme Octave Tremblay (Léa Savard), née en 1831, à La Malbaie, et longtemps domiciliée à Chicoutimi, P.Q. Mme Tremblay, qui sait tout juste lire et écrire, apprit ce conte à Chicoutimi, à l'âge de 15 ans, de Jim Alexander, alors âgé de près de 30 ans et à peu près sans instruction.

Ils arrivent chez le roi. L'oiseleur dit aux domestiques: "Allez dire au roi que j'ai une belle chasse à lui vendre." Le serviteur va parler au roi: "Sire mon roi, il y a là un oiseleur qui a une belle chasse à vous vendre." Le roi: "Allez lui dire de rentrer."

L'oiseleur entre avec sa chasse. C'était une princesse comme le roi n'en avait jamais vu, si belle qu'il s'en amourache tout de suite. Il dit: "Bien sûr, je l'achète; elle est bien trop belle. . ." Il ordonne aux femmes de chambre de l'emmener et de lui mettre les plus belles toilettes et les plus riches bijoux possible.

Quand sa toilette est achevée, les femmes disent: "*A'ct'heure*, belle princesse, vous êtes plus belle que le jour. Allons chez le roi." — "Allez dire au roi que s'il veut attendre trois jours pour me voir, je serai encore cent fois plus belle." Le roi dit: "Mon *Doul* trois jours, c'est bien long: j'en suis déjà amoureux, fou; les trois jours ne passeront jamais." Il consent, tout de même.

Au bout des trois jours, il se lève de grand matin, au petit jour, met ses plus beaux habits et va frapper à la porte de la princesse, qui vient lui ouvrir. "Bonjour, belle princesse! Vous êtes bien?" *Motte.*[1] Il lui fait plusieurs questions, mais ne reçoit aucune réponse. Il est bien découragé. La prenant par le bras, il l'amène avec lui et la présente à sa cour.

Le soir venu, il donne un grand souper. Il place la princesse à sa droite, lui sert les meilleurs morceaux. Elle mange, mais reste tout le temps muette. Après le souper, la musique joue, et la danse commence. Le roi invite la belle princesse. Elle se met à danser comme une marionnette. Tout le monde de dire: "Si elle ne parle pas, elle danse bien, toujours."

Après la danse, ils rentrent dans leur appartement. Le roi essaie de la faire parler, mais sans y réussir.

Pour couper au plus court, au bout d'un an et un jour, le roi fut bien surpris de l'entendre lui parler. Il la prend dans ses bras, l'embrasse. Il pleure de joie. "Jamais je croirai que vous me parlez, enfin!" — "Si je vous parle, c'est que j'ai une grande faveur à vous demander, et un grand secret à vous dire. J'ai eu bien de la peine; ce n'est pas ma place ici. Mon royaume, à moi, est sous l'eau. Voilà un an que j'en suis partie, et je n'ai pas eu de nouvelles de mes parents. Si vous le vouliez, je les ferais venir." — "Ah! certainement que je le veux, si vous pouvez les faire venir."

Elle le quitte aussitôt et s'en va dans une petite chambre, ouvre une petite valise, dans la valise prend des petits papiers, et elle se met à la fenêtre. Avec ses papiers elle envoie dans l'air des petites *boucanes* bleues. Au bout de quelques minutes, elle entend frapper à la porte. Comme elle court ouvrir, le roi se sauve se cacher dans

[1] C'est-à-dire: pas un mot.

son cabinet. C'était la mère et l'oncle de la princesse qui arrivaient. Ce fut un grand bonjour!

Voilà que la table se met pour le dîner. Elle y fait asseoir ses parents, mais elle oublie de faire avertir le roi, qui est encore enfermé. Par le trou de la serrure, il regardait ce qui se passait, et il avait bien peur. Pendant que la mère et l'oncle mangeaient, le feu leur sortait par la bouche et par le nez. La princesse s'en aperçoit. Elle se lève et va chercher le roi. "Vite, sire mon roi! Pardonnez-moi si je vous ai oublié. J'étais si contente de voir maman et mon oncle que je n'ai pas pensé à vous. Mais venez, maintenant." — "Non, je ne suis pas pour y aller; j'ai bien trop peur de tout ce qui se passe depuis une heure. Vous me saigneriez aux quatre membres que vous ne trouveriez pas une goutte de sang." — "N'ayez pas peur. Ce n'est que leur ambition de vous connaître qui est cause de ce que vous avez vu. Venez!" Elle l'entraîne avec elle. En effet, dès qu'ils l'aperçoivent, le feu cesse de leur sortir par la bouche et par le nez.

Trois jours après l'arrivée de ses parents, la reine offrit au roi un beau petit garçon, dont il fut bien content.

Quand l'enfant eut un peu grandi, l'oncle dit au roi et à la reine: "Si vous vouliez me le confier, j'irais le montrer à mon royaume." La reine ayant assuré au roi qu'il ne lui arriverait aucun mal, il consentit à laisser partir son fils. L'oncle prit l'enfant, et lui ayant donné le pouvoir de voyager sous l'eau, il partit avec lui, et le ramena au bout de trois jours. "Le temps en est venu, dit l'oncle, nous allons retourner dans mon royaume. Dans douze ans je reviendrai ici, et dans ce temps-là, votre fils pourra me suivre à la chasse."

En effet, au bout de douze ans le roi *ressoud.* Il trouve l'enfant grandi, et dit: "Maintenant tu vas pouvoir m'accompagner à la chasse." Aussi, tous les jours, il l'amène avec lui. Le prince se développait et devenait très-habile chasseur. Il rentrait bien fatigué, le soir, au château.

Un soir qu'il est plus fatigué que de coutume, il tombe endormi, après souper, sur le sofa de la salle à manger, pendant que les parents, eux, parlent ensemble de lui. L'oncle dit au roi et à la reine: "Il faudrait marier notre garçon à une belle princesse que je connais. Mais son père ne veut pas la laisser se marier, et tant qu'il n'aura pas donné son consentement elle métamorphosera tous ceux qui demandent sa main. Il est cependant très avare, et il aime beaucoup les diamants. Je vais lui apporter deux cassettes de diamants et de bijoux, et quand il sera encore dans la joie de recevoir ces présents, je lui demanderai sa fille en mariage pour le prince." Le prince, s'étant réveillé pendant cette conversation, avait tout entendu. Il s'était amouraché tout de suite de cette princesse rien qu'à en entendre parler. Quand son oncle voulut partir pour son royaume, il lui demanda de l'amener

avec lui. Il tourmenta si fort que son oncle fut obligé de consentir. Les voilà partis.

Rendu dans son royaume, il fait part de son projet à la grand'mère, et lui recommande de bien veiller sur le prince pendant qu'il sera absent. Il fait ses préparatifs en cachette et part pour aller chez le roi avec de riches présents. Le roi était bien content de recevoir tant de richesses, mais quand on lui demande sa fille en mariage, il se met en grande colère, et ne veut pas entendre raison. Il fait tant de tapage que la princesse, qui avait eu connaissance de ce qui se passait, se sauve sur une île avec deux de ses femmes.

Pour revenir au petit prince, il avait guetté le départ de son oncle, et l'avait suivi. Mais comme il n'avait pas l'habitude de voyager seul dans l'eau, il se perdit, et, à moitié mort de fatigue, vint atterrir sur cette île même où la princesse s'était sauvée, et il s'était évanoui.

Ayant aperçu ce beau petit garçon, la princesse s'en approche et le fait revenir à lui. Elle l'asseoit prés d'elle, au bord d'un petit ruisseau, et elle lui demande comment il se fait qu'il est là. Il lui raconte donc son histoire et dit qu'il aime déjà tant cette princesse qu'il n'a pas voulu attendre le retour de son oncle pour connaître son sort, et qu'il a *déserté* sa grand'mère. La princesse lui prodigue toutes sortes de tendresses. Elle lui dit: "Beau prince, vous devez avoir faim, après tant de fatigues? Voici un morceau de galette; mangez-le, ça vous fera du bien." Aussitôt qu'il a mangé la galette, elle lui lance une poigné d'eau au visage en le maudissant, et le voilà changé en oiseau. Elle l'envoie porter par ses femmes dans un endroit où il ne pourra trouver aucune nourriture.

Au bout de quelques jours, un oiseleur qui passait par-là aperçoit l'oiseau. "Quel bel oiseau! Si je pouvais le prendre, je ferais *gros d'*argent avec. Je n'en ai jamais vu de si beau." Il approche sa cage. Poussé par la faim et tenté par tout ce que cette cage contient, l'oiseau y entre et se fait prendre. L'oiseleur content part avec sa proie, et tout le long de son chemin il crie: "Argent de mon oiseau! qui veut acheter mon oiseau?" Mais il refuse toutes les offres, disant: "Le roi m'en donnera bien plus."

Arrivé chez lui, il dit à sa femme: "Viens voir le bel oiseau que j'ai pris." Sa femme portait toujours trois voiles devant ses yeux parce qu'elle avait eu un sort et ne pouvait supporter la vue d'aucun autre homme que son mari. Elle lève ses voiles pour regarder l'oiseau, mais aussitôt elle les rabaisse, en disant: "Vous m'avez trompée. Ce n'est pas un oiseau, mais un homme métamorphosé. Je connais même celle qui l'a mis dans cet état; nous avons été élevées ensemble. Pendant qu'elle s'instruisait à faire le mal, moi j'apprenais à faire le bien. Grâce à cela, je suis capable de le faire revenir comme il était auparavant." Elle fait quelque magie, et voilà l'oiseau rede-

venu jeune homme. Il est bien content, je vous en garantis. Mais la bonne-femme lui dit qu'il ne peut pas rester chez elle, parce que celle qui l'avait changé en oiseau viendrait et mettrait tout à feu et à sang pour le ravoir. Il faut donc partir.

Marche, marche. Arrive au bord d'une rivière et voit venir un troupeau d'animaux de toutes sortes. Ces animaux parlent entre eux et se lamentent sur leur sort. Le prince en est bien étonné. Continuant à marcher, il passe dans une ville qui semble toute endormie. Marche, marche. Au loin il aperçoit une petite maison toute couverte de mousse. Il se décide d'y aller. Il arrive, frappe à la porte. *Ce* qui vient lui ouvrir? Un vieux bonhomme, si vieux qu'il en a de la mousse sur le visage. "Dis-moi donc, mon pauvre petit garçon, d'où viens-tu? Depuis un siècle que je suis ici, je n'ai vu âme qui vive." Le jeune prince lui raconte son histoire. "Je vois! dit le vieillard. Je la connais. C'est elle qui a métamorphosé la ville que tu viens de traverser, ainsi que le troupeau d'animaux que tu as dû rencontrer. Ce sont tous ses amoureux qu'elle a ainsi changé et qui devront rester en animaux jusqu'à ce que son père ait consenti à son mariage. Elle va tâcher de t'arracher d'ici, et je ne pourrai pas l'en empêcher. Je vais toujours te garder ce soir et demain. Quand elle viendra, tiens-toi loin de la porte."

En effet, le lendemain, de bonne heure, ils voient la princesse venir en tête de son troupeau d'esclaves. En apercevant le jeune homme, elle s'informe d'où il venait. Le vieillard dit que c'est un de ses neveux, venu en visite. La princesse veut absolument l'emmener avec elle, mais le vieux réussit à se défaire d'elle. Quand elle est partie, il dit: "J'ai pu réussir aujourd'hui, mais demain elle va revenir cent fois plus forte, et je serai bien obligé de te laisser partir. Voici une petite galette que tu vas mettre dans ta poche. Quand tu auras été avec elle quelques jours, elle essaiera de te jeter un sort, et elle t'offrira de la galette. Prends-la et *sans* faire *semblant de rien*, mets-la dans ta poche; puis prends celle que je viens de te donner et mange-la. Tâche de retenir les paroles qu'elle dira quand elle te jettera de l'eau à la figure. N'aie pas peur. A ton tour, offre lui de gouter à ta galette, et fais-lui manger celle que tu auras cachée. Jette-lui de l'eau à la figure en répétant ses paroles, et change-la en jument. Tu viendras me voir avec elle. Prends bien garde de jamais la débrider, et n'aie pas peur de la fouetter. Si tu fais comme je te dis, tu seras sauvé; autrement, malheur à toi!"

Le lendemain, la princesse revient accompagnée comme la veille. Elle fait tant d'instances que le vieillard doit consentir à laisser partir son hôte, mais avec la promesse que tous les quinze jours elle le laissera venir le voir. Tout le temps qu'il marche au côté de la princesse, il entend les animaux répéter: "Que c'est donc de [m]alheur, un

si beau jeune homme! Et dire qu'elle va faire de lui comme de nous autres!" Mais elle l'avait tellement ensorcellé qu'il n'y faisait pas même attention.

Au bout de quinze jours, elle le conduit au bord d'une fontaine où ils s'assoient. Elle lui dit: "Tiens, j'ai apporté de la galette; nous allons manger un peu." Il se souvient des recommendations du vieillard, et fait comme il lui avait dit. La princesse est bien surprise quand elle voit qu'elle a manqué son coup. Faisant semblant d'avoir voulu jouer avec lui et lui faire peur, elle dit qu'elle est bien contente de voir qu'il n'est pas peureux, qu'elle ne craindra pas de rester seule avec lui, puisqu'il est si brave." A son tour, il lui dit: "J'avais oublié; moi aussi, j'ai de la galette que m'a donnée mon grand-père, avant de partir. En voulez-vous un morceau?" Sans se défier, elle accepte et mange la galette. Il lui jette aussitôt de l'eau au visage en prononçant les paroles qu'il lui a entendu dire, et il la change en jument. Alors il part et va voir le vieillard dont les paroles lui ont si bien servi. Celui-ci est bien content de le revoir; il lui fait des compliments et d'autres recommendations, et lui répète de ne jamais débrider sa jument.

En s'en allant, comme il traverse un grand bois, il voit sortir une vieille sorcière, laide, en haillons sales, avec deux grosses poches remplies, à chaque côté. "Monsieur, comme vous avez une belle jument!" — "Oui, la mère, n'est-ce-pas qu'elle est belle? Voulez-vous l'acheter?" — "Combien demandez-vous?" — "Mille louis." — "Marché conclu!" et elle lui compte son argent. Il avait voulu rire de la vieille, la croyant bien trop pauvre pour acheter une jument de mille louis. "Vous êtes folle, la mère, vous savez bien que ma jument n'est pas à vendre." — "La jument est à moi; vous me l'avez vendue, voici votre argent; donnez-la-moi ou j'appelle les gendarmes." Pris de peur il descend de cheval. La vieille arrache la bride, et la jument devient princesse. Elle maudit le prince de nouveau et le met encore en oiseau, qu'elle envoie porter dans la tour d'un château abandonné, pour qu'il périsse de faim.

Pour revenir sur nos pas, les parents du jeune prince, qui n'en avaient jamais eu de nouvelles, étaient bien inquiets. Une nuit, sa mère rêva qu'il était en esclavage dans un château, et presque mourant. Un corbeau lui apporta la nouvelle et lui dit que si elle voulait le revoir en vie et le délivrer elle n'avait pas de temps à perdre. Quand elle se réveilla, elle fit immédiatement venir son oncle et lui raconta ce qu'elle avait appris en songe. Il décida d'aller immédiatement chez le père de la princesse et de lui arracher son consentement bon gré mal gré. Qui fut dit fut fait. Le vieillard eut beau se mettre en colère, il fut saisi, pendu par les pieds et fouetté sans miséricorde jusqu'à ce qu'il eut donné son consentement pour tout de bon. Alors

tout rentra dans l'ordre. La princesse délivra toutes ses victimes, et se maria au jeune prince. Ils firent des noces, mais je ne fus pas invitée.

82. LE COFFRE DE FER.[1]

Il y avait, une fois, une bonne-femme. Elle avait un fils, qui s'appelait *Tit-Jean.*

Un jour, *Tit*-Jean dit à sa mère: "*Cou'don*, maman, il faudrait bien que je commence à gagner notre vie, *à'ct'heure.* Vous êtes vieille, c'est à mon tour de travailler." — "Ah bien non, par exemple! tu es encore bien trop jeune. Attends que tu sois plus grand pour me quitter." — "Tachez donc d'être raisonnable, maman, vous savez bien qu'il faut que je travaille, et je suis bien assez fort pour gagner ma vie."

Il décide de s'en aller. Prend ses lignes et ses *agrès* de pêche, va piocher des vers; et il part, marche, marche, marche, arrive au bord de la mer, jette son hameçon, attend, attend, mais ça ne mord pas. "Je ne suis pas pour rester ici toute ma vie à attendre; je vas aller essayer ailleurs." Comme il allait pour tirer sa ligne, une dernière fois, il ne fut pas capable de l'arracher du fond de l'eau, où elle était prise. "Je ne peux pas casser ma ligne. Je vas attendre que la mer baisse, pour voir ce qu'il y a, là." En effet.

Quand il voit qu'il peut aller dans l'eau sans se noyer, il retrousse ses culottes et marche, marche, jusqu'à la ceinture. Regarde au fond et voit que sa ligne est accrochée. "Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?" Il tourne, *vire* autour. C'est un gros coffre de fer. Une clef est dans la serrure. D'abord il ne peut pas faire tourner la clef, qui est rouillée, mais, à force de travailler, il réussit à *débarrer* le coffre. Lève le couvert. Qu'est-ce qui sort de dedans? Un grand géant, maigre et en colère. "Ah! mon petit ver de terre, tu vas voir ça. Je me suis bien promis que je dévorerais celui qui m'ouvrirait le coffre. Voilà un siècle que je suis ici sans manger." — "Voyons! tu n'es pas fou! Je t'ouvre le coffre, te voilà sorti, et pour me payer tu veux me dévorer? Dis-moi donc plutôt comment tu as fait pour entrer dans ce coffre, toi qui es si grand. Je ne peux pas croire que c'est toi qui étais fourré là-dedans. Faut que tu sois souple comme pas un pour t'être *racoquillé*[2] comme ça." — "Ce n'est pas difficile! Tiens, regarde comment j'ai fait." Il *embarque* dans le coffre et se met à se tortiller. Tortille, tortille. Quand la tête lui arrive à l'égalité du couvert, *Tit*-Jean ferme vivement le couvert et donne un tour de clef.

Voilà le géant encore enfermé. "Ah mon *Tit*-Jean, ouvre-moi le

[1] Conté, en 1917, par Mme Vve Octave Tremblay (maintenant d'Ottawa), née Léa Savard, à La Malbaie (Charlevoix), en 1831. Mme Tremblay apprit de conte à Chicoutimi.

[2] Recoquillé.

coffre, je t'en prie! Je ne veux plus rester ici." — "Tu as déjà resté un siècle, tu *en* resteras bien encore un autre si tu attends après moi pour te faire sortir. Tu as voulu me dévorer, hein? Bien, arrange-toi, *à'ct'heure!*" — "Je t'en prie, *Tit*-Jean, ouvre-moi, je ne te ferai pas de mal, je te le promets; et pour te récompenser je te mènerai où il y a du beau poisson comme tu n'en as jamais vu." — "J'aime autant ne jamais prendre de poisson et ne pas t'ouvrir." — "Voyons, *Tit*-Jean! ouvre-moi le coffre, et je te promets, foi de géant, que je ne te ferai pas de mal et que tu ne le regretteras pas." — "C'est bon, puisque tu fais serment, je vas t'ouvrir; mais n'oublie pas ta promesse de me mener où il y a du si beau poisson." *Tit*-Jean ouvre le coffre. Le géant sort, cette fois bien content. "Viens!" dit-il à *Tit*-Jean.

Les voilà partis ensemble. Marchent, marchent. Arrivent au bord d'un beau lac tranquille. "*A'ct'heure, Tit*-Jean, jette ton hameçon. Mais il faut, par exemple, que tu me promettes de ne pas prendre plus qu'un poisson par jour, où bien il t'arrivera malheur." *Tit*-Jean promet, et le géant disparaît.

Tit-Jean jette sa ligne à l'eau et aussitôt il tire un beau poisson d'or et d'argent, comme on n'en a jamais vu de pareil. Il est bien content, je vous en parle. "Je vas aller voir le roi; il me donnera un bon prix *de* mon poisson."

Comme de fait, s'en va chez le roi, cogne à la porte. On vient lui ouvrir. "Allez dire au roi que je veux lui parler." Le valet va dire au roi: "Il y a là un jeune homme qui demande à vous parler." Le roi répond, "Amenez-le." — "Sire mon roi, dit *Tit*-Jean, je vous apporte un beau poisson, comme vous n'en avez jamais vu." — "Combien demandes-tu pour ce beau poisson?" — "Quatre mille piastres," dit *Tit*-Jean. "Ce n'est pas trop cher pour un poisson pareil, et je te remercie de me l'avoir apporté." Le roi fait payer le poisson, et *Tit*-Jean s'en va bien content.

Le roi invite toute sa cour à venir manger le beau poisson. Le cuisinier prépare le poisson, le fait cuire. Quand il est bien cuit d'un bord, il va pour le retourner. Arrive dans la cheminée une grande femme blanche, qui dit: "Poisson, es-tu mort?" — "Pas encore mort, mais dépêchez-vous! Je me meurs." La femme blanche donne un tape sur la poêle, la poêle *vire à l'envers*, et voilà le poisson disparu.

Le cuisinier est bien découragé, comme vous pouvez le penser. Il ne peut se décider à aller raconter la chose au roi. Il envoie un petit marmiton annoncer la nouvelle. Le roi dit: "Allez demander à *Tit*-Jean de m'en apporter un autre. Cette fois vous mettrez des gardes autour de la cheminée pour guetter le poisson."

S'en va dire à *Tit*-Jean d'aller pêcher un autre poisson aussi beau que le premier et de l'apporter au roi. *Tit*-Jean va encore jeter son hameçon dans le lac tranquille, et il prend un autre beau poisson doré. Il va le porter au roi, qui lui donne encore quatre mille piastres.

Le cuisinier fait cuire le poisson, après avoir fait placer des gardes tout autour de la cheminée. Juste comme il va retourner le poisson pour le faire rôtir sur l'autre côté, une grande femme blanche *ressoud* par le plancher. "Poisson, es-tu mort?" — "Poisson vit encore, mais se meurt. Dépêchez-vous!" Donne un tape sur la poêle, et voilà le poisson parti.

Pendant ce temps-là, *Tit*-Jean avait marché jusque dans une ville *'amorphosée.* Un chemin s'ouvrait devant lui et se refermait en arrière, aussitôt qu'il avait passé. Marche comme ça pendant un grand bout de temps. Arrive à un beau château où tout paraît abandonné. Entre dans le château, regarde partout. Personne. Il y avait de la viande dans les fournaux, et toutes sortes de bonnes choses, mais tout cela était *'amorphosé;* pas moyen d'en manger.

Tit-Jean se met à visiter le château. Ouvre une porte, et voit, dans la chambre, une belle princesse qui dort. Il s'approche et embrasse la princesse sans qu'elle se réveille, et il continue sa visite.

Comme il arrive à une autre chambre, il entend des gémissements et des plaintes à faire dresser les cheveux sur la tête. Il n'a que le temps de se cacher derrière une porte, quand il voit passer une grande femme blanche sortie de la chambre d'où partaient les plaintes.

Il laisse partir la femme, puis il quitte sa cachette et entre dans la chambre. Il aperçoit un vieux bonhomme tout ensanglanté et presque mourant, qui pousse des gémissements effrayants. Il s'approche de lui et lui demande ce qui pouvait bien l'avoir mis dans cet état. "Ah! mon cher monsieur, vous avez dû voir sortir un femme d'ici, tout à l'heure. Cette femme, c'était autrefois la mienne. Un jour, elle s'est amourachée d'un nègre, et elle m'a quitté pour se mettre avec lui. Son nègre, un jour, est tombé bien malade. Alors elle dit que c'était moi qui lui avais jeté un sort; et, depuis ce temps-là, elle vient tous les jours me donner une bonne volée. Elle m'en a promis une autre bonne pour *à* soir. Mais je pense bien que je ne vivrai pas jusque-là; elle m'a presque tué." — "Ah! c'est comme ça qu'elle vous traite! Cette fois-ci, attendez un peu! C'est moi qui vas lui arranger son nègre." Il part et va se cacher dans le bois, jusqu'au soir.

Quand il entend les cris du vieux, il se dit: "Voyons, c'est le temps, pendant qu'elle est avec son bonhomme, de trouver le nègre." En cherchant, il trouve le nègre derrière un arbre. "Qu'est-ce que tu fais là, toi, *faignant?*" [1] lui demande *Tit*-Jean. — "*Heu! Heu!* que je suis malade!" dit le nègre. "Ah, tu es malade, hein? Attends un peu, je vas te guérir, moi!" Prend son épée, attrape le nègre et le coupe en quatre morceaux, et le *bougre* dans le puits.

Il n'a pas sitôt fini qu'il voit venir la femme blanche, qui parle de

[1] Fainéant.

loin à son nègre: "Mon pauvre chéri, où est-ce que tu es? Ne dis rien, va! Je t'assure qu'il l'a mangée bonne, *à* soir. Mais tu me réponds pas. . .?" En avançant, elle arrive nez à nez avec *Tit*-Jean, qui dit: "Qu'est-ce que tu cherches par ici, toi?" — "Ça n'est pas de tes affaires. Je cherche mon mari. Qu'est-ce que tu en as fait, misérable?" — "Ah! tu cherches ton mari, hein? Bien, va le voir, là." Il lui montre le puits, en disant: "C'est là que tu [pourrais bien] aller le rejoindre. Je t'ordonne de remettre toutes choses comme elles étaient avant, la ville, les poissons, le château, ton mari, et le reste." Elle veut bien se rebiffer, mais *Tit*-Jean lui dit: "Veux-tu te dépêcher, vieille sorcière! Si tu ne fais pas tout de suite ce que je te dis, tu vas avoir affaire à moi." La peur la prend et elle consent à ce que *Tit*-Jean veut. Elle se met à marmotter des paroles magiques, et voilà que tout revient comme auparavant. Jean lui demande: "As-tu bien tout arrangé?" — "Oui, *Tit*-Jean, tout est bien. Ne me fais pas de mal." — "Tu vas aller retrouver ton nègre, *à'ct'heure.*" *Tit*-Jean *pogne* la bonne-femme, la fend en quatre avec son épée, et la jette dans le puits.

Il s'en va ensuite dans le château où il retrouve le vieux roi, qui était bien content, je vous en parle! Pour récompenser *Tit*-Jean, le roi lui donne en mariage la belle princesse qu'il avait embrassée pendant qu'elle était endormie, et il lui cède la moitié de son royaume.

Ils firent des grosses noces. Comme je voulais voir ce qui se passait — car ils ne m'avaient pas invitée — je m'approchai; mais ils me donnèrent un coup de pied au derrière, et ils m'envoyèrent jusqu'ici.

83. LA PETITE SOURIS ET LE PETIT CHARBON DE FEU.[1]

Il y avait, une fois, une petite souris et un petit charbon de feu. Un jour, la petite souris dit au petit charbon de feu: "Veux-tu, nous allons traverser la rivière?" — "Comment veux-tu traverser la rivière? Nous n'avons pas de chaloupe." — "Ce n'est pas malin; nous allons mettre deux brins de paille en croix et nous traverserons dessus." — "Tu n'es pas folle! Tu sais bien que je mettrai le feu à la paille et que je me *nèyerai.*" — "C'est toi qui es fou, petit charbon de feu. Comment pourrais-tu mettre le feu à la paille dans l'eau? L'eau l'éteindrait tout de suite. Viens donc, peureux!" Il proteste bien un peu, mais elle le tourmente si fort qu'il se laisse gagner.

La petite souris prend deux brins de paille, les met en croix et les pose sur la rivière. Elle fait embarquer le pauvre petit charbon de feu, qui avait bien peur, allez! Elle pousse la paille au large. "Bon

[1] Conté par Hélène Landry (Ottawa), âgée de 12 ans, qui l'apprit il y a quatre ans de sa grand'mère, Vve. L.-H. Tremblay, née à La Malbaie (Charlevoix), vers 1831, et plus tard domiciliée à Chicoutimi.

voyage! lui crie-t-elle, je vas aller te rejoindre *betôt.*" Mais elle avait à peine dit cela qu'elle voit une petite fumée sur l'eau. Le petit charbon de feu avait mis la paille en feu. Il voulut se débattre, mais il tomba à l'eau et mourut, malgré ses efforts. La petite souris qui le voyait s'en aller en *drive*, tout noir, riait comme une petite folle. Elle rit si fort qu'elle creva sa petite panse. "Bon, dit-elle, me voilà bien plantée! Je suis punie pour ce que j'ai fait. *A'ct'heure*, comment faire? . . . Je vais aller chez le cordonnier pour me faire coudre."

La voilà partie. Marche, marche. De peine et de misère, elle arrive chez le cordonnier.

"Bon cordonnier, voulez-vous me coudre ma petite panse, s'il-vous-plaît?" — "Je te la raccommoderais *ben*, mais je n'ai pas de soies pour mettre à mon ligneul. Va dire à la truie qu'elle me donne des soies pour mettre à mon ligneul, et je te coudrai ta petite panse."

La voilà partie . . . Arrive chez la truie. "Bonne truie, voulez-vous me donner des soies pour que le cordonnier en mette à son ligneul et qu'il me couse ma petite panse?" — "Je t'en donnerais *ben*, mais je n'ai rien à manger. Va dire au meunier de m'envoyer du son; je te donnerai des soies pour le cordonnier."

Elle s'en va chez le meunier. "Bon meunier, voulez-vous me donner du son pour la truie, qui me donnera des soies pour que le cordonnier me raccommode ma petite panse?" — "Je t'en donnerais *ben*, mais je n'ai pas de grain à moudre. Va demander au champ de me donner du grain, et je te donnerai du son."

Pauvre petite souris, la voilà qui part. Marche, marche, en tenant ses tripes à poignées. Elle arrive au champ. "Bon champ, voulez-vous me donner du grain pour le meunier, pour qu'il me donne du son pour la truie, qui me donnera des soies pour le cordonnier, pour qu'il me raccommode ma petite panse?" — "Comment veux-tu que je te donne du grain? Je suis pauvre comme tout. Va dire au bœuf de me donner du fumier pour m'engraisser, et je te donnerai du grain pour le meunier, qui te donnera du son pour la truie, qui te donnera des soies pour le cordonnier, pour qu'il te recouse ta petite panse."

Elle s'en va donc trouver le bœuf. Le bœuf lui demande d'aller lui chercher de l'eau à la rivière, parce qu'il a soif. La voilà encore partie.

Elle va à la rivière chercher de l'eau et l'apporte au bœuf, qui lui donne du fumier, qu'elle porte au champ, qui lui donne du grain pour le meunier. Le meunier lui donne du son qu'elle porte à la truie. La truie lui donne des soies pour le cordonnier. Le cordonnier met des soies à son ligneul, puis coud la petite panse de la petite souris. La petite souris remercie le cordonnier et s'en va en courant, promettant

bien de ne plus déchirer sa petite panse. Moi j'ai pilé *sus* la queue de la petite souris, qui a fait: *Quit-quit!* Mon conte est fini.[1]

OTTAWA, CAN.

(*c*) CONTES DE CHARLEVOIX ET DE CHICOUTIMI.

PAR C.-MARIUS BARBEAU.

84. LA PRINCESSE DU TOMBOSO.[2]

Une fois, un roi. Il avait trois fils.

Devant *de* mourir, le vieux roi leur dit: "Vous irez derrière, dans l'écurie. Vous trouverez un vieux bol. Secouez-le et ce qui en tombera, ça sera votre héritage."

Ordinairement on tient le mort deux fois vingt-quatre heures *sur les planches;* mais les enfants du roi avaient tant de hâte de secouer le bol qu'au bout de vingt-quatre heures, hola! le bonhomme.

Le plus vieux prend le bol et *l'escoue.* Tombe une bourse. Ecrit,[3] sur la bourse: "Chaque fois que vous fourrez la main dedans, vous aurez cent écus." Le prince dit à ses frères: "Ma fortune est faite, moi."

Le deuxième *escoue* le bol. Tombe un cornet. Ecrit, sur le cornet: "Soufflez par un bout et vous aurez cent mille hommes à votre service. Quand vous voudrez vous en défaire, soufflez par l'autre bout et vous n'aurez plus rien."

Le troisième secoue le bol. Tombe une ceinture. Ecrit, sur la ceinture: "Mettez la ceinture sur vous, et ce que vous souhaiterez, vous l'aurez." Il dit aux autres: "Ma fortune est faite, à moi aussi."

Ces princes avaient entendu parler d'une princesse appelée "la princesse du Tomboso," qui était belle comme un astre. Le plus jeune des trois frères dit: "Je vas aller voir la princesse du Tomboso." Ses frères répondent: "Tu vas aller faire voler ta ceinture." — "Mes frères, ne craignez pas! J'ai ma ceinture sur moi. Si on veut me la voler, je me souhaiterai hors du château."

[1] LE PETIT CHARBON ET LA PETITE SOURIS.—(Fragment récité par Annette Tremblay, âgée de six ans, en 1916, Quai des Eboulements, Charlevoix. Sa mère, Marie Tremblay, de qui elle l'a appris, l'avait entendu réciter à des vieillards de l'endroit, quand elle était toute jeune. Recueilli par C.-M. Barbeau.)

Une fois, c'était un petit charbon et une petite souris. Partis ensemble, ils ont à passer un petit ruisseau. Ils mettent une paille sur le ruisseau pour passer. Le petit charbon dit à la petite souris: "Passe devant." La petite souris répond au petit charbon: "Passe devant, toi," *Tit* charbon passe devant. Il brûle la petite paille et il tombe à l'eau. La petite souris rit, rit! Elle s'est déchiré la petite panse. . . .

[2] Conte récité par Joseph Mailloux (Saint-Pascal, Eboulements) en juin 1916. Marcel Tremblay (Saint-Joseph, Eboulements) nous a récité une variante plus détaillée de ce même conte, que nous utiliserons ailleurs.

[3] C.-à-d. sur la bourse est écrit. . . .

Bien sûr, mon jeune prince se *grèye* son *piaffe* [1] le mieux qu'il peut, met sa ceinture sur lui, se souhaite dans la chambre de la princesse du Tomboso. Toute surprise, la princesse jette un cri, en lui disant: "Êtes-vous un homme de la terre ou du ciel?" Lui répond: "Ma princesse, je suis un homme de la terre, qui vient vous voir." — "Par quel moyen, demande la princesse, êtes-vous tombé dans ma chambre?" — "C'est une bagatelle. J'ai une petite ceinture sur moi. Aussitôt que je me souhaite dans une place, j'y suis; et dans une autre, c'est pareil." — "Ah! dit la princesse, je ne crois pas ça; c'est impossible!" — "Bien, il répond, ma princesse, vous allez voir." Se souhaite dans une autre place, disparaît, et se retourne une deuxième fois dans la chambre de la princesse. La princesse dit: "C'est une chose qui est au-dessus de moi. Je ne peux pas le croire. Donnez-moi votre ceinture."

Prend sa ceinture et la donne à la princesse. En la passant sur elle, la princesse dit: "Je me souhaite avec mon père." Elle tombe dans la chambre du roi. "Vite, elle dit, mon père! un gueux scélérat se trouve dans ma chambre, pour me ravir l'honneur."

Le roi en colère amène ses soldats, monte à la chambre de sa fille, prend mon gars, le sort du château; et on le rue de coups, de la tête aux pieds. Et quand on le croit mort cent fois, on le jette au bord du chemin.

Il est là plusieurs jours, sans connaissance. Enfin, la connaissance lui revient. Le fou de lui, il est bien peine. Il pense: "Retourner voir mes frères, il vont m'ôter la vie, bien certain!" Mais la faim l'oblige à repartir vers ses frères.

De loin, [ceux-ci] le voient revenir, la tête basse. Il n'a pas l'air trop gaillard. Ses frères sortent à la porte, prennent chacun un bâton et frappent sur la terre, lui faisant comprendre que s'il approche, c'est sa destruction. Mais comme il n'a pas de choix, il arrive vers ses frères. Lui faisant bien des reproches, il le menacent de l'enfermer pour qu'il ne puisse jamais sortir. Un d'eux dit: "Entre dans cette chambre. Tu n'en sortiras plus." Il n'ose pas dire un mot.

Au bout d'un mois, il dit à son frère qui avait la bourse: "Si tu voulais me prêter ta bourse, j'irais m'acheter ma ceinture." Son frère dit, en sacrant: "Toi, tu as donné ta ceinture à la princesse; mais tu n'iras pas lui donner ma bourse!" — "Tiens, il dit, mon frère, tu vas voir. Je vas aller au château, demander à parler à la princesse. Je lui donnerai des écus et des écus encore, de ma bourse. Elle finira bien par me remettre ma ceinture." Son frère répond: "Sur les yeux de ta tête! si tu vas laisser ma bourse à la princesse, tu perdras la vie."

Prend la bourse et puis part. Arrive au château, demande à parler

[1] Sens incertain.

à la princesse; ce qu'on lui accorde. Rentre dans la chambre de la princesse du Tomboso. Après lui avoir donné le bonjour, il lui demande sa ceinture. "Mais, elle répond, vous n'avez pas de ceinture ici." — "Ecoutez, ma princesse; ce n'est pas ça! Je vas vous donner tant d'écus, un nombre d'écus épouvantable. . ." La princesse fait: "*Hah!* tu n'as pas tant d'écus que ça." Il finit par dire: "Je remplirai votre chambre d'écus." — "Ah! ça prend un petit *gringyeux* comme toi pour parler [ainsi]; mon père n'en aurait seulement pas assez pour couvrir le plancher." — "Mais, dit le prince, c'est une saloperie pour moi! J'ai une bourse, et c'est assez de mettre la main dedans pour en tirer cent écus, cent écus." — "Ah bien, mystère!" dit la princesse.

Quand il voit ça, le prince *hâle* la bourse de sa poche; de la bourse tire cent écus. Pah! pah! pah! cent écus, sur le plancher; encore cent écus. . . "Ah! dit la princesse, je vas vous redonner votre ceinture. Mais laissez-moi donc mettre la main dedans la bourse, pour voir si elle ferait pareil pour moi?" Donne la bourse à la princesse, qui met la main dedans, se souhaite avec son père. "Vite! elle dit, mon père, le scélérat, le gueux est encore à ma chambre; allez!"

On prend mon prince, on le frappe jusqu'à ce qu'on le croie mort sept fois, et on le jette *'aut en bas* du château, dans la rue. Il est là huit jours, monsieur! Ses frères comprennent qu'il avait perdu sa bourse.

Au bout de huit jours, la connaissance lui revient. Sa première pensée, c'est de retourner chez ses frères. [Ceux-ci], qui sont au guet, le voient arriver tout piteux, tout couvert de terre et de vase. Sans attendre qu'il arrive, ses frères lui crient de loin que les cent coups l'attendent. Mais leurs bâtons ne l'empêchent pas d'approcher. "Entre!" dit celui qui lui avait donné sa bourse. "Tu n'auras pas de chambre, mais tu vas rester dans la cheminée. Quand on le jettera un os, tu le rongeras; quand on n'en aura pas de reste, tu t'en passeras."

Le prince est là un mois. Au bout de ce temps, il dit à son frère qui avait le cornet: "Si tu voulais me prêter ton cornet, j'irais chercher la bourse et la ceinture." Son frère répond: "Ne crains pas! Si tu penses de donner mon cornet comme tu as fait de la bourse et de la ceinture. . ." — "Tiens! mon frère, tu vas voir si cela a du bon sens. Je n'irai pas au château; je ne pourrai pas donner le cornet à la princesse. Une fois entré dans la ville, je soufflerai dans le cornet: cent mille hommes à mon service; j'assiégerai la ville et j'aurai la ceinture et la bourse."

Cette fois, ça avait du bon sens tout en plein. Son frère lui donne son cornet. Il s'en va à la ville. Une fois passé la porte, souffle dans son cornet; cent mille hommes. "Que voulez-vous, que désirez-vous, maître?" — "Il faut assiéger la ville."

A ce moment le roi *s'adonne* à passer en carrosse avec sa princesse, près de la porte de la ville. Le roi est surpris de voir tant d'hommes. Mon prince s'avance à la course, disant à la princesse: "Si vous ne me remettez pas mon *butin*, j'assiège la ville, et vous allez passer au fil de l'épée." — "Ah, grand Dieu, dit la princesse, sûrement que je vas vous remettre votre *butin!* Mais dites-moi donc par quel moyen vous pouvez avoir autant d'hommes à votre service, dans si peu de temps." — "Mais, ma princesse, ce n'est rien pour moi. Je n'ai que la peine de souffler dans mon cornet: cent mille hommes à mon service." La princesse répond: "Je suis tellement surprise d'un pouvoir pareil chez un homme que ne vous crois pas." — "Bien, il répond, ma princesse, vous allez voir." Tire son cornet de sa poche, souffle dans un bout, pas un homme; souffle dans l'autre bout, cent mille hommes; souffle dans l'autre bout, plus un homme. La princesse dit: "Arrêtez, monsieur, espérez! Je vas vous donner votre *butin*." Détache la ceinture de sur elle; prend la bourse et s'approche pour la remettre avec la ceinture. "Mais, elle dit, s'il-vous-plaît que je souffle dans le cornet pour voir si c'est pareil quand c'est moi. . ." Prend le cornet, donne à la princesse. Elle souffle dedans; cent mille hommes: "Que voulez-vous, princesse, que désirez-vous?" — "Prenez-moi cet homme, battez-le moi, mettez-le moi à mort." On *pique* mon prince à la *déroute*, et on le laisse par terre, mort.

Il est là huit jours. Au bout de huit jours, la connaissance lui revient. Mais, plus moyen de revenir à ses frères; c'est fini, il faut se résoudre à mourir.

Tout près de là, il y avait un petit bois; près du bois, un marais. "Ah! il dit, je vas toujours aller me traîner dans ce bois-là, pour mourir." Tout près du marais, il aperçoit un pommier si chargé de pommes que les branches en craquent. Contre le pommier, un prunier dont les branches plient sous les prunes. Il pense: "Avant de mourir, je vas bien manger des pommes et des prunes à mon soûl." Monte dans la tête du pommier, se met à manger des pommes.

Quand il a mangé des pommes un certain temps, il veut descendre du pommier. Il s'aperçoit que le nez lui traîne à terre. "*Sacrégyé!* il dit, c'est *de* mourir avec un gros nez." Tombe à terre, sur son nez. A force de donner des coups d'un côté et de l'autre, il vient à bout de se traîner à côté du prunier. Mange des prunes.

Quand il a mangé des prunes, pas mal longtemps, il s'aperçoit qu'il a, dans la figure, le plus beau nez qu'on ait jamais vu. "Tiens! il dit en lui-même, voilà une bonne affaire."

Le lendemain matin, il se casse du jonc et il se tresse un panier. Le panier fait, il l'emplit de pommes et de prunes, s'en va sur le marché de la ville.

Passant par là un domestique du château de la princesse aperçoit

les pommes et les prunes nouvelles. Il court dire à la princesse qu'il y a des pommes et du prunes nouvelles d'arrivées." La princesse demande qu'on les lui apporte, pour en manger.

Assise dans un beau fauteuil, vous n'en doutez pas, elle mange plusieurs pommes. Voulant se lever, elle *se pile* sur le nez; pan, à bas! Tout de suite, elle se jette sur son lit, la face en bas, dans l'horreur. On s'en va avertir le père, le roi. "Vite, au médecin!"

Médecin arrive, prend la princesse, lui touche au poulx. Le médecin dit: "Ça n'est pas une maladie dangereuse; elle n'a pas de fièvre. *Dévirez*-vous, que je vous voie *dévirée*, si vous n'avez pas la fièvre." Diable! elle ne veut pas. La princesse dit: "Ça n'est pas un bon docteur; un autre!"

Après que mon prince ait resté près du château pour voir ce qui s'y passe, il en va chez un docteur et il lui demande ses habits, pour les acheter. S'habille en docteur, s'en va offrir ses services au roi, pour la maladie de sa princesse.

On le *re*conduit au lit de la princesse. Là, il fait à peu près comme les autres avaient fait. Comme elle a toujours le visage en bas, dans son lit, il dit: "Princesse, *dévirez*-vous, que je vous voie la langue. . ." Mais elle ne veut pas. La prenant par les épaules, il la *vire* la face en l'air. "Ah! il dit, princesse, vous avez un mâle nez." Il ajoute: "Ne vous découragez pas. Je vas courir chez mon apothicaire et je reviendrai aussitôt pour vous faire disparaître ce nez-là."

S'en va au marais, cueille des pommes et des prunes et retourne au château. Prend quatre ou cinq prunes, fait manger à la princesse. Voilà la princesse avec le nez tout raccoursi. Fait manger quatre ou cinq pommes. Pan! le nez tombe en bas du lit. Il dit: "Ma princesse, vous avez des choses qui ne vous appartiennent pas. Donnez-moi-les, parce qu'elles m'enlèvent toute la puissance de mon remède; autrement je ne pourrais pas vous guérir." — "Ah! elle dit, monsieur, j'ai une petite ceinture ici, qui consiste en rien." — "Donnez-moi-la, princesse. Quand vous serez guérie, je vous la remettrai." Il en fait autant pour la bourse. Fait manger des pommes et des prunes; fait encore tomber le nez *'aut en bas* du lit. C'était le tour du cornet.

Quand il a les trois articles, il fait manger des pommes et des prunes à la princesse jusqu'à ce que son nez sort un pied de long — c'est encore un beau nez; regardez mes deux mains.[1] Il dit: "Regardez-moi, princesse, je suis celui que vous avez si bien traité. Vous m'avez volé tout mon *butin*. Je vous laisse avec un pied de nez. On ne vous appellera plus la Princesse du Tomboso, mais la princesse d'un Pied-de-nez; et moi, je me souhaite avec mes frères."

[1] Ici le conteur fait un pied de nez.

85. LA TÊTE.[1]

Un homme et une femme n'avaient eu qu'un enfant, un garçon.

Dès que l'enfant eut l'âge de raison, ses parents le mirent aux études. Il était à la veille de prendre les ordres quand, un jour, il arrive chez son père. Bien surpris de le voir arriver, son père demande: "Mon enfant, où vas-tu?" — "Bien, mon père, je suis venu vous demander un cheval pour aller chercher l'étoile du soir." Son père n'en revenait pas: "Il faut faire un cours d'étude pour devenir une bête! Où veux-tu prendre l'étoile du soir?" — "Tiens! mon père, regardez; elle se lève." — "Ah! il dit, ah! elle se lève, là?" Bien découragée, sa mère ajoute: "Donnons-lui un cheval, qu'il s'en aille! Nous ne ferons rien de bon de ce garçon-là."

Parti avec son cheval, le lendemain matin, le garçon *enfile* dans une forêt. Le soir, il ne l'a pas encore traversée. "Il faut pourtant me loger!" il se dit; la nuit venue. Après un instant de marche, il aperçoit un beau château. Arrivé, il frappe à la porte; personne ne lui répond. Ouvre la porte. Un beau feu, dans la cheminée. Il se met à examiner l'entourage du château. Dans une porte il aperçoit une vieille femme morte, pendue par les pieds, et la tête coupée. "Ah! il dit, la vieille, tu n'es pas là pour tes bienfaits."

Toujours, le jeune homme sort de la maison, met son cheval à l'écurie, lui donne du foin et de l'avoine, s'en revient au château, ouvre son sac pour y prendre son souper. Au-dessus du lit où il s'est étendu, il entend des pas précipités.[2] Qu'est-ce qu'il voit descendre, dans l'escalier? Un petit bonhomme d'environ deux pieds de *haut*, qui porte sur son dos un bœuf, une corde de bois, une barrique de vin, et une lèchefrite pour mettre sous son bœuf. "*Hoha!*" dit le petit bonhomme, en apercevant l'étranger; "hoha! *une visite*,[3] ah, que j'en suis heureux!" — "Où vas-tu donc, là?" — "Je m'en vas préparer mon souper. Attends un peu; je rôtirai le bœuf et nous le séparerons tous les deux."

Une fois le bœuf bien rôti, le petit bonhomme le casse en deux, en présente la moitié à son associé, en disant: "Mange!" — "Eh! jeune homme, vas-tu croire que je suis capable de manger la moitié d'un bœuf?" — "Mais tu es cinq fois plus haut que moi, et c'est ce que je mange, moi, la moitié d'un bœuf." — "*Apréyé!*"

Pendant le repas, le jeune homme se trouve pris de la soif, demande de l'eau à son petit compagnon, qui répond: "Prends cette porte-ci; tu y trouveras une grande allée. Avance de quelques pas, jusqu'à un gros arbre. Il y a là un puits; ouvre le puits; mais ne puise pas

[1] Récité par Joseph Mailloux, à Saint-Pascal des Eboulements (Charlevoix), en juillet 1916. M. Mailloux avait appris ce conte de son père.

[2] Texte: "des pas pressés et précipités qui marchent sur le plancher (en haut)."

[3] Un visiteur.

tout de suite. Tu verras dans l'eau toutes sortes de choses, mais n'en fais pas de cas." Rendu à la place indiquée, le jeune homme ouvre le puits. Mon Dieu, qu'il est surpris! Il voit là, dans l'eau, du monde qui se bat, du monde qui joue aux cartes, du monde qui danse; enfin, tout ce qu'on peut voir sur la terre, il le voit là, dans le puits ouvert. Tout en examinant ces choses, il voit se percher un oiseau dans l'arbre, au bord du puits. L'oiseau se met à chanter pendant que le jeune homme prend son *siau* [1] et puise. Pendant qu'il *hale* son *siau*, il se fait un bruit épouvantable, dans le puits. "Ah! il se dit, je crains bien d'avoir puisé le diable." Il se met à regarder. Il tâte avec sa main. Une tête, dans le seau! Il dit: "Maudite tête, tu n'as pas besoin de faire tant de bruit; tu n'es toujours bien rien qu'une tête!"

Revenant à la maison trouver son associé, le jeune homme dit: "Je crois bien que j'ai pris le diable: c'est un train épouvantable, dans le seau. Je n'y comprends rien." Le petit bonhomme met la main dans le seau, en tire la tête, en disant: "Tiens, ça, c'est une tête. Cette tête, prends-la, va la serrer sur la tablette, dans l'écurie, tout près de ton cheval. Prends bien garde de rien lui demander avant de partir d'ici, parce que je t'enlèverai la tête de sur le dos." Le jeune homme répond: "Je me *fou* bien de ta tête. Garde-la, ta tête!" — "Non, elle te servira; mais seulement quand tu seras parti d'ici."

Sorti, le jeune homme s'en va aussitôt à l'écurie, pour serrer la tête. Quand il est rendu à l'écurie, prend la tête dans sa main. "*Cou'don*, ma tête, *c'que* je vas faire?" — "Ah! dit la tête, tu es ici chez le diable. Tiens! si tu veux m'écouter, tu vas réussir; mais si tu ne m'écoutes pas, tu es perdu et moi aussi." — "Que faut-il que je fasse?" — "Demain matin, ton cheval va avoir deux doigts de *lard* sur les côtes et il va reluire au soleil. Ecoute bien et remarque ce que je te dis: le nain viendra atteler ton cheval, le conduira à la porte de l'écurie; en arrivant, il l'examinera pour voir s'il est bien en ordre. Prends garde! hâte-toi. Si tu t'arrêtes un moment, tu te fais métamorphoser: [2] jamais homme entendra parler de toi." — "Ne crains pas, ma tête; je ferai ce que tu me diras." — "En voyant arriver l'homme avec le cheval, à la porte du château, tu m'emporteras avec toi dans un sac, tu sauteras en selle, tu *barras* un coup de fouet à ton cheval, tu compteras les sept premiers pas. Frappe ton cheval! Et là, nous irons où nous pourrons." — "Ah, c'est bien sûr!" — "Tu es un homme, si tu le fais."

La nuit arrivée, le jeune homme se couche devant le feu. Aussitôt, il entend un vacarme effrayant. Ça ne fournissait pas, dans l'escalier; les petits diables roulaient en bas, tout en criant: "Tuons-le;

[1] Seau. [2] Texte: "*amorphoser*."

c'est son tour! tuons-le, tuons-le!" Un d'eux le prend, le tire à un autre. Ils jouent avec lui comme avec une pelote, le *sacrent d'un bord* et de l'autre, sans arrêter. La peur prenant Tarabon, il court à l'écurie demander conseil à la tête. "Ne crains pas, dit la tête; ils ne te feront point de mal. Couche-toi, puis dors; et demain matin, fais bien ce que je t'ai recommandé." En le voyant entrer, les petits diables se mettent à crier: "Ah, le gueux! il est allé demander conseil à la tête. Tuons-le!" Mais il se *fou* sur le lit, s'endort.

Le lendemain matin, il se réveille. Ce qu'il voit? C'est bien grossier de vous le dire; mais les petits diables embrassaient tous leur c . . . . . Un vieux petit diable, les cheveux tout blancs, était assis au fond de la chambre, dans un coin, tout seul. Le jeune homme lui dit: "*Satré* bougre! tu vas bien m'embrasser le t . . . . , toi." Le petit vieillard lui répond: "Monsieur, n'insultez personne; personne ne vous insulte." — "Vous avez raison, le père."

Le jeune homme saute en bas de son lit, fait sa toilette. Il entend du bruit en haut; le petit bonhomme descend l'escalier avec la même charge sur son dos que la veille; fait cuire le bœuf, le casse en deux, en donne la moitié à son compagnon, qui, ayant fait un petit trou dans la cuisse du bœuf, se trouve rassasié. Aussitôt qu'il a fini sa moitié, le petit bonhomme mange l'autre sans broncher. "Va voir à ton cheval, dit-il. Ce matin, tu ne le reconnaîtras pas; il a deux pouces de *lard* sur les côtes." — "Petit bonhomme, tu me contes bien des histoires!" — "Pour te faire plaisir, tu vas ce matin faire une course sur ton cheval." — "Je ferai une course si je le veux." — "Comment! tu as démandé conseil à la tête?" — "La tête, la tête! garde-la si tu veux; je m'en *fou!*" — "Tu iras faire une course." — "J'irai si je le veux!"

Toujours, le repas *couru*, le petit bonhomme s'en va atteler le cheval, arrive à la porte du château. Le cheval est sur un pied, sur l'autre. "*Wo! wo!*" Emportant la tête dans un sac, le jeune homme saute à cheval. Le petit bonhomme se met à tempêter, à faire toutes les menaces possibles. L'autre compte sept pas; la tête se fend. Le jeune homme à cheval se trouve au milieu d'une forêt qu'il n'a jamais vue ni connue. Il pense en lui-même: "Je suis le plus malheureux des hommes; je vais mourir ici."

Marche un bout. Il dit: "Ma tête, j'ai faim." — "Tiens! dit la tête, descends de ton cheval, va derrière cette souche; tue le lapin qui s'y trouve, et mange-le." En effet, il tue le lapin, le *pleume*, le fait cuire. Quand il en a mangé à peu près la moitié, il pense: "Ma tête en mangerait peut-être, aussi? As-tu faim, ma tête?" — "Ah oui! j'ai faim." Donne la moitié du lapin à la tête, qui la mange.

Quand la tête a fini de manger, le jeune homme démande: "Ma tête, qu'est-ce que je vas faire, *à'ct'heure?*" — "Marche tant que tu voudras; mais il ne faut pas traverser de rivière. Si tu en traverses,

nous sommes perdus, toi et moi aussi." — "Ma tête, je n'en passerai pas." Saute sur son cheval. Il n'a pas fait quelques arpents: Une grande rivière! "Ma tête, une rivière!" — "Ne passe pas, je te le défends."

Pas longtemps après, qu'est-ce qu'il voit venir sur la rivière? Une ogresse, dans un bac. "Ma tête, une ogresse vient me chercher, dans un bac." — "Ne passe pas; je te le défends." L'ogresse arrive: "Monsieur, je suis venue vous chercher." — "Qui est-ce qui t'a dit de venir me chercher?" — "Ah, par exemple, monsieur! si vous ne voulez pas passer avec moi, vous n'en passerez plus de votre vie, de rivière." — "Bien! je resterai plutôt là." L'ogresse revire son bac et s'en retourne. "Ma tête, elle s'en va!" — "Laisse-la aller," dit la tête.

Assis au bord de la rivière, il s'*accote* la tête dans la main et il se met à regarder l'eau couler. Vers le midi, il voit venir quelqu'un sur l'eau: un vieillard avec un nez en roupie à la brasse. Il regarde; à chaque coup d'aviron que le vieux donne, la bac vire de bout. "Ma tête, voilà le bonhomme!" — "Ne passe pas, dit la tête, je te le défends." En arrivant, le vieillard dit: "Je suppose que vous ne voulez pas passer avec les *criétures*,[1] mais rien qu'avec les hommes?" — "Je ne passe pas plus avec les hommes qu'avec les *criétures;* je ne passe pas aujourd'hui." —"Bien, dit le vieux, vous n'en passerez plus de votre vie."

Rendu de l'autre côté de la rivière, le bonhomme met sur son dos son bac, sa maison, sur bâtiment, ses bœufs, ses chevaux; et il part avec tout son *grément*. Le jeune homme dit: "Bien, ma tête, il s'en va avec tout son *grément*." — "Laisse-le aller," répond la tête.

Bien tard dans l'après-midi: "Tiens! ma tête, voilà le bonhomme qui revient avec son bac." — "Ecoute, dit la tête, le bonhomme vient te chercher; tu vas passer la rivière avec lui et t'en aller à sa maison. Tu n'auras plus connaissance de lui, après ça. Tu n'auras plus affaire qu'à la bonne-femme. Va lui demander à couvert et dis-lui: 'Pour mon cheval, il faut une écurie si noire qu'on n'y voie pas un petit jour.' Elle va faire bien des *escases*,[2] mais méfie-toi*s* en. Prends garde de prendre la chandelle qu'elle t'offrira pour t'éclairer, dans l'écurie; le sorcier est dans sa chandelle. Tu es fini et moi *tou*, si tu la prends." — "Ne crains pas, ma tête; je n'en prendrai pas."

Traverse la rivière dans le bac du vieillard; s'en va à la maison. "Voyons! il dit à l'ogresse, as-tu une écurie bien noire à me donner pour mettre mon cheval?" — "Ah, ah, ah! j'en ai une; on étouffe dedans."

Rendu à l'écurie, le voilà à tâtons, cherchant où attacher son cheval, sans pouvoir trouver. Il s'en vient à la maison et demande à la

[1] *Créatures*, femmes.

[2] Des belles manières pour tromper.

vieille: "As-tu une chambre noire à me donner, où on ne voit pas un petit jour?" — "Ah, ah, ah! elle répond; j'ai justement la chambre que monsieur me demande; rien n'est plus commode pour moi. Il y a de la chandelle *à plein* sur la table." — "Va la porter ailleurs, ta chandelle. Je n'en veux pas avoir." — "Bien, elle lui répond, vous allez avoir de l'agrément dans votre chambre!" — "C'est mon affaire!"

Rendu dans la chambre, demande à souper. Le souper servi, se met à manger; en mangeant, manque le *trou*,[1] manque le *trou*, pique d'un *bord*, pique de l'autre; il se brûle. La peur le prend; il s'en va trouver la tête. "*Cou'don!* il dit, ma tête, j'étouffe; je manque le *trou*, en soupant; je me brûle!" — "Tiens, répond la tête, si tu veux, tu vas voir clair." — "Que faut-il faire?" — "Va trouver la bonne-femme; elle a une bague qui a un diamant éclairant comme le jour. Demande-lui de te la vendre. Elle ne voudra pas. Dis-lui: 'Je te vas donner mon cheval, mon chien, mon fusil, mon habit, mes pantalons.' Elle sait bien que tu as une tête. Elle va te la demander; mais ne me donne pas; si tu me donnes, tu es perdu et moi *tou*."

Arrivé près de la vieille: "Ah, ah! il dit, tu as une bague qui éclaire comme dans le jour? Il faut que tu me la vendes." — "Ah non! elle répond; mon mari me tuerait bien, lui qui n'a rien que ça pour s'éclairer durant la nuit." — "Tiens! ce n'est pas ça! Je vas te donner mon cheval, mon chien, mon fusil, mon habit, mes pantalons." Elle répond: "Tu vas me donner ta tête." — "Veux-tu te taire!" — "Bien, monsieur, je garderai mon *butin* et vous, le vôtre." — "Donne-moi ta bague, ou je vas te passer mon épée *au* travers *du* corps." *Toujours que* la bonne-femme s'y résoud: donne la bague. Prend la bague, entre dans sa chambre toute noire; la chambre devient claire comme dans le jour. Mange, fume, et se couche.

Le lendemain matin, il se lève; il n'a pas de quoi *à* s'habiller, le jeune homme: il a tout donné pour sa bague! S'en va trouver sa tête: "Ma tête, que faire, *à* matin? Je n'ai *pas* rien!" La tête répond: "Ecoute! tu vas prendre la bague, tu vas la mettre entre tes deux jambes, tu vas lui dire: 'Porte-moi sur cette petite montagne, là-bas.' Elle dira: 'Non!' Réponds: 'Oui!' — 'Non!' — 'Oui!' par trois fois. Si tu cries plus fort qu'elle, elle t'y portera. Si tu es plus faible, tu vas rester ici et moi *tou*."

Prend la bague, se la met entre les jambes: "Porte-moi sur cette petite montagne, là-bas." La bague répond: "Non!" — "Si!" — "Non!" — "Si!" — "Non!" — "Si!" *Hm! . . . hm!*[2] il part comme poussière; le *créquien n'en revole!*

Rendu sur la montagne, il fait un soleil brûlant. Pauvre jeune

[1] Passe à côté de la bouche, qu'il ne peut se trouver, dans l'obscurité.

[2] Geste indiquant qu'il part comme un éclair.

homme! lui qui n'avait jamais encore sorti du séminaire, le poil se met à *y péter*, la graisse lui part d'*à ras* le corps. "Bien! il dit, ma tête, je vas mourir ici*te.*" — "Ecoute, répond la tête, n'es-tu pas parti pour aller chercher l'étoile du soir?" — "Sans doute!" — "Tiens! elle dit, vois-tu *sur* ce beau chêne? C'est là que, tous les matins, un rossignol vient chanter avec l'étoile du jour dans son bec. Approche-toi du pied du chêne; tu vas y trouver, à terre, une pierre. Lève la; il s'ouvrira un trou; descends! Tu y verras l'ogresse, là, dans la terre; elle y est rendue *devant* toi. Demande-lui ton *butin* en disant que tu te meurs, brûlé par le soleil." En effet, il lève-la pierre, descend dans le trou, aperçoit l'ogresse qui l'attend, lui dit: "Il faut que tu me donnes mon *butin* avant ma mort; le soleil m'a brûlé." — "Et toi, il faut que tu me donnes ma bague." — "Je vas te dire: je ne te *barrai* point ta bague avant que tu m'aies donné ce que je te demande." (Voyant le jeune homme remuer son sabre dans le fourreau, la vieille dit:) "Bien, monsieur, c'est là autre chose!" Il *hale* le sabre du fourreau. La peur la prend; elle lui donne ce qui lui appartient. Il monte, va trouver sa tête. "Ah! ma tête, elle m'a tout donné; voilà mon *butin.*" — "Tout n'est pas fini, dit la tête. Redescends dans la [caverne], mais, cette fois, à cheval. Prends l'ogresse, mets-la sur la croupe de ton cheval avec toi et emmène-la. Prends garde! ne t'arrête pas, en montant. Si tu le fais, elle t'*amorphose.* Fais-lui recouvrir le chêne de fils d'araignées; quand, par sa baguette, elle l'aura fait, prends la baguette; et demain matin, tu attraperas dans le chêne le rossignol qui porte l'étoile du jour." Le jeune homme monte à cheval, entre dans la caverne, descend. La bonne-femme ne veut pas monter avec lui. Il la prend par les épaules, l'ass*it* en croupe, et part au galop. De temps en temps, elle touche au cheval, cherchant à l'arrêter. "Ne touche pas à mon cheval! dit le jeune homme; si tu *i* touches, je te jette à bas et je te fends avec mon sabre." — "Laisse-moi descendre; je suis pressée; mon ménage n'est pas fait." Rendus au pied du chêne, il dit: "*Grèye* tout ce chêne de fils d'araignées." Elle *grèye* le chêne de fils d'araignées. "Donne-moi ta petite baguette." Elle finit par céder.

Au petit jour, le lendemain matin, le rossignol arrive avec l'étoile du jour dans son bec, se perche sur le chêne. Le jeune homme prend sa baguette, frappe l'arbre. *En le disant*, tous les fils d'araignées se trouvent en petites chaînes, où le rossignol se trouve pris. Le jeune homme lance un grand cri: "Ma tête, je l'ai!" — "Ah! ce n'est pas tout, reprend la tête: il faut une échelle, pour monter dans l'arbre. Tu en auras une de la vieille, qui fera mille instances pour ne pas t'en donner. Ne cède pas! Demande-lui ensuite une pinte d'eau. De plus, emmène la vieille avec toi au haut de l'échelle. Mais avant d'aller chercher l'étoile du jour, n'oublie pas de faire une chose; tu me

déposera sur la pierre qui se trouve tout près, et tu feras verser la pinte d'eau sur moi. C'est tout ce que je te demande pour les services que je t'ai rendus." Le jeune homme retourne dans la caverne, demande à l'ogresse une échelle et une pinte d'eau. Elle refuse, en faisant tout le train du monde. Comme il sort son épée la peur la prend; elle consent. Quand il a l'échelle et la pinte, il fait monter la vieille à cheval; et les voilà partis à monter. En chemin, de temps en temps, elle dit: "Arrête donc ici, un peu." Et lui, il crie: "Marche donc! trotte donc!" — "Mais mon ménage n'est pas encore fait; laisse-moi donc retourner." Le jeune homme lui fourre une claque sur la g. . . . . Voilà la vieille roulant en bas de l'escalier; mais elle se lève et ne prend pas de temps à venir le rejoindre.

Sortis de la caverne, ils s'approchent du chêne où se trouve le rossignol de l'étoile du jour. Avant de poser son échelle, le jeune homme met à terre son sac, en tire la tête, qu'il dépose sur une pierre; puise une pinte d'eau, la verse sur la tête. Ô grande surprise! Là, devant le jeune homme se tient la plus belle princesse de toute la terre, assise dans un beau carrosse, qui lui tend la main. Il est si fier de voir cette belle princesse délivrée qu'il saute dans le carrosse, et s'en va avec elle au plus vite. C'était pour se marier à elle.

Et la belle étoile du jour? Il a oublié de la rapporter, puisqu'on la voit encore tous les matins.

86. LE GRAND SULTAN.[1]

Il est bon de vous dire: une fois, c'est un roi. Ce roi avait trois princes, ses enfants.

Toujours que, dans son jardin, il avait un pommier qui, toutes les nuits, rapportait une pomme, une grosse pomme.[2] C'était bien commode!

Une bonne fois, la pomme disparaît. Elle part toutes les nuits. Le roi met des gardiens ici et là, pour guetter partout et arrêter celui qui pouvait bien voler la pomme. Mais ça ne réussit pas; ils ne peuvent pas; la pomme disparaît toujours.

Le plus vieux des princes: "Bien, il dit, moi, je vas le garder, le pommier, cette nuit. Les gardiens se couchent, ils s'endorment justement *dans* l'heure où ça doit disparaître." Le roi répond: "Celui de vous autres, mes princes, qui déclarera *qu'*est-ce qui prend la pomme, celui-là aura ma couronne." C'est bien.

Le plus vieux s'habille, il se *grèye* une bouteille de vin et de quoi

[1] Recueilli à Tadoussac, en sept. 1916, d'Édouard Hovington, alors âgé de 90 ans, qui l'apprit, il y à peu près 75 ans, d'Edouard Michaud, vieux journalier, de l'Anse-à-l'eau (Chicoutimi), et originaire de la rive sud du Saint-Laurent (Saint-Thomas ou Kamouraska?)

[2] Il s'agit évidemment d'une pomme d'or, comme on le voit dans d'autres contes.

pour se traîter comme il faut; il part. Arrivé dans le jardin, il s'en va au pied de l'arbre, où il y a un grand banc. Il s'assied, prend un coup, fume un cigare; il est bien! [Ne] s'endort pas; attend toujours. La pomme est encore là: Il la voit bien.

Quand ça vient vers minuit, *créyé! l'endormie* commence à le prendre. 'Sacré tonnerre! faut pas que je m'endorme, parce que ça ne servirait à rien." Allumant un cigare, il se lève et commence à marcher au pied du pommier. *Ce n'est pas çal* il écrase sur ses jambes; c'est plus fort que lui, il en meurt. "Il y a toujours un bout! il ne faut pas se faire mourir les jambes de même; je vas m'asseoir un peu. Il s'assied. *Pop!* le voilà endormi.

Il n'est pas longtemps endormi; fait un saut, se réveille; regarde en arrière; la pomme est partie; plus de pomme! "Ce n'est pâs moi qui aura la couronne, parce que je n'aurai pas de nouvelles à donner de ce qui prend la pomme. Je suis aussi bien de m'en aller; la pomme n'y est plus." S'en va se coucher dans son lit.

Quand il se lève, le matin, le roi lui demande: "As-tu vu celui qui prend la pomme de notre pommier?" — "Ah, il dit, non!" Et il lui explique ce que je vous ai raconté: Il s'était endormi malgré lui. Le roi dit: "Si tu t'es endormi comme ça, il y a quelque chose qui va mal."

Le deuxième frère dit: "C'est un dorm*eux*. Moi, je vas y aller, et je trouverai bien." — "Tu ne le trouveras pas mieux que moi." — "Toi, tu es un dorm*eux*." Le roi ne dit pas le contraire.

Quand la nuit est arrivée, le deuxième frère se *grèye* comme l'autre: des cigares, une bouteille de vin. . . . *Il n'y a pas de soin!* le roi avait de quoi *à* manger. S'en va s'asseoir sur le banc sous le pommier, se met à fumer; se lève; voyage un peu, tant qu'il n'est pas fatigué. Quan d il est tanné de marcher, il se *rassit;* prend un cigare, un verre de v:n. Comme il voit bien le pommier, il se dit: "S'il vient, j'en aura: connaissance." Il est assis. Ça ne manque pas! *Toujours qu*'il ne fera pas mieux que l'autre.

Quand ça vient *devers* minuit, le voilà près de s'endormir. Allume vitement un cigare, prend un verre de vin, se promène une *escousse*. Mais ça ne veut pas marcher. "Ah! je peux toujours bien m'asseoir un peu; fumer, ça me gardera réveillé." S'assied comme l'autre. *Pop!* il s'endort.

Il ne dort pas longtemps. *Sur* le moment, il se réveille, regarde. La pomme n'y est plus; elle est partie. Il dit: "C'est fini! je ne pourrai pas dire mieux que l'autre; elle est partie. Bien! je vas aller me coucher dans mon lit." C'est ce qu'il fait.

Le matin, le roi demande: "As-tu vu ce qui prend le pomme, la nuit?" — "Ah, il dit, non! J'ai veillé jusqu'à minuit. A minuit juste, je dormais. J'étais endormi; je n'avais pas pu rester réveillé, je suppose. Elle a parti, la pomme, et je n'ai pas vu ce qui est venu

la chercher." L'autre se met à rire de lui un peu: "Ah! je savais bien que tu ne ferais pas mieux que moi."

Le troisième prince, qui s'appelle Petit-Jean, dit, "Ah! vous êtes tous des dorm*eux*. Vous avez été là, au pied du pommier, et vous vous êtes amusés à boire, à fumer, à dormir; ah, ah, ah! Moi je vas y aller, si mon père, le roi, veut. Et je ne verrai pas la pomme partir sans vous en donner des nouvelles. "Le roi répond: "Pauvre enfant, des nouvelles? *Tu feras pas guére* mieux que les autres." — "Ah oui! si je ne fais pas mieux, je ne ferai pas pire." — "Vas-y!"

Le soir, il se *grèye* une bouteille de vin, comme les autres, des cigares; et il s'en va. Arrivé au pied du pommier, il voit la pomme qui est là, vermeille, dans l'arbre. "Ah! il pense, je le verrai bien, ce qui va arriver." Il s'assied sur le banc, une *escousse*, pour se reposer. Se lève de temps en temps, prend un coup de vin, allume son cigare, se promène. Ça va bien, pour commencer. Quand ça vient *devers* minuit, il voit toujours la pomme. *Créyé!* il s'aperçoit que *l'endormie* le prend; il ne peut plus se tenir. "Bien, il dit, je vas marcher." Se lève, prend un verre de vin, allume un cigare, marche. Mais ça ne veut plus faire! Ca ne veut pas marcher! "*Sacréyé!* comment faire? Si je m'endors, elle va partir, comme les autres nuits." Pense à une affaire; monte dans le pommier; s'assied justement là où la pomme est à la portée de sa main. La pomme est fraîche; il touche la pomme, pendant qu'il est *en* califourchon dans le pommier. Il n'y est pas longtemps sans sentir qu'il s'endort. Quand il voit ça, il pense: "Il ne viendra pas la qu[e]ri[r], parce qu'il ne la trouvera pas."

Il faut vous dire que ces nuits-la, il ne faisait pas bien chaud; c'est pourquoi Petit-Jean s'était mis son gros capot de *fletchin* (?). Son capot était un peu entrouvert. S'allongeant le bras, *pogne* la pomme, la fourre dans son capot, ferme son capot pas mal, boutonne son capot. "Il ne me l'ôtera toujours pas sans que j'en aie connaissance!" Il s'endort tout de suite. Bien accoté, *dort un* somme.

Pas bien longtemps après, il entend frotter le long de lui, comme si ça fouillait dans son *butin*. Fait un saut; il est réveillé. S'allonge la main là où il voit un gros *tapon* noir. Il l'attrape; s'y prend à deux mains. Les mains lui restent pleines de plumes. S'il avait arraché les plumes, il avait perdu la pomme, qui était partie de dans son capot. En regardant, il se dit: "Il m'a échappé; c'est égal! La pomme est partie, mais j'ai de quoi de plus que les autres à montrer." Il met les plumes dans ses poches, plein ses mains. "*A'ct'heure*, je m'en vas me coucher."

Le matin, au jour, tous se lèvent. Une fois levés; "Ah ah! ils ont dit, as-tu vu mieux que nous autres?" Il répond: "*J'ai pas fait guére mieux;* mais j'ai toujours une *revue*, et je peux toujours bien vous dire *de* ce qui peut prendre la pomme." — "Bien, qu'est-ce que

c'est?" Petit-Jean s'en va *dans* la poche de son capot, prend les plumes, les étend sur la table. "*Créyél* dit le roi, tu as mieux réussi que les autres . . . , pour les plumes." C'étaient des belles plumes, transparentes, de toutes sortes de couleurs. Les deux plus vieux restent bien bêtes quand Petit-Jean leur conte comment il s'y est pris. "Tu as bien fait, ils disent; mais c'est dommage que tu n'aies pas pu *tiendre* l'oiseau." — "Ah! mes amis, il est trop fort. Je n'ai pas lâché, mais il s'est arraché en laissant ses plumes." Le roi dit: "Je connais l'oiseau. C'est sûr que personne ne pourrait le tenir; on le connaît! Mais sais-tu quel *bord qu'il* a pris?" — "Bien, répond Petit-Jean, je le sais . . . de même; *tant* loin que j'ai pu voir, il a disparu sur le haut de la montagne. Je sais à peu près la place où je l'ai perdu de vue tout *d'un* coup." — "Oui?" — "Ah, il dit, oui!" — "Par exemple, disent les autres, on va le chercher." Il se *grèyent*, partent tous ensemble, s'en vont vers la montagne.

Arrivés sur le haut de la montagne où l'oiseau a disparu, Petit-Jean dit: "C'est *à* quelque part par ici que je l'ai perdu de vue. De temps en temps, le long du chemin, ils trouvaient une plume, en différentes places; ce qui les conduisait bien. Ils ramassent les plumes; c'étaient les bonnes plumes, transparentes et de toutes sortes de couleurs.

Sur la montagne, ils cherchent partout. Tout *d'un* coup, ce qu'ils voient? Une trappe, une grand' trappe. "Ce que c'est ça? demande le roi. *Sacréyél* Cette trappe-là n'a jamais été connue. Comment ça se fait qu'elle se trouve ici?" Envoie chercher du monde.

Le monde commence à arriver. C'était bien curieux, cette trappe-là. Il y avait des arganeaux pour la soulever. A force d'homme, lève la trappe. C'était un trou où on ne voit plus rien. C'était noir sans [l]imites, dans le fond. "Ah! dit le roi, ce n'est pas aisé d'aller là; point d'échelle, point rien! C'est tout uni comme un tuyau. On n'est pas capable d'y descendre." Les princes disent: "On est assez de monde ici; vous autres, allez chercher une voiture bien remplie d'*amarres*, avec un grand panier. On attachera un panier au bout d'une *amarre*, un de vous embarquera dans le panier, et les autres le descendront dans le trou."

Leurs arrangements faits, ils posent une petite ligne pour sonner en haut, au cas où ils se trouveraient mal pris.

Le plus vieux dit: "J'y vas, moi." Prend son sabre, *embarque* dans le panier, part.

Ses frères se mettent à le *lârer*[1] en bas, dans le panier. Quand il a descendu un bout, il fait noir, il ne voit plus rien qu'un petit trou, en haut. Plus loin, c'était toujours de plus en plus noir. *En* dessous, c'était noir. Il voit toutes sortes de visions. Une fois, ça lui paraît

[1] Anglicisme de "*to lower*," baisser, descendre.

comme une bête affreuse qui s'approche, la gueule ouverte. Il prend son sabre, frappe; mais ça n'était rien. La peur faisait ça. D'une affaire à l'autre, la peur le prend *pas pour rire.* Il n'y a point moyen; il sonne la cloche. Les autres le *hâlent* en haut. Quand il est rendu là-haut, il raconte que ça n'était pas *résistable*, qu'il ne pouvait pas aller plus loin.

Le deuxième dit: "Je vas y aller." *Embarque* dans le panier, à son tour. Pour piquer au plus court, il en fait autant que le premier. Peut-être est-il descendu un peu plus loin; mais il sonne la cloche, remonte. "Pas moyen! il voit toutes sortes de bêtes; mais c'est impossible de leur faire de mal, même de leur toucher."

Bien, Petit-Jean dit: "Vous êtes des peureux, je vous le dis. Moi, je m'y rendrai bien, vous allez voir." — "Ah oui! Tu n'iras pas plus loin que nous, si tu peux y aller seulement." — "J'y vas!" *Comme* de vrai, le voilà dans le panier. "Filez l'*amarre*, filez l'*amarre!*" Descend, puis descend. A lui aussi il vient toutes sortes de visions, comme des dents dans des gueules terribles qui veulent le dévorer. Il n'en fait pas de cas; laisse descendre, en tenant son sabre à son côté. Rendu bien loin, en bas, *créyé! ce qu'il* entrevoit? Comme manière *d'une* plateforme. Ça s'éclaircit un peu; voilà le fond: "Je suis bon!" pense Petit-Jean. Laisse descendre encore un peu. Le panier arrête. "Me voilà donc rendu!" [1] Saute en bas du panier. Il fait encore noir pourtant. Toutes sortes de visions, des fantômes, des choses incertaines dansent autour de lui. Quand il veut y toucher, c'est comme des fleurs; ça recule; ce n'est rien. "Comment faire?" il se demande. A quatre pattes, il se met à tâter avec ses mains, tout le tour de la plateforme; il a peur de *caler* dans quelque mauvais trou. Tout à coup, [qu'est-]ce qu'il trouve, bien bas, sur le mur? Un bouton, un gros bouton. "Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça? Un bouton? C'est toujours bien signe *d'une* porte." Prend le bouton; pèse sur le bouton. Une porte s'ouvre tout net. Voilà la clarté, le plein jour. Il n'y a plus rien, ni vision, ni fantôme. Mais il aperçoit que ça n'est pas tout, qu'il n'est pas encore rendu au fond. Il a à descendre un bel escalier, en beau marbre, beau 'terriblement.' Il sonne la cloche du panier, qui remonte sans lui. Puis il ferme la porte derrière lui, prend l'escalier, et il descend en plein jour, descend, descend encore loin. Il arrive au bas de l'escalier. Le voilà dans un *terrain* nouveau, dans un monde nouveau. Plus loin, il y a une ville. Il ne comprend pas ça: "Comment, il y a une ville sous la montagne? . . . C'est égal! Je vas toujours y aller voir."

Il s'en va tout droit au premier château, sur le chemin. Arrive à la porte, cogne. *Ce qui* arrive? Une vieille bonne-femme, qui est

[1] Tout le long du récit, Hovington introduit des interjections que nous retranchons le plus souvent, comme "*Créyé! sacréyé! satré!*"

toute croche, a de la misère à grouiller. "Bonjour, ma grand'mère!" Mon Dieu! elle s'est mise à le regarder. "Que venez-vous faire ici, Seigneur! Comment êtes-vous descendu? Jamais il n'est venu personne ici et j'ai bien passé mes cent ans. Personne ne peut y arriver. Il n'y a pas moyen. Comment vous y êtes-vous pris?" Il conte: "J'ai descendu comme ci comme ça; enfin, je suis rendu." — "Bien, où allez-vous?" — "Je vas en visite; je cherche à voir ce qu'il y a." — "Ah! elle dit, vous ne pourrez pas aller bien loin." — "Je pourrai toujours coucher ici? Je suis fatigué." Elle répond: "Vous pouvez coucher, c'est vrai. Mais vous n'y serez pas longtemps, parce que personne ne couche ici sans se battre. Et vous ne serez pas capable de vous battre avec ces choses-là." Il dit: "Avec quoi faut-il donc se battre?" — "Vous allez coucher dans cette chambre. *Mais qu'*il arrive, vers minuit, il faudra que vous gagniez le droit de coucher chez lui. Vous n'irez pas plus loin; il vous faudra *revirer* ici. Il va vous tuer." — "Mais, qu'est-ce que c'est, donc?" Elle répond: "Ici, c'est un lion qui ne peut pas se tuer; et il faut que vous vous battiez avec lui, au sabre ou comme vous voudrez. Il vous dévorera tout de suite." — "Si c'est de même, dit Petit-Jean, je ne suis pas armé comme il faut. Je n'ai qu'un sabre." La vieille ajoute: "Si vous n'avez pas d'arme, il en a, lui. Regardez dans cette chambre, comme il y en a. Vous choisirez l'arme qu'il vous faudra pour vous battre." — "Oui?" Elle dit: "Il vous donnera une chance, en vous laissant choisir l'arme. Si vous vous battez à l'arme blanche ne choisissez pas un beau sabre. Prenez celui-ci, le plus vieux; c'est le meilleur." — "Ah! je ne ferai pas grand' chose avec ça; au premier *sparage* que je ferai, il cassera; il n'est qu'en bois." La vieille répond: "Ne craignez rien. Prenez-le; écoutez-moi! Je vous promets que vous serez bon." Petit-Jean continue à converser avec la bonne-femme. Tout à coup le lion arrive. Ah bonjour! *d'y* voir cet animal, c'est terrible. "Tiens, bonjour, bonjour, Petit-Jean!" — "Bonjour, le lion!" — "Petit-Jean, que viens-tu faire ici? Où vas-tu?" — "Je viens ici te voir. En même temps, je voudrais marcher un peu, aller plus loin." Le lion répond: "Tu ne seras pas capable d'aller plus loin. Faut ici gagner le droit de passer." — "Que faut-il faire pour le gagner?" — "Faut se battre, tous les deux. Si tu me tues, tu gagnes; et tu pourras marcher un bout. Mais si tu ne me tues pas, pas moyen de passer! C'est moi que te tue." — "C'est bon! on saura bien." — "Ah, il dit, c'est ça!"

Petit-Jean a le choix de faire la bataille de la manière qu'il veut; c'est là la chance que lui accorde le lion. "Comment veux-tu te battre, à l'épée, au sabre, ou bien *des* poings?" Petit-Jean sait bien qu'il n'est pas capable *pour* le lion. Il dit: "Moi, je n'ai rien qu'une petite épée. C'est comme un couteau. Je ne puis pas m'en servir

pour me battre avec toi." Le lion répond: "Si tu ne veux pas te battre à l'arme blanche ou au pistolet, il y a toutes les armes que tu voudras, ici. Il y a de tout; choisis!" Petit-Jean dit: "Battons-nous au sabre." — "C'est bon, attends un peu." — "Rentre ici." Le lion l'amène dans une grand'chambre où il y a des sabres, des poignards en or, des poignards en argent, d'autres en diamant. C'est beau; ça luit comme des soleils! "Tiens, dit le lion, choisis ce qui te plaira au travers de toutes ces armes. Tu *as beau;*[1] il y en a des vieux et des *neu's*." Se souvenant du conseil de la vieille, Petit-Jean prend le sabre de bois: "Je choisis celui-ci; moi, je ne suis pas fier; ce n'est pas ma coutume de me servir d'armes aussi beaux que les autres." Le lion dit: "Tu choisis un vieux sabre qui est là je ne sais pas depuis quand. Tu n'es pas fou! Prends en donc un meilleur, un de ceux-ci." Il lui montre de belles épées en or, qui reluisent comme des soleils." Prends en un; c'est pour te défendre. L'autre va casser tout de suite." Petit-Jean est près de prendre un beau sabre, qui le tente bien; mais non! Il dit: "Je prends ce vieux-ci." — "Prends-le, *d'abord que* tu le veux."

Avec son sabre de bois, Petit-Jean sort sur le champ de bataille, et le voilà pris avec le lion. C'est terrible, les coups qu'ils se donnent. Le lion est comme un papillon; vif, il n'y a rien pour battre ça. Mais Petit-Jean reste toujours sur ses gardes avec son sabre; il pare tous les coups que le lion peut *s'inventionner* de lui donner. Il est toujours prêt; il n'a qu'à présenter le sabre. Après une petite *escousse*, le lion devient pas mal fatigué. Quand il voit ça, Petit-Jean le darde à son tour. Le lion est tué. "C'est terrible!" dit Petit-Jean. "La mère ne m'avait donc pas trompé; sans le sabre, bien sûr je n'aurais jamais réussi à tuer une pareille bête." Bien content, il s'en va trouver sa grand'mère, qui dit: "Ah! vous avez obtenu le droit de passer. Mais, à part de ça, je vas vous montrer *de* ce que vous avez gagné." Petit-Jean dit: "J'ai gagné de passer seulement." — "Non, vous avez gagné plus que ça; venez voir." Elle l'amène, ouvre les portes d'une chambre qu'il n'a pas encore vue. C'est riche, riche, riche! tout en or et en argent. Au fond de la chambre, une belle princesse; il n'y en avait jamais eu de plus belle. Il en tombe quasiment sur le derrière, en la voyant. "Ah, bonjour, bonjour!" La princesse dit: "En me délivrant vous m'avez gagnée. Je suis à vous." — "Bien, répond Petit-Jean, si ça adonne." — "Vous êtes mon maître," dit la princesse. *Toujours que* Petit-Jean passe la nuit au château.

Le lendemain matin, il se dit: "Ce n'est pas tout; il faut que j'en voie plus que ça, avant de mourir. En partant, j'ai dit à mon père de me pas m'attendre avant un an et un jour. J'en ai donc encore pour longtemps à voyager."

[1] Dans le sens de: il n'y a que l'embarras du choix.

Il s'en va trouver la vieille. "Ecoutez donc! est-ce qu'il y en a bien, de ces bêtes-là?" — "Il y en a trois en tout. Deux restent. Il vous faut en tuer encore deux; autrement vous ne passerez pas. Le chemin pour arriver au grand sultan est gardé par ces bêtes; et vous ne pourrez pas y arriver à moins de toutes les tuer." "*Sacréyél* comment faire?" La vieille ajoute: "Elles ne sont pas toutes pareilles; il y en a qui ne sont pas commodes parmi elles." — "Ah, il dit, on le saura." — "Ne changez pas votre arme; gardez le sabre que vous avez là; c'est ce que vous pouvez faire de mieux." [1] — "Bien sûr, je ne peux pas trouver meilleur que ça; pour parer les coups, il n'y a rien de pareil. Vous voyez que la bataille avec le lion n'en a pas seulement fait partir la rouille." — "C'est de même."

Après avoir couché au château, Petit-Jean, le lendemain matin, dit: "A quelle bête faut-il avoir affaire, *à'ct'heure?*" La vieille répond: "La bête que vous allez rencontrer a trois têtes. Cette bête est *comme manière d'*un géant. Et vous ne gagnerez contre elle qu'en lui coupant ses trois têtes." — "*Aiyél* dit Petit-Jean, je ne sais pas si j'en viendrai à bout, une bête à trois têtes!" — "Faut bien!" — "C'est bon!"

Bien couché, bien nourri, dans un beau château, Petit-Jean n'est pas à plaindre. Mais le temps est arrivé; il faut marcher. Après déjeuner, il *se grèye*, passe dans l'*autre bord.* [2] Diable! *ce qu'*il aperçoit? Le géant, un géant à trois têtes — imaginez! — qui dit: "Ver de terre, que viens-tu faire ici? Par quelle aventure es-tu arrivé? . . . Tu n'iras pas plus loin." — "Bien, répond Petit-Jean, je venais te voir. Après ça, je voudrais bien passer, aller plus loin: j'ai affaire au grand sultan!" — "Ah, ah, ah! le grand sultan? Personne ne le voit. Le grand sultan, d'abord, n'a pas besoin de toi. Va-t'en!" — "J'aime mieux me battre." — "C'est bon, on se battra!"

Les voilà pris. Cette fois encore, c'est au sabre. Ça *bûche*, puis ça *bûche!* Mais Petit-Jean ne se *maganne* pas; il ne fait rien que se mettre en *parage*, avec son vieux sabre de bois, tandis que le géant fesse *tout ce* qu'il peut. Après un certain temps, Petit-Jean donne un coup, tranche deux têtes au géant; deux têtes à-bas! Le géant dit: "Ah, arrête, chrétien! Comment se fait-il que tu *es* si fort? Mais nous voilà *bonne à bonne*, tête à tête." Petit-Jean répond: "Oui! c'est ainsi qu'il faut être. Tête pour tête, *on* n'en a rien qu'une à perdre." Les voilà repris comme de plus belle. Dans trois ou quatre *tours de* ronde, voilà la dernière tête du géant à-bas. "Bon, le voilà fini!"

S'en revenant trouver la bonne-femme, Petit-Jean dit: "Vous allez

[1] Hovington introduit souvent, ici par exemple, la phrase: "C'est bon!" Il se servait souvent de ces mots inutiles comme pour s'aider à mieux fouiller sa mémoire.

[2] Dans un autre salle.

toujours me montrer ce que j'ai gagné, cette fois-ci." Ils entrent. Dans la plus belle chambre du monde, voilà encore une belle princesse, belle comme le jour. Petit-Jean couche encore au château, cette nuit-là.

La troisième journée arrivée, après déjeuner, il demande encore: "Grand'mère, qu'est-ce qui doit arriver, ce matin, avant que je passe?" Elle répond: "C'est aujourd'hui le dernier combat. Vous pouvez encore réussir, *pareil*." — "Tonnerre! il dit, c'est dangereux. Hier, il m'a fallu couper trois têtes au géant; et lui, il n'en avait rien qu'une à couper." — "Ne craignez pas! vous êtes un bon batailleur. Gardez votre sabre."

L'heure arrivée, il passe dans la salle voisine. C'est encore un géant, mais, cette fois, un géant terrible, à sept têtes. Ah! mon Dieu! quand Petit-Jean voit cet animal terrible, il pense: "C'est fini! jamais je n'en viendrai à bout. Quel animal affreux! Mais je suis trop avisé pour reculer,[1] il faut aller au bout." Voilà la bête qui commence à faire son *oremus*. "Pour que tu passes comme tu le veux, il te faudrait me tuer; et tu n'y viendras pas à bout. Ce qui va t'arriver, c'est que tu vas mourir." — "C'est bon! j'essaierai toujours, et je ferai ce que je pourrai." *Comme* de vrai, voilà la chicane qui prend. Ça claque et puis ça *bûche*. Petit-Jean faisait encore *la* même geste. Rien que la peine de pointer son sabre, et tous les coups se parent tous seuls, les coups passent à côté. Lui, quelquefois, en pousse, des bons coups. Trois, quatre, six, sept têtes! Il les a toutes jetées à-bas. "Les têtes à-bas, ah! je suis libre!"[2]

La bonne-femme s'en vient en disant: "Vous avez fait un coup terrible, je vous assure. *A'ct'heure*, vous voilà comme un roi." — "Ah! il répond, je ne suis pas encore rendu; il me faut aller plus loin." La vieille dit: "Ce n'est pas aisé d'aller plus loin. Si les gardiens sont morts, il y a encore un bout de chemin qui n'est pas commode." — "*Badame!* je passerai comme je pourrai; les autres y passent bien." — "Les autres y passent? Oui, mais par en l'air. Vous, vous n'êtes capable d'y passer, ni en l'air ni à terre." — "Ah, ah! il dit, si je ne peux pas d'une manière, j'essaierai d'une autre." Ce soir-là, la vieille lui montre encore une princesse, *bateau!* encore plus belle que les autres, plus jeune et plus merveilleuse. Il faut vous expliquer que, s'il est vrai qu'il avait délivré[3] ces princesses, elles n'étaient pas encore à lui.

Petit-Jean demande à la bonne-femme — la vieille fée — : "Mais qu'est-ce qu'il y a en arrière du château?" — "C'est une bâtisse." — "Pourquoi cette bâtisse?" — "Pour y garder des chevaux. Trois

[1] Ici Hovington emploie le mot "*bacquer*," forme anglaise francisée ("to back down").

[2] Hovington emploie ici l'anglicisme: "Je suis *clair*" (*clear*).

[3] Hovington dit: "*démorphoser*."

chevaux s'y trouvent." — "Trois chevaux?" Elle répond: "Oui! des beaux chevaux. Ce sont les chevaux du château, pour le service des maîtres." — "Ah, c'est bien! Moi qui veux aller plus loin, je m'en servirai. Je puis bien les prendre, les chevaux de l'écurie, bonne grand'mère?" — "Oui, vous pouvez choisir celui qui vous plaira et vous en servir. Ils sont à vous; vous les avez gagnés. Par exemple, je vas vous dire une chose. Vous ne devez pas aller à l'écurie sans être averti. Vous allez y entrer sans moi — ce n'est pas là mon affaire — ; là, vous verrez trois chevaux et trois selles. Un cheval est vert, l'autre est jaune, le troisième est, disons, noir. Après les avoir regardés, vous prendrez celui qui vous plaira le mieux. Mais je vous donnerai un conseil qui vous portera chance; prenez le cheval vert qui est tout au fond de l'écurie. N'oubliez pas la bride et la selle. La bride, vous lui passerez *dans le* cou; ne craignez pas; allez-y!" Petit-Jean part pour l'écurie.

Rendu, il regarde partout. C'est comme dans un château. "*Aiyél* il dit, c'est en ordre ici, pas un brin de foin sur le plancher!" Cherchant la bride et la selle, il prend celles qui sont vertes. Il part pour aller chercher le cheval vert, au fond. Rien de plus beau que le cheval du bord, qui est jaune. "Ah, Seigneur, le beau cheval! j'aimerais mieux prendre celui-ci." Les jambes fines, droit comme un coq, les oreilles à pic, c'est un vrai cheval de race. "Pourtant, il pense, la bonne-femme m'a dit de prendre le vert. Je vas toujours aller le voir." En passant, il aperçoit le noir. Ah! il reluit comme un soleil, *de force comme* il est noir. "*Bateau!* c'est un beau cheval, aussi bien fait que le jaune. La bonne-femme, j'ai bien peur, va me donner quelque chose qui ne fera pas; on ne peut pas mieux avoir que celui-ci. Mais elle me l'a conseillé, je vas toujours voir le vert." Fait un bout et arrive à la *barrure* ou se trouve le cheval vert. "*Créyé!* il est tout tortu, les pattes pleines de bosses, croche, quasiment à l'envers! *Hâle* sa bride, s'en va pour lui présenter. Mais en le voyant bien, il le trouve si dégoutant qu'il retire la bride, pour revenir aux autres chevaux. "Ça, ce n'est pas un cheval. Pourquoi ne pas me *grèyer*, quand j'en ai la chance?" Le cheval vert avait déjà la tête en l'air, pour prendre le mors de bride. Voyant Petit-Jean partir, il dit: "Prends-moi, ne crains pas, prends-moi! n'aie pas peur!" — "Tu parles?" — "Oui, je parle quand il le faut." — "Oui, puisque tu parles, je vas te prendre." Il lui met la bride à la gueule tout de suite, la selle sur le dos, et il l'amène au château: "La mère, *a'ct'heure*, je pars." — "Oui, partez! Mais, apprends-le, ce cheval ne mange pas d'autre chose que du pain, et il ne boit pas *d'*autre chose que du vin. Il ne lui en faut pas beaucoup, de pain et de vin; et vous en trouverez, en voyageant. Vous n'avez pas besoin non plus d'apporter de provisions." — "Ça n'en est que mieux, répond Petit-Jean;

je pars donc pour aller voir le grand sultan." Elle répond: "Allez-y! Par exemple, prenez garde à vous. Vous êtes pas mal avancé, je vous assure. Vous avez bien réussi, jusqu'*à'ct'heure*. Mais ce n'est pas drôle, chez le grand sultan. Ça sera bien juste si vous en sortez." — "Oui? j'aimerais bien à voir s'il est là, comme on le dit." — "Ah! elle répond, il y est; vous allez le trouver bien bon garçon; il vous fera une belle façon. Mais défiez-vous en."

"Petit-Jean se *grèye* et il part. "Bonjour, ma vieille, au revoir! je repasserai ici dans quelque temps." — "Oui, je vous le souhaite, mon garçon. Si vous êtes chanceux, si vous êtes adroit, vous repasserez; . . . je vous le souhaite."

En montant à cheval, le jeune homme part, file comme le vent. "Seigneur, ça passe!" Il a de la misère à prendre vent, sur son cheval, *de force que* ça va vite. Il dit: "Tâche de ne pas aller [1] si vite que ça, j'étouffe." Le cheval diminue un peu son galop. Mais ça passe, ça passe! Quand il a fait un bon bout, le cheval arrête net. "Qu'est-ce qu'il y a?" [2] Le cheval répond: "Arrête, mon ami! Ecoute, j'ai quelque chose à te dire, ici." — "Qu'as-tu à me dire?" — "N'oublie pas ce que je vas te dire." — "Tu parles; tu as un beau don." — "Ah oui! je parle quand il le faut." — "En voyage, ça sera plus désennuyant." — "*A'ct'heure*, donne-moi un verre de vin." [— "Où le prendre, le vin? Je n'en ai pas." — "Prends-le dans mon oreille gauche." Petit-Jean regarde dans l'oreille gauche, y trouve une bouteille de vin, qu'il donne au cheval vert.] [3] "Donne-moi des biscuits." [4] Prend des biscuits, les lui donne. Le cheval dit: "C'est ça! Remonte à cheval. Quand tu seras prêt, pique de l'éperon; ne ménage pas; pique et puis pique! N'aie pas peur de me faire mal; n'aie peur de rien. Nous avons une rivière à traverser qui a cent mille de *large*. Ce n'est pas aisé; il faut la sauter, car il n'y a pas de pont, *point rien*. Faudra pas ménager, tu comprends." Petit-Jean répond: "Tu n'en viendras pas à bout; c'est trop large; tu vas retomber dans le milieu." — "Pique de l'éperon, je te le dis." Remonté sur son cheval, bien assis, il pique. Ça part comme l'éclair. *Bonté!* ça marche. *Bonjour!* ça roule. *Aaah!* il ne voit plus les arbres, rien! ça passe trop vite.[5] Après un bon bout, le cheval parle encore: "Pique, mon ami, pique! ne ménage pas." Petit-Jean pique ses éperons jusqu'au talon, et hourra! C'est une affaire terrible, la vitesse. 'Tiens-toi bien et pique!" C'est le dernier saut que le cheval fait,

[1] Hovington dit: "*Tâche* pas d'aller si vite. . . ."

[2] Texte: "*C'que ça c'qu'y a?*"

[3] Ce détail entre crochets est ici maladroitement omis par le conteur. Nous y suppléons un trait tiré d'un autre conte canadien.

[4] Hovington dit: " . . . des *crokerse*" (Angl. "crackers").

[5] Hovington ajoute ici la comparaison: "C'était comme — dans les chars — les poteaux de télégraphe."

ses quatres pattes sur le bord de la rivière: "Pique!" Piqué, le cheval se mâte, saute, . . . retombe les quatre pattes de l'autre côté de la rivière, pour ne pas dire plus loin. "Bien, il dit, à présent, ménage n peu. Reposons-nous, il n'y *a pas de soin!*" Petit-Jean n'en re v ient pas. "C'est terrible!" il dit. Se retournant, il ne voit pas même l'autre côté de la rivière, d'où il est parti.

Toujours, le cheval marche encore pendant quelque temps. Tout à coup, il s'arrête et dit: "Ecoute, je vas te dire ce que tu dois faire. Tu sais comment est le grand sultan? Il n'est pas ménager pour personne: c'est le grand sultan, vois-tu! le grand savant, le grand sage. Enfin, tu vas voir. Il voudra te faire mourir; il faut s'en défier, pour ne pas te laisser prendre." — "Puisqu'il est si fin, je m'en défierai." — "Il faut que je te dise comment t'y prendre. Quand, aujourd'hui, tu arriveras à la porte de son château, le grand sultan viendra lui-même t'ouvrir. Il te fera une belle façon, de toutes manières. Si tu l'écoutais, il enverrait un de ses hommes me mettre dans l'écurie et me soigner. Mais réponds: 'Non! il faut que ce soit moi-même qui aille soigner mon cheval.' Ne crains pas, il ne te *tourmentera* pas longtemps. Quand tu viendras me soigner, je te dirai ce que tu auras à faire, plus tard." — "C'est bon!"

Ils arrivent au petit train à la porte du château, comme tous les autres. *Comme* de vrai, le grand sultan l'aperçoit, s'en vient vite le recevoir. — "Bonjour, bonjour! Où vas-tu donc?" Il répond: "Je viens me promener; je viens voir du pays. C'est une place que j'ai nouvellement connue, ce monde-ci, et je viens voir comment les choses se passent." — "Tu as bien fait." Le grand sultan se doute bien de ses batailles avec les monstres, mais il n'ose pas lui en parler. Toujours *qu'*il dit: "Je vas envoyer mettre votre cheval *dedans*." — "Non, merci, monsieur (le) sultan. C'est moi-même et personne autre qui soigne mon cheval, et j'ai tout ce qu'il me faut de nourriture." — "Ah, c'est comme vous le voudrez." Petit-Jean s'en va donc mener son cheval à l'écurie du sultan. C'est une belle écurie, bien propre.

Rendu à l'écurie, voici ce que dit le cheval vert: "Sais-tu comment il va s'y prendre pour nous faire mourir tous les deux?" — "Non." — "Si tu ne prends pas garde, nous allons mourir ici, c'est sûr!" — "Qu'est-ce qu'il veut faire? Ce n'est pas pour se battre, toujours?" — "Non, mais il a une autre manière. Il va te demander si tu es garçon, si tu es marié, ci et ça. Tu lui diras la vérité, que tu es garçon et que tu cherches, pour te marier, une princesse de ton goût. Il va te croire. Après ça, il va te demander *pour* jouer *de* la cachette avec lui. Accepte. Trois jours de suite, il va se cacher, une fois par jour. Faudra que tu le trouves. Les arrangements seront que si tu le trouves, tu seras bon. Si tu ne le trouves pas, tu meurs en tombant en masse de sel." —

"*Créyé!* répond Petit-Jean, qu'est-ce que je vas faire . . . jouer *de* la cachette ici? Je n'y suis jamais venu, moi, et je ne connais rien, ici." — Ecoute encore; ce n'est pas tout. Tu auras aussi le même moyen. Pendant trois jours tu te cacheras trois fois, à l'heure fixée, et il te cherchera. S'il te trouve, tu n'en auras pas pour longtemps à vivre. S'il ne te trouve pas, tu seras libre jusqu'à ce qu'une autre affaire se présente."

Après cette explication du cheval vert, Petit-Jean part et s'en va au château. Il s'y trouve bien reçu; on lui fait grand'façon. Sa princesse vient lui dire bonjour. Ah! ça, c'est une princesse, par exemple! Belle, *ce qu'*une princesse peut être belle, charmante.

A l'heure du dîner, le grand sultan demande à Petit-Jean s'il est garçon ou marié. "Ah, il répond, je suis garçon. Je marche pour voir du pays. Je cherche à me marier, et je voudrais trouver une personne de mon rang, autant bonne que belle. Je crois que c'est ici un bon pays. J'ai déjà à faire mon choix de trois belles, au château voisin. Mais je ne suis pas tout à fait décidé. Je veux en voir d'autres, d'abord." — "Eh bien, dit le sultan, la mienne est au jeu; si vous voulez la gagner, elle sera à vous." — "C'est bien parler; j'en suis content." — "Pour la gagner, dit le sultan, il faudra passer par le jeu de la cachette. Vous, le jeune homme, vous allez vous cacher le premier, demain matin, au soleil levant. A sept heures, ça sera fini; si je vous ai trouvé, vous serez à moi." Petit-Jean répond: "C'est accepté."

Consulté, le cheval vert dit: "Petit-Jean, quand tu viendras me donner à manger, ce soir, je te dirai où te cacher du grand sultan." — "Si ce n'était de ça, je me demande comment je ferais, ici."

Le soir, en donnant à souper à son cheval, Petit-Jean dit: "C'est demain matin, le jeu de la cachette." Le cheval vert répond: "Demain matin, au soleil levant, tu te cacheras. S'il ne t'a pas trouvé, à sept heures, tu seras chanceux." — "Mais où me cacher, ici, pour qu'il ne me trouve pas? Il est de la place, et moi, je suis un étranger qui ne connais pas les choses." — "Reviens me voir demain matin, avant que le soleil se lève; je te le dirai."

Dré le matin, il se lève et s'en va vitement à l'écurie. "Tu pars pour te cacher?" demande le cheval. "Oui; mais je ne sais diable pas où." — "Petit-Jean, regarde-moi dans l'oreille gauche. Si tu y vois un petit poil blanc, arrache-le. Laisse faire le reste; ça ira bien." *Comme* de vrai, il arrache le petit poil blanc. *Pouf!* il se trouve lui-même changé en poil blanc, dans l'oreille gauche du cheval. Il est là, petit poil blanc.

Voilà le grand sultan qui arrive en cherchant. Cherche *sur tous les bords*, dans toutes les places. *Ben crère* qu'il ne peut pas le trouver! Cherche dans l'écurie; point de jeune homme. Ne le trouvant point là, le grand sultan s'en va chercher ailleurs. Il ne réussit pas mieux.

Sept heures sonnent. Désappointé, le grand sultan entre au château. Le cheval vert se secoue l'oreille. *Pouf!* Le jeune homme tombe à terre, sur ses pieds. "*A'ct'heure*, dit le cheval, si le sultan te demande de lui dire où tu étais caché, fais *semblant de rien*, et dis-lui que tu n'étais pas caché, mais que tu es allé voir à sa manière d'écluse, où il y a bien du poisson, du poisson terriblement.

Le grand sultan s'en vient au-devant de Petit-Jean. "Bonjour! viens déjeuner."

Pendant le déjeuner: "Mais dis donc, Petit-Jean, où étais-tu caché, ce matin?" — "Mais, il dit, je ne me suis pas caché." — "Comment, tu ne t'es pas caché? J'ai cherché partout, partout; mais je n'ai pas pu te trouver." — "Bon Dieu! vous ne m'avez pas cherché, parce que je n'étais pas caché." — "Dis-moi donc où tu étais." — "Vous avez, là-bas, un étang qui est bien rempli de poisson. En me levant, ce matin, je suis allé là et j'ai passé mon temps à regarder nager les poissons. Ça m'amusait tant que j'ai passé mon temps à les regarder. J'ai oublié de me cacher." Le sultan n'en revient pas: "Voyez donc! il n'y rien que là que je ne suis pas allé. Si j'y étais allé, je vous aurais trouvé?" — "Bien sûr, vous m'auriez trouvé!"

Pendant toute la journée, Petit-Jean, libre, caresse la princesse. La princesse, elle, est bien contente; elle l'aimait déjà *en masse, tout ça!* Il faut dire qu'elle n'avait *pas guére* de *cavaliers*.

Il fallait se cacher trois fois. Le soir, le sultan dit: "Je vous trouverai bien, demain matin. J'aurai plus de chance." — "Vous le pourrez bien. C'est une folie pour moi d'essayer à me cacher ici; vous connaissez toutes les places, et moi, je ne connais rien." — "Il y a bien des places, va!"

Avant de se coucher, Petit-Jean va voir son cheval vert, qui dit: "Demain matin, c'est encore à ton tour de te cacher. Tu viendras ici, avant le jour, me soigner, et je te dirai où te mettre." — "C'est bon!"

Bien matin, Petit-Jean se lève et s'en va à l'écurie. "Ah! tu t'en vas pour te cacher, ce matin? Tiens! regarde-moi dans la gueule. Si tu trouves une dent qui branle, au fond, arrache-la." — "Oui, mon petit cheval!" Regarde dans la gueule, voit une dent branlante, l'arrache; *pouk!* il se trouve lui-même planté à la place de la dent, et il est bien. Le sultan se lève et commence à chercher, bien décidé à se reprendre, cette journée-là. Va voir dans toutes les places, cherche partout; ne trouve rien. Vient voir dans l'écurie. Pas de bonne humeur, il se dit: "*Sacréyé!* j'ai cherché partout et je ne le trouve pas. Il faut que je regarde son cheval; c'est peut-être près de lui qu'il se cache." S'approchant, il commence à fouiller le cheval. Etrille le cheval, pour voir s'il ne pourrait pas attraper le jeune homme et le faire tomber. Pas d'affaire! Tanné d'étriller le cheval, il regarde

sous ses pattes. Rien! Sept heures sonnent. Il laisse le cheval et se sauve au château. Après son départ, le cheval *s'escoue* la tête. Petit-Jean tombe debout. "Ah! dit le cheval, non! il ne t'a pas trouvé." — "Non! il en est venu proche, mais il ne m'a pas trouvé." — "Il n'a pas été encore assez fin, c'est tout! S'il te demande où tu t'es caché, fais-lui encore une petite blague; ça ne fait pas de mal. Dis-lui encore que tu ne t'es pas caché. Il va te *tourmenter* pour savoir où. Tu lui diras que, sans essayer à te cacher, tu es allé au clos où il y a toutes sortes d'animaux féroces, toutes les bêtes les plus dangereuses dans le monde, les serpents, les lions, les loups, les tigres, enfin, tous les autres. Tu étais accoté sur la clôture, pendant que tu regardais tous ces animaux *rôder* autour de toi. C'est ce que tu lui diras; et il faudra bien qu'il te croie."

A sept heures, Petit-Jean arrive pour déjeuner. "Oui, dit le grand sultan, c'est terrible! Je n'ai pas encore pu te trouver. Dis-moi où tu t'es caché, puisque tu es quitte, pour cette fois-ci." L'autre répond: "Mais, je ne me suis pas caché. Je le voudrais que je ne le pourrais pas; je ne connais rien ici; je suis étranger, et il n'y a que deux jours et demi que je suis arrivé. Vous, vous êtes maître et seigneur de la place; c'est bien différent." — "Bien, répond le sultan, tu étais toujours quelque part. Où donc?" — "Je suis resté jusqu'à sept heures accoté sur la clôture, à regarder les animaux féroces de votre enclos." Se mettant à penser, le sultan dit: "C'est pourtant bien vrai, *de* fait; j'ai cherché partout ailleurs; il n'y a que là que je n'aie pas été." — "Vous n'êtes pas venu; c'est bien clair! Pour moi, je n'étais pas pour courir vous chercher, quoique je vous aie bien vu passer au loin." — "Bien, bien, bien, c'est trop curieux!"

La journée se passe encore de la même manière. Petit-Jean se promène avec la princesse, qui, elle, est bien contente de ses deux bons coups; elle l'aime à la folie. "Il y déjà deux affaires de passées; si vous réussissez toujours aussi bien, je pense que nous nous marierons." — "Princesse, croyez ou ne me croyez pas, un homme qui va essayer, c'est moi."

Le soir, c'est encore la même histoire; il va trouver son petit cheval, lui donne à souper. "Tiens! c'est donc la dernière fois que tu te caches, demain matin?" — "Oui!" — "Tu viendras un petit *brin* plus de bonne heure, pour que je te dise où te cacher. Ça ne sera pas facile, demain." — "C'est bon!"

Le lendemain *dré* le matin, il se lève et s'en va à l'écurie. Le cheval dit: "Tu es prêt? Je vas te dire où il faut que tu te caches. Regarde-moi sous la patte gauche. Si tu y trouves un clou qui branle, prends-le, arrache-le. Laisse faire le reste." Petit-Jean lève la patte du cheval, prend le clou qui branle, *houp!* Il se trouve mis à la place du clou, sous la patte du cheval. Le grand sultan se lève. Point de

bonne humeur, il cherche *sur tous les bords*. S'en va voir au jardin, à l'enclos où Petit-Jean prétendait être allé. Il ne le trouve pas. Le temps passe, c'est *betôt* fait. Le sultan est en peine. Un doute le prend: "Pas possible? Il est près de son cheval vert; son cheval doit lui parler; c'est lui qui doit le cacher. Si je ne trouve pas, je tue son cheval." Furieux, il arrive dans l'écurie. S'approchant du cheval, il l'examine partout, à l'entrée de la queue, dans la gueule, dans les oreilles, enfin partout où il s'imagine pouvoir trouver Petit-Jean. Ne le trouve pas!

Quand il voit que l'heure achève, il prend un instrument coupant, tue le cheval, le jette à-bas, le brise par morceaux, fend le cœur pour y chercher, fouille dans son ventre. Rien! Pendant qu'il débite le cheval, la patte dans laquelle est le clou *re*vole un peu plus loin et reste là. Cherchant partout ailleurs, le sultan oublie la patte. Sept heures sonnent, il faut abandonner. Regardant les restes du cheval, il dit: "C'est terrible, tuer ce cheval et de le laisser en miettes, sans réussir à trouver son maître. Je vas me faire tailler, c'est sûr! Je crois que je vas attraper mon lardon." Bien en peine, il prend le chemin du château. "Après tout, il pense, je le paierai si cher qu'il s'en consolera, et je le ferai mourir avant qu'il puisse partir."

La patte du cheval dans laquelle est Petit-Jean se secoue, *houp!* le cheval se relève, se remue, aussi bien *comme* auparavant; et, en retombant sur ses pieds, Petit-Jean part pour le château. Le sultan demande: "Où vous êtes-vous donc caché?" — "Mais où voulez-vous que je me cache? Je ne connais pas assez bien la place ici, et je passe toute la journée avec votre princesse. Quand même j'essaierais, je ne pourrais point." — "Vous étiez toujours quelque part." Petit-Jean répète ce que le petit cheval lui a conseillé de dire: "Vous savez bien, ici, dans votre château, où est la chambre de votre princesse? Vous n'en êtes pas ignorant; elle est *à ras* la vôtre. Je suis venu lui faire visite avant de déjeuner." La princesse aimait bien trop Petit-Jean pour dire non. Le sultan dit: "Bien, voyez donc! ça fait exprès; il n'y a rien que là que je ne suis pas venu voir." — "Si vous ne m'avez pas trouvé, ce n'est ma faute. Je n'étais pas pour crier ou frapper sur le mur pour vous en avertir." — "Vous avez gagné vos trois cachettes, c'est bien clair. Demain matin, ce sera *à* mon tour de me cacher." Petit-Jean répond: "Ça ne sera pas aisé pour moi de vous trouver. Vous connaissez bien tous les secrets du château. Je serai aussi bien de ne pas essayer de vous trouver." — "Il faut que vous me trouviez. Sinon vous n'aurez ma fille en mariage et vous mourrez." — "Si je la gagne, vous me la donnerez pour épouse?" — "Bien sûr! le dédit en est fait. Pour la gagner, il faut que vous me trouviez chacune des trois fois que je me cacherai." — "C'est bon! j'essaierai."

Après avoir passé la journée avec la princesse, comme toujours, Petit-Jean va, le soir, soigner son petit cheval vert. "Tiens! dit le cheval, c'est à son tour à se cacher, demain matin. Viens me soigner *pareil*. Tu l'as disputé, je suppose, parce qu'il m'avait tué?" — "Ah oui! je lui ai parlé comme tu m'as dit de le faire." — "Tu lui as dit que s'il touchait encore à ton cheval, il aurait connaissance de toi?" — "Je le lui ai bien fait comprendre."

Le lendemain matin, Petit-Jean revient à l'écurie, à la même heure que d'habitude. Le grand sultan était déjà caché. "Le sultan a pensé à son affaire, dit le petit cheval; il est bien caché. Laisse-le attendre; tu n'auras pas de misère à le trouver." — "*C'que* je vas le prendre?" — "Il ne sera pas mal'*isé* à prendre. Tiens! il est dans son jardin. Va donc demander à la princesse de venir faire un tour au jardin avec toi. Elle sera bien contente d'accepter. Apporte-toi un petit bout de bon fil à saumon, et attaches-y un *ain*.[1] Cache tout ça dans ta poche. Promène-toi dans les allées du jardin, toi et la princesse. Quand elle demandera: 'Vous ne cherchez pas mon père? Le temps passe. Vous savez bien que si vous perdez avec lui, il ne peut pas se faire de mariage, rien!' Tu lui montreras que rien ne presse. Avant sept heures, dans le trou d'eau, le long de l'allée, tu pêcheras et tu verras."

Petit-Jean part, amène la princesse au jardin, où ils se mettent à se promener *d'un bord et de l'autre*, au milieu d'arbres remplis de beaux fruits. Quand la princesse voit le temps s'en aller, elle dit: "Vous ne cherchez donc pas mon père?" — "Où voulez-vous que je le cherche, moi? Je ne pourrais jamais savoir où il s'est caché. Lui, il connaît tous les endroits et moi je ne fais qu'arriver, je suis un étranger." — "Ah! cherchez-le, toujours. Vous n'avez pas l'air pressé." — "La princesse, je chercherai *betôt*." Passant contre un trou où l'on a pris de la terre forte pour arranger les carrés dans le jardin, il regarde. C'est plein d'eau, et joliment grand. Il dit: "Princesse, regardez donc ce trou." — "Eh oui! c'est un trou, je le vois bien. Mais ce n'est pas ici que vous cherchez mon père?" — "Votre père, je ne le cherche pas, non plus. Il doit y avoir du poisson, dans ce trou." — "Ah, elle dit, non! Vous voyez bien qu'il ne peut pas y avoir de poisson. C'est de l'eau brouillée, vaseuse." — "Mais, c'est encore curieux! Qu'est-ce que je vois là, comme ça? Ça s'adonne bien; j'ai un *ain*, un petit bout de ligne. Je vas essayer." — "Ah! ne faites donc pas d'extravagances. A quoi ça sert-il?" Petit-Jean répond: "Regardons, toujours!" Prend son *ain*, sa petite ligne. Comme il jette l'ain à l'eau, le poisson mord; *pouf!* il est pris, sorti de l'eau. Le sultan, c'était lui, retombe sur ses pieds, en disant: "Vous m'avez pris!" — le sultan s'était mis en poisson. "Ah! il dit, vous m'avez pris!"

[1] Hameçon.

Petit-Jean *fait semblant* d'en être surpris. "Je n'aurais jamais cru que vous, le grand sultan, étiez dans ce trou d'eau sale. Quand vous êtes venu mordre, bien sûr, je vous ai pris. Je n'aurais pas pu faire autrement." — "Bien! répète le sultan, vous m'avez donc trouvé."

Ils s'en vont ensemble au château, où le sultan a la plus belle façon. "Ah! il se dit, je me reprendrai bien; il ne me trouvera pas toujours." Petit-Jean passe toute la journée avec la princesse, *tout ça.*[1] Vers le soir, Petit-Jean dit: "Il est temps d'aller se coucher *bien vite.*"[2] — "Demain matin, dit le sultan, je me cacherai encore. Il faut que vous me trouviez absolument, ou vous n'aurez pas ma fille." — "C'est bon! j'essaierai bien, mais que voulez-vous? Si vous vous cachez, je ne vous trouverai pas. Qu'est-ce que je connais ici?" — "Ça, c'est un dédit qui est fait. Il faut y passer, ou vous êtes perdu, vous m'appartenez."

Petit-Jean s'en va voir son petit cheval vert, comme c'est bien entendu. Après souper, le cheval dit: "Reviens demain matin, pour que te dise où il doit se cacher."

Après avoir passé une bonne nuit au château, le jeune homme revient à l'écurie, soigner le cheval, qui dit: "L'heure arrive où il faut que tu commences à chercher le sultan. Il va se cacher — je vas te le dire — dans son jardin. Tu feras encore *semblant de* rien, en t'y promenant, comme hier, avec la princesse. Tu regarderas partout; tu voyageras d'un *bord* et de l'autre. Tout près de l'entrée, tu verras un petit pommier, où il y a une pomme plus rouge que les autres, *envers* l'entrée. Casse-là et . . . ne crains pas!" — "C'est bon!"

Petit-Jean s'en va chercher la princesse pour une promenade dans le jardin. "Ah oui!" dit la princesse, qui est bien contente — elle l'aime, il *n'y a pas de soin!* En entrant dans le jardin, la première chose qu'il voit, c'est cette pomme plus rouge que les autres, dans le petit pommier. Il se dit: "Je vois bien que c'est *ct'elle*-là. Ah! laissons faire, je la retrouverai bien!" Il fait *naître de rien*[3] qu'il cherche et regarde partout. Après s'être promené dans le jardin, quand sept heures arrive, la princesse dit: "Vous ne cherchez pas mon père? Si vous ne le trouvez pas, vous êtes fini; point de mariage! Mon père va vous ensorceller en souhaitant. Vous savez que c'est le grand sultan." — "Mais où voulez-vous que j'aille le chercher? C'est perdre mon temps pour rien." En allant sortir du jardin, ils passent *à ras le* petit pommier: "Mademoiselle, vous ne mangeriez pas une belle pomme." — "Ah! j'en mange *ben manque*[4] *de* pommes."

[1] Locution souvent employée par beaucoup de personnes, dans le sens de "et ainsi de suite."

[2] Dans le sens de "sous peu," "bientôt."

[3] Dans le sens de "il ne fait pas connaître," "il feint de ne pas."

[4] Beaucoup.

— "En voici une petite, bien rouge. Je vas vous la donner." Sachant bien que c'est là son père, elle veut dire "Non!" Mais comme Petit-Jean casse la pomme, le grand sultan se trouve debout devant lui. "*Sacréyél* il dit, vous m'avez encore trouvé." Petit-Jean répond: "C'est vous qui m'avez trouvé; ça sert à rien de vous chercher ici, et je n'ai pas essayé." — "Vous êtes bon; vous m'avez trouvé, *pareil.* Je pense que vous allez gagner ma princesse." — "Si je la gagne, je serai bien content; c'est mon désir de la gagner."

Passe encore la journée avec la princesse. Ils se promènent et font des *complots* toute la journée.

Le soir arrivé, le sultan dit: "C'est votre dernier soir à coucher au château. Je me cache demain matin, et si vous ne me trouvez pas, cette fois, vous êtes bien certain que ça n'ira pas plus loin. Je ferai ce que je voudrai de vous et de votre cheval vert, et vous n'aurez jamais ma princesse." — "Enfin, c'est bien, mais je sais bien que je ne vous trouverai pas."

Petit-Jean s'en va voir son petit cheval, qui dit: "Viens encore de bonne heure, demain matin, me donner mon déjeuner; et je te dirai quelque chose."

Comme de vrai, en se levant, le lendemain matin, il s'en va à l'écurie: "Tiens! tu viens me porter mon déjeuner?" — "Oui!" il répond; et il lui donne une pinte de vin et une poignée de biscuits. "Ecoute! dit le cheval vert, c'est encore dans son jardin que se cache le sultan, aujourd'hui. Il essaie de te prendre sur un autre *bord.* Tu demanderas à la princesse de venir encore se promener avec toi. En rouvrant la barrière, regarde; il y a un rosier, un beau rosier, tout chargé de roses *dépareillées.*[1] Tu y verras une rose plus belle et un peu plus rouge que les autres; ce sera lui. Tu la casseras. Il n'y a pas de presse, mais prends garde de laisser passer sept heures." — "C'est bon!" — "Et trompe-*toi* pas!" — "Ah! il n'y a pas de danger."

Ça manque pas, le matin, Petit-Jean s'en va voir la princesse. Il ne sortait plus du château. La princesse commence à dire: "Mais vous ne cherchez donc pas mon père, ce matin? L'heure s'en va et, vous savez, il ne badine pas, lui. Quand il donne une parole, c'est fait. Si vous dépassez l'heure, vous êtes morts, vous, votre cheval, et tout ce qu'il y en a." — "Belle princesse, où voulez-vous que je le cherche? Allons donc faire une petite marche dans le jardin. Après ça, nous le chercherons un peu." Ils vont ici et là, dans le jardin. La princesse dit: "C'est terrible! Vous ne cherchez pas mon père. Allez donc! allez donc! Vous êtes fini et moi aussi, je crois bien." — "Je le veux bien, mais où voulez-vous que je le cherche?" — "Cherchez-le où vous voudrez. Je ne le sais pas, moi, où il est; mais cherchez-le!" — "C'est bien, *on va* le chercher, *voir* si on *pour-*

[1] Belles sans pareilles.

rait." En allant vers la barrière du jardin, il avise le petit rosier où c'étaient les plus belles roses qu'il peut y avoir. "Ah, les belles roses! il dit; regardez donc! il y en a une qui est belle, c'est terrible, plus belle et un peu plus rouge que les autres." — "Venez donc chercher mon père; il est presque sept heures." — "Ah! j'ai bien le temps. Mademoiselle, voulez-vous une belle rose? Regardez comme elle est jolie." Elle reconnait bien la rose, mais elle ne dit rien. "*Il n'y a pas moyen*, il faut que je vous la donne; elle est pour vous." Elle répond: "Il y en a *ben manque*, des roses." Il s'allonge le bras, casse la rose. Voilà encore le sultan debout devant lui. "Ah mais! vous m'avez trouvé." — "Je vous 'ai toujours dans les jambes,' sans essayer de vous chercher. Comment savoir, moi, où vous vous cachez?" — "C'est bien, vous avez gagné ma princesse et vous êtes fameux. Le mariage va se faire; on va arranger ça."

Après ça, c'en est fini des cachettes à faire. Petit-Jean est tranquille; il s'amuse encore mieux. S'en allant soigner son petit cheval, le soir: "Tu as une autre chose à faire, ce soir, dit le cheval. C'est la troisième journée que tu es ici, et tu te maries à la princesse. Quand vous serez couchés, le grand sultan attendra que vous soyez endormis. Il montra avec son grand *sable*,[1] et il vous tranchera le cou, (à) tous les deux. Il veut se débarrasser de vous autres." — "Oui? *Créyél*" — "Tu as besoin de faire le quart. Je te vas dire ce que tu dois faire. La princesse aime bien à jouer au trut.[2] Rendus dans votre chambre, au deuxième étage, vous jouerez aux cartes; avant de vous coucher, vous jouerez au trut. En bas, le sultan aura bien hâte que vous soyez endormis. Ça va l'embêter, si vous prenez du temps à vous coucher. Mais faites *naître de rien*. Jouez au trut, hourra! Prends ces deux belles fèves que je te donne. Faut pas que tu en aies peur; je sais que tu ne t'affraie de rien. Quand vous serez fatigués, joliment tard, tu prendras tes fèves, et, en les mettant sur le poèle chaud, tu leur diras: 'Jouez au trut!' Une criera: 'Trut!' et l'autre répondra: 'Joue, trut, joue!' La princesse te verra faire; mais ne la crains pas; elle t'aime, *à'ct'heure* elle ne te trigaudera pas. Après ça, tu regarderas ce que tu n'as pas encore vu: la cage de l'oiseau d'or *félix*, qui est pendue justement au-dessus du chassis de votre chambre (nuptiale). La cage est *accrochetée sur* un gros clou d'or. Tu y apercevras l'oiseau malade, qui dort. Quand tu verras que c'est le temps de partir — il faut que vous vous sauviez, tous les deux — tu ouvriras l'*ouverture* du chassis; tu prendras la princesse par le bras, et tu l'amèneras à la fenêtre. En passant, décroche le cage de l'oiseau d'or *félix*, et saute *'aut-en-bas* par le chassis ouvert. N'échappe rien." Petit-Jean dit: "Mais, mais! c'est haut. *On* va bien se tuer." —

[1] Sabre.

[2] Jeu aux cartes.

"N'aie pas peur; je serai là, au-dessous du chassis, pour vous recevoir. Une fois à cheval, pique de l'éperon, par exemple. Sois vif!"

Tout se passe, au château, comme le petit cheval l'a dit. Le soir, dans leur chambre, les nouveaux époux jouent aux cartes, une *secousse*. Après les cartes, c'est le trut. Ils jouent longtemps; ils aimaient ça, ce jeu-là. Le grand sultan, qui est là, accoté dans le pied de l'escalier, est fâché; il dit: "Ils ne sont pas encore couchés. C'est curieux, des jeunes mariés! . . . Ils ne vont pas attendre le matin, toujours?"

A l'heure fixée par son cheval, Petit-Jean prend ses fèves, les met toutes les deux sur le poèle, et s'en va trouver sa princesse. Bien réchauffées, les féves se mettent à sauter. Une crie: "Trut!" L'autre répond: "Joue!" Et elles sautillent de même, en branlant. Ça les chauffe! Tout de suite, Petit-Jean prend la princesse par le bras et il dit: "Ho! il est temps de se sauver." — "Ah, mon Dieu! elle dit, que j'ai peur de sauter comme ça, par le chassis. Nous allons nous tuer." — "Ne crains pas! c'est moi qui te le dis. Si tu as à mourir ici, de la main de ton père, ce n'est pas mieux. C'est toujours la même mort." — "Comme tu voudras." En passant contre la cage, Petit-Jean voit l'oiseau d'or *félix*, qui a l'air bien malade, bien piteux. Décroche la cage, et s'approche au bord de la fenêtre. Seigneur, que c'est haut! Au pied, il voit son cheval. "Mon Dieu! il pense, faut savoir si nous allons tomber dessus." Saute en tenant sa femme et la cage bien serrés. Tombe assis sur le cheval, comme sur une belle chaise bourrée. L'oiseau, dans la cage, part à crier; il crie, il crie, c'est terrible, ce qu'il crie — ça faisait bien longtemps qu'il n'avait pas crié. "*Bonté!* dit Petit-Jean, nous sommes finis." Faut *ben crère* que ça excite le grand sultan, d'entendre son oiseau d'or *félix*. "Qu'est-ce qu'il y a?" Ils sont partis, la cage et l'oiseau aussi; le sultan ne prend pas de temps à s'en apercevoir.

Pendant que Petit-Jean fuit à toute vitesse, il voit arriver derrière lui, *après* ses trousses, toutes les bêtes, les mauvaises bêtes féroces qu'il a vues dans le grand clos. Comme elles en *re*gagnent sur lui, le petit cheval crie: "Pique, Petit-Jean! pique, Petit-Jean! ne ménage pas." Il pique, et ça passe comme le vent. Mais les bêtes vont aussi vite, le gueule ouverte pour le saisir.

Avant d'arriver à la grande rivière qu'ils avaient encore à traverser, le petit cheval crie: "Pique, Petit-Jean! pique de l'éperon." Petit-Jean pique, on peut bien croire! Le cheval s'en va sauter les quatre pattes ensemble sur le bord de la rivière, en disant: "Pique!" *Hop!* il s'envoie d'un bord à l'autre bord de la rivière. Tiens! l'oiseau ne crie plus, une fois la rivière passée. Il a l'air caduc; il a l'air quasiment mort. "*A'ct'heure*, dit le cheval, doucement! Abandonne de me piquer; nous sommes sauvés, mais nous n'en avons pas eu de reste."

Tous les animaux sont arrêtés de l'autre côté de la rivière incapables de passer.

Bien content de son petit cheval vert, Petit-Jean revient tout droit au château où il l'a pris. Rendu, il s'en va le mettre dans son écurie; puis, il s'en revient au château, où il reste plusieurs jours, tranquille, avec sa princesse. Toujours là, la bonne-femme, bien contente, les sert comme il faut. Petit-Jean, à tous les repas, va soigner son petit cheval avec le plus grand soin, on peut bien le croire! Ça se passe de même.

Quand il est tanné, il dit: "*A'ct'heure*, nous allons gagner à la caverne." Il ne faut pas oublier qu'il avait promis à ses frères de revenir au bout d'un an et un jour, s'il était encore vivant. L'an et un jour n'étaient pas encore tout à fait écoulés; mais ses frères venaient tous les jours sur le bord du trou où il s'était enfoncé. Ils voyaient bien que leur frère n'était pas arrivé, car la clochette ne sonnait pas et personne ne touchait à la corde qu'ils faisaient descendre à toute sa longueur. S'en retournant, le lendemain, ils revenaient, ils revenaient toujours.

Une bonne fois, Petit-Jean dit: "Le temps est venu; je m'en vas chez[1] mon père." Emportant la cage et l'oiseau, ils partent tous ensemble, lui, la princesse du grand sultan, et les trois autres princesses qu'il a délivrées.

Ils entrent à la caverne, arrivent au panier. En sonnant la cloche, Petit-Jean se demande: "*A'ct'heure*, comment arranger ça?" Oui! il voit qu'il y a du monde, en haut. "Ah! il dit, oui; ils y sont." Il y avait donc quatre princesses en tout à ramener avec lui. Après avoir hésité un peu, il dit: "Je sais laquelle je vas envoyer devant les autres. Il y a toujours pas de presse. Faisant embarquer dans le panier la première princesse qu'il a délivrée, il sonne la cloche. Et tous les frères, en haut, se mettent à *hâler*, *hâlent*, *hâlent*, *hâlent*. Quand ils aperçoient, au bord du trou, cette belle princesse assise dans le panier, mon Dieu! il y en a un qui dit: "C'est à moi, celle-là. Je la garde pour en faire ma femme." Les frères veulent se chicaner, se battre. La princesse dit: "Accordez-vous donc; ne battez-vous donc pas. J'ai encore une de mes sœurs, en bas, qui est bien plus belle que moi; et elle doit monter." — "Ah bien! ils disent, c'est encore mieux, *on* va *hâler* l'autre." Ils jettent le panier en bas. L'autre princesse *embarque*, et elle monte comme l'autre. Quand elle est rendue en haut, la chicane reprend entre les frères: "Qui est-ce qui va avoir *ct'elle*-là?" — "C'est pour moi!" — "Ne vous chicanez donc pas. *Pou'qua*[2] *faire de* vous chicaner? J'ai une de mes sœurs en bas, qui est sept fois plus belle que moi." — "Ah! ils répondent,

[1] Hovington disait: " . . . *sur* mon père."

[2] Pourquoi faire.

nous choisirons." Renvoient le panier où, en bas, se place une autre princesse. Ils en font encore autant.

S'apercevant qu'il ne doit rester que Petit-Jean et sa cage en bas, ils se préparent à partir: "Mais, mais, mais! ça ne ferait pas; il faut toujours bien remonter l'oiseau." La dernière princesse dit: "J'ai une de mes sœurs en bas et qui est bien plus belle que moi." Renvoient le panier. Une fois le panier redescendu, Petit-Jean, sans y penser *sur* le moment, met l'oiseau dedans. "Mais, il se dit, ça ne fera pas; il me faut tout envoyer avant l'oiseau." Il y met sa princesse, la fille du grand sultan, et il sonne la cloche. Ah bien *bonté!* quand les frères, en haut, la voient arriver, ils pensent: "C'est un ange de beauté," tellement ils la trouvent belle. En disant: "Montons l'oiseau aussi," ils font redescendre le panier. *Comme* de vrai, il faut bien que Petit-Jean envoie l'oiseau le premier, parce qu'ils ne peuvent pas monter deux à la fois, et il n'est pas question de laisser l'oiseau en bas, le dernier. Il le met donc dans le panier, sonne la clochette. L'oiseau monte. Les frères, en haut, disent: "Ah, voici la cage et l'oiseau." Seigneur! l'oiseau est caduc, il ne grouille pas, il ne chante pas, il ne fait aucun signe de vie. Il est comme endormi, mort. Les princes disent: "C'est égal, *on* va l'amener, toujours." Il y en a qui disent: "Nous ne laisserons pas Petit-Jean en bas?" Les princesses répondent: "Non, non!" Renvoient le panier. "Tiens! ils disent, jouons lui un tour. Si nous le montons, il va se choisir la plus belle princesse, et c'est lui qui héritera de la couronne de notre père, de la cage et de l'oiseau. C'est impossible! Tiens, il faut le faire tuer. Montons-le un peu, et de là nous le ferons tomber." Tous les frères sont consentants; ils veulent se débarrasser de Petit-Jean. Se tenant un peu plus loin, prêtes à partir, les princesses ne s'aperçoivent pas de ce qui se passe. Petit-Jean se place dans le panier, sonne la clochette et il commence à monter, il monte. Quand il est à peu près à la moitié de la hauteur, ses frères se disent: "Bon! il est assez haut. S'il retombe au fond, il n'aura plus l'idée de remonter." Un d'eux coupe l'*amarre*. On peut *ben crère* qui lui, dans le panier, *si* il descendait! Culbute *par su* culbute. . . Il arrive en bas quasiment mort.

Toujours *qu*'il est là, éntendu à terre, au fond de la caverne, à la noirceur. "Ils m'ont trigaudé. Il y a quelque chose qui va mal; mais c'est égal." La bonne-femme, qui a entendu le *bordât*,[1] s'en vient voir, au pied de la caverne. Elle voit Petit-Jean à bout de souffle. Ah, mon Dieu! elle le pogne vitement, en disant: "Je m'en doutais bien, que ça arriverait; c'est bien arrivé!" Elle le prend, l'amène, le couche d[ans] un beau lit, dans son lit de coutume. Elle le soigne avec toutes sortes d'onguents et de remèdes, pour le guérir. Dans le *temps de rien*, le voilà revenu.

[1] Bruit, remue-ménage; dérivé de l'anglais "bother." (?)

Une fois qu'il est bien, il se demande ce qu'il va faire pour remonter. Il n'y a plus d'*amarre*, ni de panier, pour remonter. "Faut que je reste ici. C'est la seule affaire."

Il continue à vivre avec la bonne-femme. Il n'est pas si mal, puisqu'il a de quoi boire et manger. Mais, ce qui manque, c'est qu'il ne peut pas sortir, aller trouver sa princesse.

Pas mal longtemps après, il commence à s'ennuyer. En s'approchant, la vieille lui dit: "Vous avez l'air à vous ennuyer terriblement." Il répond: "Oui, je m'ennuie, *certain*. Ça fait longtemps que je suis ici, tout seul, *point rien* pour aller parmi le monde."

Il part et il s'en va voir son petit cheval vert, qui, en le voyant entrer, commence à hennir un peu. Après lui avoir donné à manger, il le peigne et il le *trime*[1] *comm' i' faut*. . Le petit cheval dit: "Tu m'as rendu un bon service; tu m'as soigné *à la* perfection. Mais, à présent, il faut que tu me fasses un bienfait, Petit-Jean." — "S'il y a moyen, répond Petit-Jean, je te rendrai tout ce que je pourrai." — "Tiens, il dit, prends ton sabre et coupe moi les deux jambes, les deux bras. Après ça, laisse-moi tomber sans *virer* la tête pour regarder. Ne regarde pas comment *c'que* je me *trime*. Tu sortiras tout de suite et tu t'en iras au château." — "*Créyé!* Petit-Jean dit, non! Il n'y a pas de danger, tu m'as trop rendu de services. Nous mourrons tous les deux plutôt. C'est à croire. . . !" — "Il le faut, il le faut absolument. Si tu ne le fais pas, ça ne sera point bien." — "*Badame!* si tu y tiens. . . Mais c'est terrible comme tu me fais de la peine. Après m'avoir sauvé la vie plusieurs fois et m'avoir tout fait gagner, tu veux que je te tue." — "Oui, fais ce que je t'ai dit. Il n'y a pas d'autre moyen." — "C'est décidé." — "Mais, par exemple, ne regarde pas derrière toi, je t'en avertis. Quand tu auras coupé mes quatre membres, tu *vireras* le dos. Sauve-toi au château, pour ne revenir qu'un peu plus tard." Ça lui coûte bien, mais il finit par tout promettre. Décidé, il prend son sabre,[2] s'avance vers son petit cheval. Puis . . . ça lui coûte, mon *Dou!* "Frappe, dit le cheval, ne crains pas; n'aie pas peur, tu ne me feras pas grand mal. Je te demande de faire cet ouvrage et je ne me mettrai pas en défence *avec* toi." Toujours qu'il se résout, coupe les deux bras, coupe les deux jambes. Le cheval tombe à-bas, comme de raison, et il se met à se débattre. Petit-Jean, lui, fait comme il doit faire. *Revirant de bord*, il sort de l'étable à la course, et il s'en va au château. Ça *l'occupe*. Au bout d'une *escousse*, il veut aller voir ce que devenait le cheval. Il se dit: "Il est toujours bien mort. Je vas aller le porter ailleurs, l'enterrer avec soin. Il vaut bien ça, et il ne faut pas le laisser pourrir dans l'écurie."

[1] Anglicisme.

[2] Toujours prononcé "*sable*."

Le voilà qui part. Tout à coup il voit venir *envers* lui un beau monsieur. "Qu'est-ce que c'est ça? dit Petit-Jean; il y a encore du monde, ici? D'où vient cet homme? S'il veut faire des *gestes*, j'ai mon sabre." S'approchant, il le salue: "Bonjour, monsieur!" — "Bonjour, monsieur!" — "Mais d'où venez-vous donc? Il y a longtemps que je suis ici, et je n'ai encore vu d'autre être vivant que la vieille sorcière, qui ne m'a pas non plus averti de votre présence." — "Elle ne vous l'a pas dit parce qu'elle n'en sait rien. Si vous dites que vous ne m'avez pas vu, vous vous trompez bien. Vous m'avez vu plus[1] souvent que vous le pensez." — "Je vous dis que non; je ne vous ai jamais vu." — "N'aviez-vous pas un cheval? Bien, il dit, c'est moi." C'était son cheval vert qui s'était reformé en monsieur, après avoir été longtemps métamorphosé. "Vous m'avez délivré; et le seul moyen d'y arriver, c'était de me couper les membres comme vous l'avez fait." — "Ah! que j'en suis content, bien content!" dit Petit-Jean. Le cheval reprend: "Mais vous avez été trigaudé par vos frères, et vous voulez sortir de ce monde-ci, je le sais." — "Oui, c'est bien vrai, j'ai été trigaudé et je ne peux plus trouver le tour de remonter sur la terre." — "Moi, je suis un homme comme vous, après avoir été longtemps changé en cheval. A présent, j'ai mon idée. Restez avec moi pendant quelque temps, et quand le moment sera venu, nous chercherons ensemble un moyen pour vous faire remonter. Vos frères sont terribles *de* vous avoir fait un coup comme ça. Je ne comprends pas pourquoi. Dans tous les cas, si vous voulez me promettre de ne point leur faire de dommage, — vous pourrez seulement les punir un peu, — je trouverai bien un moyen de vous aider." — "Ah! je vous le promets bien, et je serai content de retourner dans mon pays."

Petit-Jean reste là pendant quelques jours. Un bon matin, son ami, le bel étranger, lui dit: "A présent, nous allons nous *grèyer* pour vous monter sur la terre. C'est pas mal difficile; voyez-vous, la vieille qui reste ici est une sorcière. Il faut qu'elle disparaisse d'ici." Petit-Jean répond: "*Créyé!* elle m'a rendu des bons services." — "Ça ne fait rien." — "Elle m'a bien rendu service; et je ne peux pas l'oublier." — "N'oubliez pas qu'une fée a tous les tours, tous les moyens pour ensorceler. Elle est vieille, mais elle peut encore vous faire sortir de la caverne, si elle veut. Prenez-en ma parole. Allez lui demander de le faire."

S'approchant de la vieille fée, Petit-Jean dit: "J'ai une chose à vous proposer, ma grand'mère. *Ce n'est pas ca*,[2] faut que vous me montiez au haut de la caverne." — "Comment veux-tu que je te monte là-haut? Je n'ai pas de griffes; je ne suis pas un chat, ni un

[1] Toujours prononcé *pu*.

[2] Il n'y a pas à dire.

oiseau. Il n'y a pas moyen, je ne peux pas te porter sur mon dos." — "Ah! vous me porteriez bien, si vous vouliez. Vous allez vous *appareiller* et venir me porter au bord du trou. Si vous refusez, je vous coupe le cou." Il avait bien fait de prendre son sabre, car il ne savait pas à qui il avait affaire. Quand elle se voit menacée, elle dit: "Je vas essayer; mais je ne promets pas de vous rendre. Je suis trop vieille." — "Si vous voulez me rendre vous le pouvez. Autrement ça sera de votre faute."

Aussitôt que Petit-Jean *embarque* sur son dos, elle part. Dans la grotte, elle commence à monter en *graffignant*[1] les murs, comme le fait un écureuil. Elle ne monte pas fort, on peut bien croire, avec Petit-Jean sur son dos. Quand ils sont sur le point d'arriver en haut, elle se plaint: "Mon Dieu! je ne peux pas aller plus loin, je suis trop fatiguée; *on* va tomber, *on* va tomber." — "Ah, ma vieille *bigrèse*, si tu ne me rends pas au bord, *appareille*-toi, tu vas mourir. Tu es comme mes frères; tu me rends a moitié chemin et tu veux me laisser tomber pour te débarrasser de moi. Mais tu ne réussiras pas. Travaille encore!" Elle recommence à gratter, gratte. Enfin, Petit-Jean réussit à se mettre les mains sur le bord du trou. Après les mains viennent les pieds; voilà Petit-Jean sorti. "Bonne-femme, il dit, rien ne me retient de [ne] pas te couper le cou pour avoir voulu me trahir. Mais vas-t'en comme tu le voudras, parce que tu m'as rendu bien des services." Ce que sont devenus la vieille et le beau monsieur si longtemps transformé en cheval vert, je ne pourrais pas vous le dire.

Quant à Petit-Jean, lui, il se dit: "Il faut que j'aille voir où sont mes frères. Je suis bien sûr qu'ils sont mariés. S'ils peuvent avoir pris la mienne! . ."

Comme il entre au château du roi, son père, ses frères l'aperçoivent. "Mon Dieu! ils crient, voilà Petit-Jean. *Quand on pense!*" Le vieux roi, qui les entend, répond: "Mais vous m'aviez dit qu'il était mort." — "Nous le pensions bien mort, soyez en sûr. La corde a cassé et le panier a disparu avec Petit-Jean." — "Vous auriez bien dû m'en avertir et mettre un autre panier," — ils mentaient, les *bons riens!*[2] Quand les princesses le voient arriver, elles sont contentes, on n'en parle pas! C'est un bonjour! Petit-Jean entre au salon du roi, où la cage de l'oiseau d'or *félix* est suspendu. Si vous aviez vu l'oiseau! Lui qui, depuis son arrivée, est toujours triste, caduc, malade au point d'en mourir, en voyant paraître Petit-Jean, il commence à chanter, à chanter, à turluter, à parler; enfin, c'était un oiseau de vérité!

Le roi dit: "Tes frères te pensaient morts, mais moi, j'espérais encore te voir revenir." Petit-Jean raconte la trahison de ses frères, qui

[1] Pour *égratignant*.

[2] Contraction de "bons à rien."

voulaient tous avoir la plus belle princesse pour femme. Ici, l'oiseau d'or *félix* fait son trille, le plus beau qu'on ait jamais entendu. Ce trille voulait dire quelque chose que tous ont compris. Petit-Jean déclare: "Je ne veux pas tirer vengeance de mes frères; c'est une promesse que j'ai faite." Bien qu'il soit vieux, le roi ne dédaigne pas les belles princesses. Comme il est veuf, il ne refuse pas pour lui-même la plus âgée des princesses. Aux deux princes reviennent ses deux sœurs; et à Petit-Jean, la fille du grand sultan, la plus belle de toutes.

Petit-Jean ne tarda pas à avoir la couronne de son père. Il paraît que c'est là ce que l'oiseau d'or *félix* avait demandé, dans son trille.

87. LE RUBAN BLEU.[1]

C'était une veuve qui n'avait qu'un petit garçon, Petit-Jean; pauvre comme la gale. Le petit garçon, âgé, je suppose, de quatorze ans, était *feluette*, maigre; il ne pesait pas trente livres.

Ils s'étaient bâti une petite maison *à* travers des gros *habitants* riches. Par pitié pour la veuve, les *habitants* lui faisaient filer de la laine, de la filasse, à l'année. Elle vivait donc *avec* son *rouette;* et si elle n'avait pas toujours ce qu'elle voulait avoir, elle se tirait toujours d'affaire.

Un jour qu'elle était *après* filer comme de coutume, il lui vint une idée. En tâtant un paquet de laine de trois ou quatre livres, qu'on lui avait donnée à filer, elle se dit: "Si j'en volais un peu ici et là, je vivrais mieux." Elle commença par prendre un demi-quarteron. D'une affaire à l'autre, elle vint à prendre un quarteron de tout le monde. [A la fin] elle prenait une demi-livre.

Les *habitants* se sont aperçus que la veuve les volait. Ils ont dit: "Oui? Tu nous voles? *D'abord que* tu nous voles, [nous allons] abandonner de te faire filer. Tu apprendras à mieux faire."

En perdant son gagne-pain, comme de raison, monsieur, *ça* été la misère *tu suite*[2] — elle n'avait pas d'*avances*. Elle dit à son petit garçon: "Il faut que tu quêtes." Il répond: "Je quêterai bien."

Le lendemain matin, elle lui donne un petit sac pour ramasser de la fleur,[3] et une petite chaudière pour ramasser du beurre ou bien de la graisse. Avant de partir, il demande: "Comment *c'qu*'on dit?" Elle répond: "Tu demanderas la charité pour l'amour du bon Dieu." *Ça fait qu*'il part nu-pieds, nu-tête, et il arrive chez le premier voisin. Il demande la charité pour l'amour du bon Dieu. La femme le prend par le bras, ouvre la porte et le jette dehors en lui donnant un coup de pied au derrière. "Va, petit voleur de laine, pareil à ta mère."

[1] Raconté par Jean Bouchard, en juillet 1916, au village des Eboulements (Charlevoix). M. Bouchard naquit aux Eboulements, en 1855.

[2] Tout de suite.

[3] Fleur de farine.

Pour piquer au plus court, il passe chez tous les *habitants*, dans le village, et il revint chez sa mère avec rien. Ils l'avaient tous reçu de la même manière. Sa mère dit: "Tu n'as pas été quêter?" — "Mais, il demande, c'est-*i* toujours de même quand on quête: un coup de pied au derrière, 'Va-t'en, petit voleur de laine, pareil à ta mère'?"

La bonne-femme comprend bien ce que ça veut dire. Elle dit: "Mon petit garçon, il faut *laisser* la place."

Le soir, elle prend un peu de fleur qui lui reste, le détrempe avec de l'eau, et en fait six galettes. Les galettes n'étaient pas bien bonnes.

Ils partent, monsieur, le lendemain matin. En partant, elle dit à son petit garçon: "Petit-Jean, on va faire une promesse avant de partir: C'est de ne pas prendre un [sou] [1] à qui que ce soit." Il prennent la forêt et ils marchent.

Ça faisait trois jours qu'ils marchaient dans cette grand' forêt, comme ça, Petit-Jean par-devant, et la bonne-femme, par derrière. Tout à coup un bout de ruban bleu barre le chemin à Petit-Jean, à peu près d'un pouce de *large* et d'une brasse de *long*. Il part pour le ramasser. "Laisse-le là, lui dit sa mère, tu sais bien la promesse que nous avons faite avant de partir; de ne pas prendre un sou à qui que ce soit."

Il dit: "Oui, ma mère! mais vous savez bien que si je ne le ramasse pas, jamais on ne le retrouvera. Ça fait trois jours que nous marchons dans ce bois." — "N'importe! laisse-le, toujours." Petit-Jean lâche le ruban. Mais il avait le bout de ruban sur le cœur.

Quelques arpents plus loin, il dit: "Je ne sais pas ce qui me prend là. J'ai mal dans le corps, un affaire épouvantable! Marchez toujours. Je vous rattraperai bien." Fait semblant de se mettre dans une petite talle de branches. Dans un bois, on est *betôt* caché d'une personne. Quand sa mère ne le voit plus, il *revire de bord*, et revient à la course au bout de ruban. Arrivé au bout du ruban, il [se déshabille] et se l'attache autour du corps. Dans ces forêts-là, il y a souvent du gros bois. Petit-Jean se trouve près d'un gros merisier qui aurait bien fait cinq cordes de bois, et dont les racines étaient levées pas moins de deux pieds de terre. En partant, en *dévirant*, Petit-Jean s'accroche *la grosse* orteil dans les racines, crac! renverse le merisier, monsieur! Il part à la course, rattrape sa mère. "Tu as été bien longtemps." — "Ah, il dit, je suis malade; je ne sais pas ce que j'ai. Dans mon corps, c'est une affaire épouvantable." Il prend *le* devant, comme de coutume, et il continue à marcher.

Devers trois heures, dans l'après-midi, ils arrivent dans un *bûché*, où le bois avait été coupé et où les *repoussons* sont [de] la hauteur de la poutre.[2] Petit-Jean dit à sa mère: "*On* n'est pas loin du monde,

[1] Bouchard dit "une *cent*" (angl.)

[2] Prononcé "*poudre*."

ici. *Ça' été bâché* il y a quelques années." Ils avancent encore un peu sur le bord d'une côte. *Dans* le pied de la côte, une petite maison. "Bien, il dit, voilà du monde. *On* va coucher là, *à* soir." *Ça fait* qu'ils descendent la côte, ils arrivent à la petite maison; cognent à la porte, rentrent. Ils aperçoivent, monsieur, un gros géant assis à la porte du poèle. "Bonjour, il dit, gros géant!" Le géant répond: "Bonjour!" — "Est-ce que nous [1] pourrions coucher ici, à soir?" Le gros géant répond: "Ce n'est pas bien commode de coucher ici. *Tant qu'*à moi, il n'y a point de danger; mais j'ai deux garçons qui sont bien féroces. Dans tous les cas, c'est encore moi qui *est* le maître. Vous ferez ce que je vous dirai, et il y a une chance de vous garder. Vous allez souper de bonne heure. Mes garçons arrivent ici *au soleil couché*. Vous rentrerez dans cette chambre et vous coucherez dans ce lit. Il faudra que je couche au bord du lit pour vous garder." Après avoir soupé, *vers le soleil couché*, ils vont se mettre au lit; le vieux géant, lui, se place près de la porte de la chambre.

Au soleil couché, mes deux gars arrivent, monsieur, avec chacun une vache morte sur le dos. Ils [jettent] ça dans la place. "*Cou'don, poupa*, il y a quelque chose ici, *à* soir." — "Je crois qu'il y a quelque chose; mais ce n'est pas pour vous autres." — "Ah, ce n'est pas ça! il y a quelque chose ici, *à* soir." — "Mangez ce que vous avez apporté et allez vous coucher." Ils mangent donc à leur goût, montent en haut et ils se couchent.

Le lendemain matin, *au soleil levé*, mes deux gars partent encore pour la journée. Après leur départ, la bonne-femme se lève, le bonhomme et Petit-Jean aussi. La vieille fait le déjeuner.

Le géant est veuf, la bonne-femme est veuve. Le vieux aime encore les *criétures*, la bonne-femme aime encore les hommes. Ça fait qu'il la demande en mariage, dans la journée. La mère de Petit-Jean dit: "Oui!" Ils se mari*ssent*.

Après ça, il faut bien que les fils du géant endurent leur belle-mère, et leur frère, Petit-Jean. Comme Petit-Jean couche en haut dans la chambre voisine de celle des géants, une nuit, il les entend parler, mais sans pouvoir comprendre ce qu'ils disent. Se mettant à chercher dans la cloison, il trouve un trou de nœud. C'est là qu'il se colle l'oreille, pour écouter. Un géant dit à l'autre: "Demain, il faut aller jouer *de* la balle; il y a longtemps que nous n'avons pas joué." L'autre répond: "Oui, *on ira* jouer *de* la balle." Ils s'endorment là-dessus.

Mes gars se lèvent, le lendemain matin. Après le déjeuner, ils s'en vont jouer *de* la balle. Petit-Jean se lève et prend une bouchée *à la course*, en disant à sa mère: "Je m'en vas les voir jouer." — "Reste ici! tu irais te faire faire mal, là." — "Ah! je ne leur ferai pas de mal,

[1] *On* est le plus souvent employé à la place de *nous*, quand ce pronom joue le rôle de sujet.

quand même *que* j'irai leur voir jouer *de* la balle." Le bonhomme dit: "Ma femme, raconte-moi donc ce qu'il dit là, ton petit garçon." — "Il voudrait aller voir tes garçons jouer de la balle." — "Laisse-le donc aller! Ils ne lui feront pas de mal." Petit-Jean demande à son beau-père: "Par où *c'qu'*on passe, pour y aller?" Il répond: "Prend le petit sentier;[1] ils sont là-bas, pas loin." Petit-Jean part, nu-pieds, nu-tête, et il arrive là où sont les géants.

Ils sont à cinq arpents l'un de l'autre, avec une petite balle de mille livres, qu'ils se frondent de l'un à l'autre, comme ça. A ce moment, c'est celui de là-bas qui a la balle. "Eh! il dit, regarde le petit ver de terre, qui est près de toi, là." Il lui fronde la balle, monsieur, comme s'il avait voulu le tuer. Mais mon Petit-Jean, caché derrière une souche, regarde venir la balle. Comme elle arrive, le croirez-vous? Petit-Jean *pogne* la balle, en disant: "Guette-la! je vas te l'envoyer *à'ct'heure.*" Il l'envoie droit en l'air. La balle part *z z z!* en beuglant comme une scie-*ronde.* La voyant monter en l'air, les deux gars partent, mes amis, prennent le bois. "Eh, eh! dit Petit-Jean, où allez-vous? Venez jouer *de* la balle. Tu me l'as envoyée, je te la renvoie. Reviens donc!" Mais ils ne *dévirent* pas la tête seulement, prennent la forêt et le diable les emporte.

Petit-Jean part et s'en revient à la maison. Sa mère dit: "Tu n'as pas été longtemps." Il répond: "Ces deux innocents-là, en me voyant arriver, ils m'ont frondé leur balle. Je l'ai prise et je l'ai frondée à mon tour, mais je l'ai frondée mal, par exemple. Sortez sur la *galerie;* on l'entend encore beugler dans l'air." Le père et la mère sortent, et *z z z!* dans l'air, on l'entend encore beugler comme une scie-*ronde.* "*Cré Gieu!* dit le bonhomme, ton petit garçon est donc bien fort?" — "Mais, elle dit, un pauvre petit garçon de quatorze, quinze ans, qui ne pèse pas trente livres, qui est *feluette.* . ." — "Tu appelles ça pas fort, toi? Avoir tiré une balle de mille livres droit en l'air, et si fort que, cinq minutes après, elle beugle encore comme une scie-*ronde* . . .?" Le géant prend une peur terrible de Petit-Jean. Ça lui ôte de la façon, monsieur! Il ne mange quasiment plus. A sa femme, il dit: "J'ai une peur *du diable* de ton Petit-Jean. J'ai peur qu'il nous détruise." — "Ah! elle dit, es-tu fou?" — "Je ne suis pas fou. Avoir frondé une balle de même, *qu'on l'*entend encore beugler dans l'air, une heure après qu'il l'ait lancée. . . J'en ai une peur du diable! Si tu voulais dire comme moi, *en essaierait* de le détruire avant qu'il nous joue quelque mauvais tour." — "Ah bien! ça serait le reste, par exemple!" répond la mère. "Ah oui! je ne peux plus vivre, avec Petit-Jean ici." Elle demande: "Comment vas-tu t'y prendre, pour le détruire?" Il répond: "Demain matin, en te levant, plains-toi et dis que tu es bien malade. Je lui enverrai chercher des pommes dans

[1] Prononcé "*chantier.*"

un pommier *qu'*il y a pas loin d'ici, un pommier gardé par sept géants, les géants les plus forts de la terre, qui sont attachés à ses racines. Quand ils le verront arriver, ça ne leur prendra pas de temps, aux sept, à le manger."

De fait, à neuf heures, le lendemain matin, la mère n'est pas encore levée. Petit-Jean, à la porte du poèle, attend le déjeuner. Tout à coup il ouvre la porte de la chambre de sa mère, et il dit: "Qu'est-ce qu'il y a donc, ce matin, ma mère? Vous ne vous levez pas?" Elle répond: "Ah! pauvre petit garçon, je suis bien malade, *à* matin. C'est la mort qui vient, je pense." — "Qu'est-ce que vous avez?" — "Ah! je ne le sais pas." Petit-Jean se *devire* vers le géant: "Grand géant, il n'y a pas de remède pour ça?" — "Il y en aurait bien un. Si elle avait la pomme du pommier gardé par les sept géants, elle serait bien guérie." — "Pour où passe-t'on pour y arriver, à ce pommier?" — "Prends le petit sentier que voilà. Au bout de quelques minutes, tu y arriveras."

Petit-Jean part à la course, nu-pieds, nu-tête, *que* le diable l'emporte. Il arrive au pommier, qui couvre un arpent d'*embranchure*. Les pommes y sont grosses comme des bols à lait, rouges comme du feu. Il y en a au moins cinquante minots, dans l'arbre. Apercevant les sept géants, au pied du pommier; "Eh, eh! il dit, je suis venu chercher une pomme pour ma mère, qui est bien malade." — "Ah! mon petit ver de terre, que viens-tu faire ici?" — "Mon géant, il n'y a pas de redite avec moi." En disant ça, Petit-Jean lui met la main sur la tête et lui tord le cou. Saute à côté, arrache le pommier et se le [met] sur le dos. Le voilà partie, emportant le pommier sur son épaule, et traînant les géants qui y sont attachés.

En arrivant à la maison, il regarde aux géants. Plus de géants; il n'en reste plus que les têtes — leurs corps s'étaient perdus en chemin.

En regardant par le chassis, le bonhomme dit à sa vieille: "*Quand on pense!* le voilà avec le pommier sur le dos." Petit-Jean plante le pommier dans la cour, casse une pomme, l'apporte à sa mère. "Tiens, maman, voici une pomme." Dans deux minutes, la bonne-femme est bien.

Mais ça ne ramène pas le bonhomme, ça, monsieur! Il ne peut plus regarder Petit-Jean, il en a perdu l'appétit; il se meurt de peur. "Tiens! il dit à sa vieille, demain matin, tu vas encore faire la malade et, bien chétive, tu ne te lèveras pas. J'enverrai le petit garçon dans la forêt où il y a deux licornes.[1] Le roi y a envoyé des armées autant comme autant pour les détruire, mais elles n'ont jamais pu leur faire perdre un poil de sur le corps. Elles ont une corne de trois pieds dans le front, et elles rouvrent la gueule assez pour dévorer un homme tout grand et debout. Tu peux bien croire que quand Petit-Jean se

[1] Prononcé *lucornes*.

montrera à elles, elles le traverseront *de travers en travers* avec leur corne; et nous en serons débarrassés."

Le lendemain matin, Petit-Jean est encore à la porte du poèle, qui attend le déjeuner. A neuf heures, pas encore de mère. Rouvre la porte de sa chambre: "Voyons, maman, *à* matin, vous ne vous levez pas?" — "Ah! mon *pau'ptit* garçon, aujourd'hui, je ne verrai pas coucher le soleil; je vas mourir." Il dit: "Vous ne mangez donc pas de pommes?" — "J'en mange bien encore, mais ça ne me fait plus rien."

Il se *devire devers* son beau-père; il dit: "Il n'y a donc plus de remède pour ça?" Le géant répond: "S'il elle avait du lait de deux vaches qu'il y a dans la forêt, elle serait guérie." — "Bien, il répond, je vas y aller. Par où faut-il passer?"[1] — "Prends ce petit sentier-là et marche. Va-t'en dans la forêt. Quand tu seras contre un tel arbre, monte sur la racine. Appelle les vaches, et elles vont venir."

Ça fait que il part à la course dans le petit sentier, avec sa petite chaudière, et file. Arrivé près de l'arbre qu'on lui avait dépeint, monte sur la racine et se met à appeler les vaches. Voilà tout d'un coup, monsieur, un tremblement de terre. "*Acré gieu!* il dit, ce que c'est ça?" Les vaches, ça venait en abattant deux perches de bois [de largeur], chaque *bord* d'elles, la gueule ouverte pour avaler un homme tout droit debout. Leurs yeux étaient comme du feu. "La la! il dit, ces maudites vaches-là n'ont jamais vu de monde, donc?" Une vache arrive; il la prend par les cornes, l'écrase à genoux. Elle a beuglé, monsieur! Et l'autre vache, qui est sept fois plus forte, approche. Voilà encore un autre tremblement de terre. Petit-Jean dit: "Je suppose qu'en voilà une autre." Il regarde. L'autre approchait en abattant une demi-arpent d'arbres chaque *bord* d'elle. [En montant la voix,] Petit-Jean dit: "La la la! *ce que c'est ça?* Ces maudites vaches-là n'ont jamais vu de monde, donc?" Il la prend par les cornes, l'écrase à genoux. "Si je les lâche, elles vont [se sauver] . . . Il les *vire* comme ça, tête à tête, ensemble, il leur pique les cornes *de travers en travers* dans la tête, et il rive une corne *sur* un sens et l'autre *sur* l'autre. "Ah, ah! il dit, de même vous êtes bien attachées." *Tire* les vaches, sa chaudière bien pleine de lait. Il n'avait pas de misère à les *tirer;* elles avaient le *paire* gros. Il y avait longtemps qu'elles n'avaient pas été *tirées.*

En partant, il laisse les vaches attachées. "Je crois bien que je vas vous laisser de même, en cas que j'aie encore besoin de vous autres." Prend le petit sentier et s'en revient à la maison.

En s'en revenant à travers le bois, il aperçoit *comme* un vieille bâtisse, qui avait la mousse longue comme le doigt. "Qu'est-ce que c'est, cette vieille bâtisse-là? Je crois bien que c'est une cabane *à sucre.*" Il ne *faussait* pas son chemin pour y aller, dans tous les cas.

[1] Texte: "Par où c'est *c(e)* qu'on passe?"

[Quand il arrive à la maison,] le bonhomme, dans le chassis, le regardait venir. "Le voilà et *quand on pense qu*'il a *tiré* les licornes; sa chaudière est pleine de lait." Petit-Jean dit à sa mère: "Maman, buvez du lait!" La bonne-femme prend du lait. La voilà bien.

Ça ne ramène pas le géant, ça, monsieur! Le voilà qui ne mange pas, boit pas, fume pas. Tout est arrêté *sur lui*. Petit-Jean lui dit: "Pourquoi donc ne m'avez-vous pas donné une *amarre* pour les attacher? Elles étaient farouches." Le géant répond: "Elles n'avaient pas coutume d'être farouches comme ça." — "Mais, [ajoute Petit-Jean,] en m'en venant dans le bois, j'ai vu *la manière d'une* vieille bâtisse. Qu'est-ce qu'il y a dedans, donc?" — "C'est un vieux garçon, un ami." Petit-Jean: "Ah bien! il faut que j'aille lui rendre une visite, le chercher, le voir."

Il part et s'en va dans la vieille maison. Après qu'il est parti, le bonhomme dit: "S'il entre là, il n'en sortira plus. C'est le Croupion-de-l'univers qui y reste. Mais il ne sera jamais capable d'y entrer."

Petit-Jean arrive à la porte, une porte en fer de douze pieds de *haut*, six pieds de *large*, six pouces d'*épais*, [ayant] des gonds de quatre pouces avec une *not*,[1] en dehors, de six pouces. Il y avait trois pièces dans la porte, et la serrure était d'au moins quatre pieds carrés. Le mur de la maison était de quatre pieds d'*épais*. Rien qu'une seule pierre faisait le pan d'en avant. Le marteau [de la porte] avait été remonté *avec* un engin.

Petit-Jean prend le marteau, [le fait tomber,] et attend *une secousse*. Rien. Prend le marteau pour la deuxième fois [et le fait tomber;] met l'oreille dans le trou de la serrure et commence à écouter. Rien. Prend le marteau pour la troisième fois. Il cogne au marteau. Le marteau entre d'un demi-pouce par coup dans le fer. Se met l'oreille dans le trou, pour écouter. Rien. Il se met la bouche au trou de la serrure et il crie: "Si tu ne viens pas m'ouvrir, je vas défoncer." Rien.

Il se recule à peu près de quinze pieds et il [se lance] les deux talons dans la porte, arrache les trois gonds, monsieur! qui étaient pris dans les murs de pierre. La porte s'en va voler *dans* l'autre pan de la maison. Petit-Jean entre. Dans la cuisine, *ce qu*'il aperçoit? Un gros géant qui est assis contre sa table. Quand le géant le voit, il se lève pour l'avaler tout de suite, dans une bouchée. Mais il *prend ses sens* [à la pensée que] pour défoncer une porte semblable, ça ne prend pas rien qu'un enfant d'école. Il se *rassit*.

Petit-Jean demande: "Pourquoi n'es-tu pas venu m'ouvrir la porte?" — "Je ne t'ai pas entendu frapper." — "Tu m'as bien entendu; j'ai frappé assez fort. Mais je l'ai défoncé *itou*." Le géant dit: "Viens toujours ici." Ils s'*assistent* chacun de chaque côté de la table — une grosse table en fer. Mon gros géant part et il s'en

[1] Angl. *nut*.

va chercher un gros flacon de *djin'* avec une boite de cigares. Prennent un coup, fument un cigare.

Petit-Jean dit: "Gros géant, *on* tirerait bien un coup de poignet, tous les deux?" Le géant répond: "Oui! du poignet, c'est dans mon jeu." — "Mais, dit Petit-Jean, prends garde à toi de me faire mal, toi, le Croupion-de-l'univers, moi qui ne pèse pas cinquante livres; prends garde à toi de me faire mal!" Les voilà, chaque bord de la table, qui se prennent la main. Petit-Jean dit: "Tire, grôs géant!" — "Bien! il dit, je ne sais pas . . . , je tire, mais je ne suis pas capable de te renverser. Je ne comprends pas comment tu as la main faite, toi. J'ai tiré avec bien du monde, et personne n'a résisté avec moi. . . Mais toi, je ne suis pas capable de te *grouiller* la main." Petit-Jean répond: "Tu dis ça pour me faire un *coup de cochon* et me frapper la main après la table." — "Non, non, je suis empêtré." — "Puisque c'est comme ça, dit Petit-Jean, je vas te montrer comment on tire au poignet, moi." Petit-Jean [donne] un coup, amène la main du géant sur la table. Voilà la main coupée ici, au poignet. . . Petit-Jean prend la main coupée et la jette contre le mur. Le géant dit: "Petit-Jean, tu me fais mal!" Prennent encore un coup, fument un cigare. "Tiens, dit Petit-Jean, *on* tirerait bien encore *du* poignet." — "Tu m'as fait mal; je ne tire plus." — "Mais tu as encore une bonne patte, la patte gauche." Le gros géant n'aime pas à tirer. Toujours qu'ils se prennent la main gauche. Petit-Jean répète: "Prends garde à toi! ne me fais pas de *coup de cochon*, cette fois-ci." Le géant dit: "C'est curieux, je ne suis pas capable de te *grouiller de* sur la table. Je ne comprends pas comment tu as la main faite." — "Je vas te montrer comment on tire." [Donne] encore un coup, ramène la main sur la table, la coupe au poignet et la jette contre le mur. Le géant va pour lui donner un coup de pied. En disant: "Mon gros maudit, tu vas sortir d'ici!" Petit-Jean *prend* une main par-dessus la *fourche* du cou du géant et l'autre dans le *fourchon;* il vous l'*adresse* à travers le chassis grillé de barres de fer, et il lui fait faire un trou bien rond dans la grille. Par en dehors, le géant pique la tête dans une butte de terre; la terre remonte cent pieds en l'air. Il va sans dire qu'après ça, monsieur, il n'en restait pas beaucoup, du géant; il était devenu gros comme mon poing; il n'y en avait plus; il était tout usé.

Petit-Jean dit: "*A'ci'heure*, il doit y avoir quelque chose dans cette maison-là." C'était bien plus grand qu'il ne le croyait, un château, ni plus, ni moins. Il se met à parcourir les chambres. Dans une chambre, il y avait une princesse. "Ah! mon petit jeune homme, *ou c'que tu d'viens?* Es-tu du ciel ou de la terre?" Petit-Jean répond: "Ne faites donc pas la simple! En avez-vous bien vu du ciel, depuis que vous êtes ici?" — "Je n'en ai vu ni du ciel ni de la terre. Par

où es-tu entré?" Il répond: "La porte est bien assez grande pour moi." — "Mais, tu n'as pas vu le gars, à la table?" — "Ah! il dit, oui! Il voulait bien que je fume avec lui, que je prenne un coup, et qu'*on* tire *du* poignet. . . Venez donc avec nous autres." — "Ah! elle répond, s'il nous voyait ici, tous les deux ensemble, il nous avalerait *d'*une bouchée." — "Ah! répond Petit-Jean, il n'y a pas de danger. Sortez voir, sortez, sortez!" Il la prend par la main et il l'amène dans la cuisine. "Tiens! il dit, regardez ses deux grosses pattes de devant, qui sont plaquées après le mur. Regardez le trou dans le chassis, par où il a passé. On en est bien débarrassé."

La princesse, que le géant avait volée, était bien contente d'être délivrée. "*A'ct'heure* que tu m'as délivrée, Petit-Jean, elle dit, je n'en [épouserai] jamais d'autre que toi." — "Ah! belle princesse, me marier *à'ct'heure*, moi, un *pau'* petit jeune homme qui n'a pas encore quinze ans? Je ne fais rien que commencer ma jeunesse. Il ne faut pas me marier encore. . . . Vous allez vous en aller chez vous; et j'irai vous [épouser] dans un an d'ici." Mais elle ne veut pas entendre parler de ça; elle veut se marier tout de suite. Mais Petit-Jean refuse: "Vous n'avez pas besoin d'essayer de bien des paroles. Vous allez vous en retourner chez vous, et j'irai vous épouser dans un an d'ici."

*Ça fait qu'*ils se sont embrassés et ils se sont virés dos à dos. Elle s'est en allée chez ses parents, et lui, chez son beau-père.

En arrivant chez eux, Petit-Jean dit à son beau-père: "C'est un vieux garçon d'une belle façon. Je vous dis que j'ai été reçu, là! Il m'a fait fumer des cigares, boire du *djin'*. J'étais bien, là! Il m'a invité d'y aller tous les jours."

Le bonhomme n'en revenait pas. Le soir, après qu'il est couché, il dit à sa vieille: "Tiens! ton petit garçon, il a une force pas naturelle chez lui. . . Demain, je vas partir pour la journée. Quand tu seras toute seule avec lui, tu lui demanderas ce qu'il a, pourquoi il est si fort. Tu es sa mère; il va te le dire."

Le lendemain matin, le bonhomme part pour la journée, et la vieille reste seule avec son petit garçon. Pendant que sa mère lave la vaisselle et *balie* la place, Petit-Jean reste assis devant le poèle, fumant sa pipe. "Tu es toujours bien fort!" dit la vieille. "Tiens, tiens, tiens! répond Petit-Jean. . . Continuez à *balier* votre place." — "Tu peux toujours bien me dire pourquoi tu es si fort; je suis ta mère, et je ne *te déclarerai* pas." — "*Baliez, baliez* votre place! Vous n'avez pas besoin de le savoir." — "Tu peux toujours bien me le dire; il n'y a pas de danger. Ne crains pas!" — "Vieille tannante! il dit; vous savez bien, quand nous sommes venus, dans la forêt, . . . le bout de ruban bleu dans le sentier? . . . C'est ce bout de ruban-là, que j'ai autour du corps, qui me donne toute ma force." — "Ah! répond sa mère, tu peux *ben crère* que tu le garderas *ben*, si tu veux."

La journée se dépense, monsieur! Le soir, le vieux géant arrive. Après souper, la veillée n'est pas longue. Le géant a hâte de se coucher pour avoir des nouvelles. "Lui as-tu demandé ce qu'il a?" Elle répond: "Oui!" — "Qu'est-ce qu'il a?" — "Quand nous venions dans la forêt, il a trouvé un beau petit ruban bleu. Il se l'est mis autour du corps." — "Ah! il dit, oui? . . . S'il a ce bout de ruban-là autour du corps, *il y a garde* d'être fort. Nous l'avons cherché deux ans 'de temps,' ce ruban-là, moi et mes garçons, et nous n'avons jamais pu le trouver."

Ça fait que la vieille s'endort; mais le bonhomme, lui, il ne s'endort pas. *Devers* minuit, quand il voit que Petit-Jean est bien endormi, il se lève, et il s'en va dans sa chambre. Il *décache* Petit-Jean, prend le ruban par le bout, arrache le ruban d'autour de son corps, l'attache autour de lui-même, et il s'en va se coucher.

Le lendemain matin, mon gros géant se lève et il s'en va rouvrir la porte au petit garçon. "Petit-Jean, il dit, lève-toi, *à* matin." Petit-Jean se réveille, saute *'aut en bas* du lit, écrase sur ses jambes. "Ah! il pense, j'ai été trahi!" Met la main à ses hanches; le bout du ruban est parti. "Mets ta calotte et viens ici!" dit le géant. Petit-Jean met sa calotte et va trouver son beau-père, qui le prend *par-dessus* la *fourche* du cou. Au-dessus de la porte, il y a un *parçoué*. Prend le perçoir et le passe par les deux yeux du petit garçon. Ouvrant la porte, il l'envoie. "Prends le chemin, *à'ct'heure;* va-t'en!"

Petit-Jean prend le chemin et s'en va. Il n'est pas fier; il n'a plus son bout de ruban; il a les deux yeux crevés. . .

Mais son dessein, par exemple, c'est de gagner chez la princesse qu'il a délivrée. Ce n'est pas bien 'commode;' il ne voit pas clair. Le voilà *crampé* . . . Mais avec une langue on va à Rome. S'il ne voit pas clair, il parle.

Ça lui prend un an, monsieur, pour arriver chez le roi, le père de la princesse. On lui dit que la princesse doit se marier le lendemain. Tout déguenillé, les cheveux lui descendant sur le dos, la barbe longue, nu-pieds, il demande de rester, la nuit, au château du roi.

Il y a là des servantes *en masse*, et des cuisiniers qui préparent les noces, pour le lendemain. Petit-Jean s'assied contre le poèle et il commence a conter des histoires, toutes les histoires de force qu'il avait *fait* dans sa vie. Les autres écoutaient et trouvaient ça drôle. Pendant ce temps-là, on avait entassé les pâtisseries dans le poèle et on avait chauffé un peu fort, pour écouter les histoires.

Une servante dit: "Ces pâtisseries-là ont cuit un peu fort; elles ne sont pas *servables* sur la table. Je vas aller chercher la princesse." La princesse, elle, était dans la chambre d'en haut avec son prince. La servante cogne à la porte. "Qu'est-ce qu'il y a?" demande la princesse. "On a laissé chauffer une *façon* de pâtisserie un peu fort.

Descendez donc voir si elles sont *mettables* sur la table. . . C'est à cause d'un jeune homme tout déguenillé, qui ne voit pas clair et qui nous conte des histoires de force." Toutes ces histoires-là, la princesse les savait. Elle comprend. En se *dévirant* vers son prince, elle dit: "Vous allez m'excuser, il faut que j'aille en bas."

En arrivant à la cuisine, elle reconnait Petit-Jean tout de suite; elle le prend par le bras et elle l'amène dans une chambre. Elle lui coupe les cheveux; elle lui fait la barbe, elle le lave comme il faut, et elle lui fait mettre un habit de prince. Le prenant *par-dessous* le bras, elle le conduit devant son père, le roi. "Mon père, c'est lui qui m'a délivrée, et c'est à lui que je me marie, aujourd'hui." Tout en colère, le roi répond: "Ah! si c'est ça que tu choisis, tu peux prendre le chemin et t'en aller quand tu voudras."

La belle princesse prend Petit-Jean par le bras et s'en va, en dehors de la ville, le long du chemin, avec lui. Pour dîner, ils entrent dans une petite maison, où ils sont bien reçus.

Après avoir marché toute la journée, ils soupent et ils couchent ailleurs, plus loin, dans la campagne.

Le lendemain, ils repartent. Assis sur le bord du chemin, ils se mettent à regarder les vaches, dans un clos. Une des vaches, à travers les autres, se frappait aux souches ou montait sur les tas de roche qui se trouvaient devant elle. Elle ne voyait pas clair. Le clos *pendait* et, dans le bas, il y avait des trous d'eau. La princesse dit à Petit-Jean: "Ne *grouille* pas; attends-moi ici." Elle passe la clôture et elle s'en va mettre la main sur le dos de la vache. La vache a peur, monsieur! elle prend le *descendant* au galop, se lance dans le [marais] et, en tombant, s'enfonce la tête dans un trou d'eau. Elle finit par s'arracher comme elle peut, de là. Mais il y avait du changement. Elle *parait* [1] les souches et les tas de roches. Elle voyait clair.

La princesse se dit: "C'est une chose bien curieuse. Cette vache-là était [aveugle] pourtant. Elle se frappait partout, elle allait se jeter dans les trous d'eau; et voilà qu'elle voit clair comme les autres, *à'ct'heure.*" Elle vient trouver Petit-Jean: "Petit-Jean, elle dit, je viens d'apprendre une chose surprenante, là." — "Tiens, qu'est-ce que tu as vu?" — "Qu'est-ce que j'ai vu? J'ai vu une vache [aveugle]. Quand je lui ai mis la main sur la croupe, elle a pris l'épouvante, de peur, et elle est allée tomber dans un trou d'eau, au bas du clos. Depuis qu'elle est sortie de là, elle voit clair comme les autres." — "Ah! dit Petit-Jean, vous regrettez d'avoir choisi un aveugle comme moi, et vous voulez me noyer!" — "Non, non, elle dit, viens! Je vas te plonger la tête dans le même trou d'eau; c'est peut-être de l'eau qui rend la vue. Et tu verras." Le prenant *par-dessous* le bras, elle saute la clôture. Rendue à la source, elle lui sauce la tête dans l'eau.

[1] Éviter.

Petit-Jean sort de là avec ses deux yeux comme vous et moi. C'était de l'eau pas ordinaire, de l'eau qui rend la vue. Imaginez-vous comme ils sont contents, l'un et l'autre!

La princesse dit: "*A'ct'heure*, je ne peux pas me promener bien longtemps de même avec toi. Il n'y a pas d'autre chose à faire; il faut se marier tout de suite." — "Se marier? répond Petit-Jean; non, pas encore! J'ai un voyage important à faire avant de me marier. Retournez chez vos parents; ils seront bien contents de vous recevoir. Si mon voyage prend un an, s'il prend deux ans, s'il prend trois, attendez-moi. Mon voyage fait, je reviendrai pour vous épouser." Elle ne veut pas en entendre parler. Elle pleure, elle s'arrache les cheveux. Mais Petit-Jean répète: "C'est inutile, je ne me marie pas avant d'avoir fait mon voyage." Voilà la princesse consentante; il le fallait bien. Ils se souhaitent le bonjour.

La princesse s'en retourne chez ses parents et Petit-Jean gagne chez son beau-père, le géant.

Arrivé, Petit-Jean approche par en arrière de la maison, pendant que le bonhomme et sa femme jardinent en avant de la maison. Regarde par le chassis, dans la cuisine; aperçoit son bout de ruban bleu sur la perche. La porte est fermée *en* clef, le chassis est couvert de barres de fer. Pas moyen d'entrer. "Si je vas en avant, ils vont m'apercevoir, ils vont me tuer. Comment faire? Si j'avais une pioche, il se dit, je pourrais faire un trou pour entrer dans la cave. Un coup dans la cave, il n'y *a pas de soin!*" Cherche partout en arrière de la maison, ne trouve rien, seulement qu'un bout de bois franc d'un pied de long.

Il prend ça, monsieur, et il se met à piquer sous le *solage*. Pique, pique, arrache la terre avec ses mains. D'un côté, il n'y a rien d'impossible! Il vient à bout de se faire un trou; il se fourre dans la cave. Là, il ouvre la trappe, monte dans la cuisine, prend son bout de ruban, se l'attache autour du corps.

La première question, c'est une claque dans la porte. Les clous passent en sifflant entre le bonhomme et la bonne-femme. Ils se *redevirent*. Ce qu'ils aperçoivent? Petit-Jean, dans la maison. "Ah! ma bonne-femme, Petit-Jean est dans la maison. La ruban qui était sur la perche, tu peux bien croire qu'il l'a."

"Viens ici, bonhomme! dit Petit-Jean, avance!" Voilà le bonhomme en chemin; il faisait un pas et il en reculait trois. "Avance, mon vieux, avance!" Il avance. Il se jette à ses genoux et il lui demande excuse. "Il n'y a pas d'excuse, il n'y a rien! Le perçoir est là, bonhomme; tu vas voir comment on se sent quand on a les yeux crevés." Prenant le bonhomme par les épaules, il lui passe le perçoir par les deux yeux. Il *prend* une *main par sur la fourche* du cou et une main *par* dans la *fourche*, et puis il vous le *retrousse*, mon-

sieur! En partant le géant passe à travers une butte de terre; la butte de terre monte cinquante pieds en l'air. Quand le géant a arrêté en l'air, il n'en restait plus rien. C'était le tour de sa mère. . . (Nous omettons ici un passage, pour ne pas offenser le lecteur.)

Après avoir réglé ses comptes avec sa mère et son beau-père, il est parti. C'était pour aller chez le roi, épouser la princesse.

Je voulais aller aux noces, mais ils ne m'ont pas invité. J'ai demandé à Petit-Jean de me donner son ruban bleu, mais je vous en [donne ma parole], monsieur, il a encore le ruban autour du corps et il n'est pas près d'en faire cadeau à personne.

88. LES BOSSUS.[1]

Il y avait, une fois, un homme et une femme. L'homme, un bossu, était jaloux comme un *betsi*.[2]

Tous les jours, il se *grèyait* un voyage de chaussures dans sa voiture, pour aller les vendre dans les paroisses. Bien des fois, il n'était que trois où quatre heures en voyage, et il s'en revenait quand la jalousie le prenait.

Un bon matin, il dit à sa femme: "A matin, je pars, et je te réponds que je ne reviendrai pas avant demain *au* soir." Sa femme dit: "Tu feras bien comme de coutume; quand ta *jalouserie* te reprendra, tu reviendras à la course." — "Ne crains pas, ma femme! je te réponds que je ne reviendrai pas avant demain *au* soir."

Pendant qu'il est parti, monsieur, *ce* qui *ressoud* à la maison de la femme? Trois bossus, bossus comme son mari, bossus devant, bossus derrière, bossus au mitan, bossus dans le dos; enfin ça n'était qu'une bosse — comme son mari. La femme dit: "Mes pauvres enfants, c'est terrible comme vous êtes bossus comme mon mari!" Les bossus demandent à déjeuner à la femme. Elle répond: "Oui, je vas vous donner à déjeuner."

Quand ils sont à déjeuner à table, elle voit son mari que revenait *à pique* de cheval. Elle dit: "Vous êtes morts, mes amis! voilà mon mari; et c'est certain qu'il va tous vous tuer." Elle avait un grand coffre du temps passé, de six pieds de long et ça de haut.[3] Elle *fout* les trois bossus dans le coffre. Mais ça prend de l'*arse*, et, pour fermer le coffre et *virer* les clefs elle est obligée de monter dessus à deux pieds.

Son mari arrive. Ce n'est pas un homme, c'est un diable. Il

[1] Conté par Marcel Tremblay, surnommé "Poisson," à Saint-Joseph (Eboulements, Charlevoix), en juillet 1916. Marcel Tremblay, né en 1840, est dépourvu d'instruction; il a demeuré pendant une assez longue période dans les centres manufacturiers de la Nouvelle-Angleterre.

[2] Pour Bec-en-scie, oiseau. Edmond Tremblay, fils, nous expliqua que "le *betsi* est un oiseau gros à peu près comme une pie, jaloux de tous les autres oiseaux."

[3] Un geste indiquait ici la hauteur.

culbute tout, dans la maison. Il culbute le coffre cinq ou six fois, il viraille tout. Mais c'est inutile, il ne trouve rien. Il dit à sa femme: "Je m'aperçois que c'est la *jalouserie* qui m'a fait faire ça. Je vas repartir et je te réponds que je ne reviendrai pas." Mon gars *revire de bord* avec sa voiture.

Ça avait distrait sa femme, qui prit quelque temps à repenser aux bossus dans le coffre. Au bout d'une couple d'heures, elle pense aux bossus. — "Mon Dieu! elle dit, ils sont bien morts." Elle va ouvrir le coffre. Ils étaient morts comme trois clous, comme on dit. "Comment faire pour me débarrasser de ces bossus-là?"

Elle s'en va à la ville, elle engage un charretier pour aller jeter un bossu mort à la rivière; deux piastres *qu'*elle promet au charretier. "Bien, elle dit, Monsieur, je vas toujours bien vous l'*appareiller*." Les bossus étaient raides comme des barres. Elle en prend un, le *mâte* après le poteau de la porte, sur la *galerie*. Le charretier arrive, en disant: "Madame, où est votre bossu?" — "Monsieur, le voici." Prend le bossu, l'*embarque* dans sa charrette. Arrivé sur le bord de la rivière, attrape le bossu, une main par *sus la fausse* du cou et l'autre *par* le fond de ses culottes, et le lance dans la rivière. *Revire de bord.*

Du moment que le charretier est parti avec son voyage, la femme prend un autre bossu, et le met à la même place.

Le charretier arrive. "Bien, il dit, madame, payez-moi!" — "Monsieur, comment, vous payer? Faites votre ouvrage et je vous paierai." — "Comment, mon ouvrage?" Elle dit: "Voilà votre bossu, là." Vous comprenez bien, le charretier est en diable. Il se demande comment le bossu est revenu. Rattrape le maudit bossu, et le remet dans sa charrette, pas de bonne humeur, vous n'en doutez pas. Arrivé sur le bord de la rivière, il vous le *pogne* et il le tire dans le milieu de la rivière, en disant: "Tu ne reviendras pas de là."

Revient à la maison: "Bien, il dit, madame, payez-moi. Deux voyages pour un, sûrement *que* j'ai gagné mon argent!" Mais *duront* qu'il était allé porter son bossu, la femme avait sorti le troisième et l'avait mis le long de la porte. "Comment, elle dit, monsieur, vous payer? Mais faites votre ouvrage, et je vous paierai." — "Comment, mon ouvrage? Mais j'ai déjà fait deux voyages." Il était en colère. "Tiens! elle dit, voilà votre bossu, là." Ce n'est plus un homme, c'est un diable, le charretier. Il attrape le bossu et je vous garantis qu'il ne le men*it* pas poliment. Arrivant sur le bord de la rivière, il vous le lance *qu'*il traverse quasiment la rivière. "Cette fois-ci, je ne le reverrai plus."

Revenons au bossu en vie, le cordonnier. La jalousie l'ayant repris; il s'en revenait à la course. Le charretier, en *revirant* sa voiture, s'*adonne* à regarder au bas du pont; il voit venir le bossu. "Ah! il dit, mon maudit, je t'ai tiré par ici, et tu reviens par là? Bien, je te dis que tu ne passeras pas, cette fois."

Pendant que la jalousie surmonte le bossu qui s'*enfile* sur le pont, le charretier se plante dans son chemin, il vous l'attrape et il le lance à la rivière.

Ça fait de même que mon charretier avait [débarrassé] [1] la femme de ses trois bossus et de son mari. Il méritait les deux piastres qu'elle lui avait promises; et il n'a pas manqué de les avoir.

89. LE BÂTON D'OR.[2]

C'était un homme, un Gascon, qui n'avait pas mangé depuis trois ou quatre jours. Entre dans une auberge, s'avance au comptoir. Il dit au maître de l'auberge: "*Catédisel* [3] un bâton d'or long de même et gros comme ça, comment *ce que* ça vaudrait?" — "Eh, eh! dit l'aubergiste, ne demandez pas ça devant le monde." Prend mon Gascon, le *hâle* en dedans du comptoir, et ensuite le fait monter en haut, dans une chambre. Il dit à ses servantes: "Soignez-moi cet homme-là, que rien ne manque." Ça valait bien de l'argent, un beau bâton d'or long de même et gros comme ça.

Quinze jours s'écoulent. Le maître de l'hotel se dit: "Je vas faire descendre mon Gascon, pour lui acheter son bâton d'or." Au Gascon qui s'approche, il dit: "Tu vas me vendre ton bâton d'or, au moins?" — "Comment, monsieur? il répond; *catédisel* je ne l'ai pas; c'était en tout cas que je le trouvasse." [4] L'[hôtellier] prend le Gascon par les épaules et il le tire près de vingt-cinq pieds dans l'air, en dehors de l'hôtel. Et je vous assure qu'il ne l'a plus revu.

Le Gascon n'a pas marché bien longtemps avant d'apercevoir une quantité d'hommes travaillant, près d'une rivière, à construire un pont. Près du pont, il prend un plomb, le suspend à une ficelle, se donne des manières d'homme occupé, va et vient, marche d'un côté, marche de l'autre, toujours le plomb devant lui, dans la main.

Le chef des charpentiers dit à ses hommes: "Voilà un étranger qui en sait long dans l'ouvrage des ponts. . . . Eh, eh! monsieur, venez vous en donc déjeuner avec nous autres; après déjeuner vous examinerez ce que nous avons fait." — "*Catédisel ça n'est* pas de refuser; j'irai bien."

Après un gros déjeuner, ils s'en viennent au pont. "Que pensez-vous de notre ouvrage?" demandent les charpentiers. "Bien! il répond, *catédisel* vous avez bien fait de ne pas le faire sur le long de la rivière, mais de le faire sur le travers." Fâchés de lui avoir donné

[1] Tremblay dit "*clairé*," angl. de "to clear."

[2] Conté par Joseph Mailloux, en juin 1916, à Saint-Pascal (Eboulements, Charlevoix). M. Mailloux, alors âgé de 85 ans, avait appris ce conte de son père.

[3] M. Mailloux ne mettait cette exclamation que dans la bouche de ceux qui, dans les contes, étaient des Gascons.

[4] Ici le conteur imitait ce qu'il supposait être la prononciation d'un Gascon.

à déjeuner pour ça, ils le prennent par les épaules, et ils le lancent un grand bout, en l'air.

Après ça, ils ne l'ont plus revu.[1]

90. ROBERT ET SON SAC.

(Conte d'enfants.)[2]

C'est un homme qui s'appelle Robert. Il est pauvre, pauvre; il n'a seulement qu'un grain de blé. Il arrive à une maison. "Madame, voulez-vous que je mette mon sac dans votre escalier?" — "Oui, monsieur." Il va [faire une promenade].[3] Entre une poule, qui mange son grain de blé.

Quand Robert revient, la femme dit: "Monsieur, il vous est arrivé une rude malchance: ma poule a été manger votre grain de blé." — "Je veux la poule ou le grain de blé, répond Robert; je veux la poule ou le grain de blé. — "Prenez la poule, que je ne revoie plus jamais de ma vie avec."

Il prend la poule et il s'en va à une autre maison. "Madame, voulez-vous que je mette ma poule dans votre étable?" — "Oui, monsieur." Il met la poule dans l'étable et il va [faire une promenade]. Pendant qu'il [se promène], le cochon rentre dans l'étable, mange la poule. Voilà Robert qui arrive. La femme dit: "Monsieur, il vous est arrivé une rude malchance. Mon cochon a été manger votre poule." — "Me faut la poule ou le cochon; me faut la poule ou le cochon." La femme répond: "Prenez le cochon, que je ne vous revoie plus jamais de ma vie avec."

Robert prend le cochon. Il arrive à une autre maison. "Madame, voulez-vous que je mette mon cochon dans votre étable?" — "Oui, monsieur." Il met le cochon dans l'étable et il s'en va [faire une promenade]. Pendant qu'il est parti, la vache entre dans l'étable et mange le cochon. A Robert qui arrive, la femme dit: "Monsieur, il vous est arrivé une rude malchance. Ma vache a rentré dans l'étable, mangé le cochon." — "Il me faut la vache ou bien le cochon; il me faut la vache ou bien le cochon." — "Prenez la vache, que je ne vous revoie plus jamais de ma vie avec."

Prend la vache, s'en va à une autre maison. "Madame, voulez-

[1] Le conteur avait des notions et plusieurs histoires curieuses au sujet des Gascons. Il concluait: "Les Gascons sont des gens bien polis. Ils sont tous pauvres; mais quand l'un d'eux réussit à faire quelque chose, les autres se mettent tous sur lui" (c'est-à-dire vivent à ses dépens).

[2] Recité par Annette Tremblay, âgée de six ans, en 1916 (Quai des Eboulements). Appris de sa mère, Marie Tremblay, qui, à son tour, l'avait entendu conter par des vieillards de l'endroit, quand elle était petite fille.

[3] La petite conteuse dit: "Il va *prendre une marche*," un anglicisme qui lui vient probablement de sa mère, qui a déjà travaillé dans des manufactures américaines.

vous que je mette ma vache dans votre étable?" — "Oui, monsieur." Il s'en va [faire une promenade,] après avoir dit à la petite fille: "Tu soigneras ma vache; tu lui donneras des feuilles de chou, *à ras* le four." La petite fille avait compris "sous le four." Elle emmène la vache. La vache n'a pas pu manger sous le four. La petite fille bat la vache, bat la vache, tue la vache. Robert arrive. La femme dit: "Monsieur, il vous est arrivé une rude malchance. Ma petite fille a été tuer votre vache." — "Me faut la petite fille ou bien la vache; me faut la petite fille ou bien la vache." — "Prenez ma petite fille, qu'on ne vous revoie plus jamais."

Robert met la petite fille dans un sac. Il part et il arrive à une autre maison, chez la marraine de la petite fille. "Madame, voulez-vous que je mette mon sac dans votre escalier?" — "Oui, monsieur." Il met le sac dans l'escalier et il va [faire une promenade].

Les gens de la maison mangeaient de la bouillie. Les enfants disent: "Maman, que la bouillie est bonne!" Dans le sac, la petite fille dit: "Si j'en avais, de la bouillie, ma marraine, j'en mangerais bien." La femme va voir dans le sac; elle trouve sa *fillole*.[1] Elle la cache sous un lit avec trois grosses assiettées de bouillie, et elle met dans le sac, à sa place, trois gros chats.

Robert arrive. La femme dit: "Monsieur, il ne vous *a* pas arrivé de malchance." — "C'est bien!" Il prend son sac; il part. Après avoir marché un petit bout, il dit: "[Qu'est-]ce que ma petite fille a à grouiller, donc?" Il regarde dans le sac; les trois gros chats lui sautent au cou, l'étranglent.

C'était bien bon pour Robert.

91. LE SPECTRE.[2]

(Anecdote.)

La veille de Noël au soir, plusieurs *habitants* des Eboulements se trouvaient à Québec. Un vieillard de Beauport était là, avec eux, à fumer sa pipe.

Comme personne ne parlait, un gars des Eboulements dit: "Le père! racontez-nous donc quelque chose." Le bonhomme d'abord ne veut pas parler, il se fait prier. Mais il finit par dire:

Enfin! comme *on* se trouve ici un jour comme aujourd'hui, je vas vous raconter une petite histoire. Voilà trente ans qu'est arrivé cet événement-là, à Beauport, où je suis né et où j'ai toujours demeuré.

Un jour de la veille de Noël, me voilà pris ici à Québec, pour des affaires de familles, qui se trouvaient entre les mains d'un notaire. Des personnes à qui j'avais affaire ne se trouvaient pas chez elles, ou

[1] Filleule.

[2] "Une histoire" contée par Joseph Mailloux, qui l'entendit de Casimir Perron, de Québec, il y a à peu près trente ans.

n'étaient pas encore arrivées; de manière que je ne fus prêt que bien tard à partir de Québec pour retourner à Beauport.

Il faisait un gros vent, une neige qui tombait *à* l'abondance. Mais j'étais bien accoutumé à voyager dans les gros temps; ça ne me dérangeait pas! Mais le vent, au lieu de diminuer, augmentait encore.

En chemin, je me suis souvenu que les gens de la ville ne voulaient pas que je laiss*îs* Québec, ce jour-là; me disant: "Il fait bien mauvais; il y a assez de neige pour vous embourber et de vent pour vous cacher le chemin. Partir sur le chemin, c'est périr en voulant s'en aller chez *eux!*"

Mais l'inquiétude en pensant à ma famille, ma femme . . . enfin, m'avaient fait partir. Il faisait bien mauvais, j'en suis d'accord. Rendu dans la Canardière, je perds le chemin. Je pense en moi-même: "C'est fait, je suis un homme perdu! *Vire* vent derrière. "Si j'ai la chance de rencontrer une bâtisse, je pourrai me sauver la vie; mais s'il n'y en a pas, c'est fait, je suis un homme mort." Toujours, la pensée de ma femme et de mes enfants me faisait tenir bon; je marchais, mais sans voir à un pied en avant de moi, dans la neige emportée par le vent. Peu après, je m'aperçois par mon haleine — qui raccoursit tout-à-coup — que j'étais arrivé près d'un mur.[1] En effet, ça me parut une maisonnette. Arrive à la porte, frappe. J'entends une voix légère, un voix jeune me dire: "Entrez!" En ouvrant la porte, surpris, j'aperçois, derrière la cheminée, un squelette, un squelette de jeune homme, qui me dit: "Je ne m'attendais pas de vous voir." Et moi, je ne trouvais rien à répondre. Le spectre[2] me parle encore: "Je suis heureux de vous voir, moi." — "Mais dites-moi donc la raison pourquoi." — "Parce que, répond le squelette, parce que, à la même époque, un soir comme aujourd'hui, à la veille de Noël, dans une tempête à peu près pareille, j'étais assis dans ma maison, près du feu, à l'heure où vous avez frappé. J'entendis une voix a la porte, qui me demandait l'hospitalité pour la nuit. Je lui répondis non, de continuer son chemin. L'homme me redemand*it*, une deuxième fois: 'Il fait bien mauvais; il y a danger d'y périr, il y a danger d'y périr!' Mais ma réponse, c'était que je ne voulais loger personne. La troisième fois enfin, me fâchant de lui entendre répéter la même chose, je lui criai: 'Si vous persistez, je vous ferai politesse d'une balle.' Le lendemain matin, la vent était tombé; deux hommes sont entrés ici me dire qu'ils venaient de trouver un individu mort, gelé, dans la neige, tout près de ma maison. Bien certain, c'était celui qui m'avait demandé l'hospitalité. Le même soir, j'ai tombé d'apoplexie. Dans

[1] Le conteur, M. Mailloux, ici ajouta incidemment: "J'ai constaté la même chose bien des fois, la nuit, en me levant: quand j'arrive près d'un mur, ma respiration est bien plus courte."

[2] Le conteur disait "*sceptre.*"

deux heures je suis mort seul, sans sacrements; et je devais rester privé de la vue de Dieu pour jusqu'à ce que, le même jour, à la même heure, quelqu'un revienne encore me demander l'hospitalité. J'ai attendu dix ans, en regardant la porte. En venant, vous allez me rendre heureux. Servez-vous de ma maisonnette pour la nuit; mon châtiment est fini.

C'est tout.

OTTAWA, CAN.

CROYANCES ET DICTONS POPULAIRES DES ENVIRONS DE TROIS-RIVIÈRES (CANADA).

PAR E.-Z. MASSICOTTE.

ETUDIONS-NOUS assez notre folklore? Ne laissons-nous pas perdre sans retour une foule de superstitions, de préjugés, de pratiques étranges, de coutumes curieuses qui, au point de vue de l'archéologie, et conséquemment de l'histoire, sont loin d'être sans valeur? N'est-ce pas, en effet, en connaissant bien ce dont nos pères nourrissaient leur esprit, ce qui servait à les amuser, ce qui composait leurs croyances familières, qu'on se fera une idée assez parfaite de l'ambiance morale et intellectuelle dans laquelle ils se mouvaient?

Bien que peu de nos écrivains se soient occupés de ce sujet, il ne faut pas en déduire qu'il a été entièrement négligé. Le charme qui se dégage des ouvrages des de Gaspé, père et fils, provient surtout du folklore qu'ils renferment. Dans son livre "Fleurs champêtres," au chapitre intitulé "Superstitions," Françoise[1] nous apprend des choses intéressantes. C'est aussi d'une croyance populaire qu'elle a tiré cet émouvant récit qu'elle intitule "Le miroir brisé." Honoré Beaugrand introduisit du folklore dans ses contes du pays, et il fit sur nos mœurs et nos coutumes une conférence intéressante, mais dont le texte est resté inédit. Hubert Larue, en 1863, et Ernest Gagnon, en 1865, sauvèrent de l'oubli un petit nombre de nos belles chansons. Plus tard, M. Gagnon, dans ses "Choses d'autrefois," réunit des petites notes sur le folklore. Ernest Myrand, dans ses "Noëls anciens de la Nouvelle-France," a étudié nos vieux chants religieux. Enfin, Pamphile LeMay, dans "Tonkourou" et dans ses "Contes vrais;" Louis Fréchette, dans ses nouvelles, ses contes et ses mémoires; Edmond Roy, dans sa volumineuse "Histoire de la Seigneurie de Lauzon;" Sylva Clapin, dans son "Dictionnaire canadien-français;" et d'autres encore, — ont noté des chansonnettes, des superstitions, des traits de mœurs qui méritent l'attention des folkloristes et des historiens.

Mais, avouons-le, on est loin d'avoir tout moissonné; et ce qui reste pourrait faire la matière de plusieurs volumes. Une petite enquête que j'ai entreprise, il y a plusieurs années, m'a enlevé tout doute sur ce point.

Je me bornerai à citer ici des croyances, des préjugés, des dictons et des pratiques superstitieuses qui circulaient jadis dans la région de Trois-Rivières, et dont plusieurs défient encore les injures du temps.

[1] Pseudonyme de Mlle Robertine Barry, décédée à Montréal en 1910.

Je transcris ces notes à peu près telles que je les ai prises, en les classant par ordre alphabétique.

AJETS. — (Voir TEMPÉRATURE.)

AMOUREUX (SIGNES CONCERNANT LES). — Un bout de fil blanc sur votre robe annonce un amoureux nouveau. (1)

Une *graffignure* (égratignure) le long de la main ou du bras annonce aussi un amoureux nouveau. Si l'égratignure est diagonale, elle signifie qu'on perdra son amoureux. (2)

Lorsqu'on aperçoit la nouvelle lune à sa droite, on verra son amoureux; lorsqu'on aperçoit la lune de face, on ne le verra pas. Si la lune apparaît à gauche, on le verra et on lui parlera. (3)

Perdre sa jarretière, son jupon ou une autre pièce de l'habillement signifie qu'on perdra son amoureux. (4)

Une jeune fille ne doit pas présenter son amoureux à ses amies, car elle le perdra. (5)

Allumez une allumette et laissez-la brûler, la flamme en haut, en la tenant le bois droit entre vos doigts. Lorsqu'elle est à demi brûlée, retournez-la en la tenant par le bout carbonisé, afin que le reste du bois intacte se consume. Il arrive presque toujours, quand le feu a tout carbonisé, que la partie supérieure de l'allumette tombe, et la direction de sa chute indique où est dans le moment son amoureux. (6)

ARAIGNÉE. —

Araignée du matin,
Chagrin.
Araignée du midi,
Ennui.[1]
Araignée du soir,
Espoir. (7)

(Voir aussi TEMPÉRATURE.)

BERCEAU. — Mettre en mouvement un berceau vide donne la colique à l'enfant. (8)

BOSSU. — Pour combattre la malchance qui accompagne la rencontre d'un bossu du même sexe que soi, il faut cracher par terre avant d'être vu par le bossu. Si cela est impossible, tant pis. (9)

La rencontre d'un bossu de sexe différent est heureuse. (10)

CADEAU. — Mettre à son insu son bas à l'envers indique qu'on recevra un cadeau. (11)

Voir pour la première fois la nouvelle lune à gauche: cadeau dans le mois. (12)

Il ne faut pas offrir en cadeau des instruments tranchants, tels que ciseaux, couteaux, etc., parce que cela coupe l'amitié. Le donataire peut cependant prévenir ce résultat néfaste en remettant au donateur une pièce quelconque du monnaie, la donation devenant alors une vente. (13)

[1] Variante: Souci.

CHAISE. — Faire tourner une chaise: chicane. (14)

CHAT. — Tout chat a trois poils du diable, à la queue. (15)

Faire mirer un chat porte malheur.[1] (16)

Celui qui trouvera un "chat d'Espagne" et qui ira l'offrir au roi recevra une riche récompense. (On nomme "chatte d'Espagne" celle dont le pelage est noir, blanc et jaune. Or, comme les félins mâles n'ont jamais de taches de plus de deux couleurs, il s'en suit qu'un "chat d'Espagne," au sens qu'on lui donne ici, est une chose impossible.) (17)

CHEMINÉE. —

Cheminée qui ' boucane,'
Femme qui chicane,
Le diable dans la cabane. (18)

COCHON. — Il ne faut pas tuer les cochons dans le décroît de la lune, car le lard deviendra rance. (19)

A quelqu'un qui fait des suppositions impossibles on rétorque: "Si les cochons avaient des ailes, ça ferait des beaux serins." (20)

CRAPAUD. — Quand on écrase un crapaud, il faut dire aussitôt: "Je me défends de ton 'levain'" (pour *venin* (?), secrétion). (21)

CRIQUET. — Il ne faut jamais tuer de *criquets* (grillons), parce que ceux qui restent se vengent en mangeant les chaussons qu'ils peuvent trouver dans la maison. (22)

DÉSAPPOINTEMENT. — Oublier quelque chose au logis et retourner sur ses pas le chercher: désappointement. (23)

Se laisser séparer par un arbre, par un poteau, ou par quelqu'un, lorsqu'on marche en compagnie d'un personne: désappointement. (24)

Apercevoir des couteaux, des fourchettes, des fétus, des copeaux, etc. en croix, présage avec certitude un désappointement ou un malheur imminent. (25)

DÉSENSORCELER. — Pour désensorceler, faire brûler une chandelle bénite sur le ventre de la personne ensorcelée. (26)

Faire bouillir des aiguilles enfoncées dans un peloton de laine cause des souffrances au *jeteu'* de sorts et l'oblige à venir demander ce qu'on lui veut. (27)

DON. — Le septième enfant du même sexe a un don. On prétend aussi qu'il porte une marque désignée sous le nom de *fleur de lit* (fleur de lis?), qui se trouve ordinairement sur la langue. (28)

Quand une femme épouse un homme du même nom qu'elle, sans qu'il y ait parenté, elle peut guérir de tous maux. (29)

ESSUIE-MAIN. — Deux personnes qui s'essuient ensemble les mains, au même essuie-main: chicane. (30)

ETRENNES. — Etrenner le samedi ou le jour de l'an est chanceux, avant longtemps on étrennera de nouveau. (31)

[1] Laisser n'importe quel animal se mirer porte malheur. [Ottawa, C.-M.B.]

FATALISME. — Celui qui est né pour un petit pain n'en aura jamais un gros. (32)

Quand on doit guérir, inutile de se faire soigner; on guérit bien sans remède. (33)

Un bon os ne tombe jamais dans la gueule d'un bon chien. (34)

FER À CHEVAL. — Trouver un fer à cheval, ou simplement un clou de fer à cheval, porte bonheur. (35)

FRICOT. — "Fricot chez nous, pas d'école demain" est un dicton populaire signifiant que, le lendemain d'un fricot, la routine est interrompue et qu'on est peu propre au travail ordinaire. (36)

FRUITS. — Si l'on forme quelque désir en mangeant d'un fruit pour la première fois, dans l'année, ce désir se réalise. (37)

FUTUR (*Pour connaître le nom de son futur*). — On donne à trois des colonnes de son lit le nom de trois de ses amoureux; et si, la nuit, on rêve à un autre nom, ce sera celui de son futur époux. (38)

Pelez une pomme de façon que la pelure reste en un morceau; ensuite tenant cette pelure par un bout entre le pouce et l'index, faites-lui faire trois fois le tour de votre tête, et laissez-la tomber derrière vous. Si une lettre se forme, cette lettre sera la première du prénom de votre futur époux. (39)

On met sur le sol, en droite ligne, un grain de blé pour chaque lettre de l'alphabet, puis on place un coq devant cette ligne. A chaque grain que le coq saisit on note la lettre correspondante, l'ensemble de ces lettres doit former le nom de son futur. (40)

Comptez quarante chevaux blancs ou dix-huit chevaux noirs: le premier garçon qui, ensuite, entrera dans votre demeure portera le nom de votre futur mari. (41)

(*Pour savoir la couleur des cheveux de son futur.*) — La première fois, le printemps, que les grenouilles croassent, on va, tout près, les écouter; revenant à la maison on retourne son bas à l'envers. On fait de nouveau le même trajet aller et retour, puis on remet son bas à l'endroit. Après avoir fait ce trajet une troisième fois, au retour final, on trouve dans son bas un cheveu de la couleur de ceux de son futur. (42)

(*Pour connaître l'état de fortune de son futur.*) — Prenez une cuillerée de farine, une de sel et une d'eau; mêlez le tout et en faites une galette que vous mangerez, au coucher, dans un silence parfait. Si vous devez vous marier, votre futur époux viendra vous porter — en rêve, bien entendu — un verre plein d'eau, s'il est riche, et toute une chaudière d'eau, s'il est pauvre. (43)

(*Pour voir son futur en rêve.*) — Placer sous son oreiller, au moment du coucher, un morceau de gâteau offert à une mariée, fait rêver à son futur, dans la nuit qui suit. (44)

Se coucher sur le dos et se mettre les quatre as d'un jeu de cartes sur le ventre fait rêver à son futur. (45)

Si deux amies, couchant dans le même lit, s'attachent l'une à l'autre le gros orteil, elles rêveront de leurs futurs . . . si elles parviennent à dormir, sans doute! (46)

On pèle une pomme de terre de telle façon que la pelure reste en un morceau; ensuite on met cette pelure sous l'oreiller d'une demoiselle, qui, à cause de cela, rêvera à son futur. (47)

Un jeu de cartes, placé sous l'oreiller d'une demoiselle, à son insu, produit le même effet. (48)

Lorsqu'on voit pour la première fois la nouvelle lune, on met ce qu'on a dans la main, à ce moment, sous son oreiller; et on rêve à son futur. (49)

Si on compte les ouvertures d'une maison dans laquelle on couche pour la première fois, on voit son futur en rêve. (50)

Passer dans le jonc de la mariée un morceau de gâteau de noces fait voir son futur en rêve. (51)

Au moment du coucher, on met près de son lit un bassin plein d'eau, du savon, un peigne et une serviette. Si, pendant la nuit, en rêve, on voit un homme venir faire sa toilette, ce sera le futur. (52)

HERBE. — Il y a dans les forêts une sorte d'herbe "qui écarte."[1] A celui qui marche dessus, il n'est plus possible de retrouver le chemin de son logis. (53)

HOQUET. — Lorsque vous avez le hoquet, pensez à celui ou à celle que vous épouserez; le hoquet s'arrêtera. (54)

LOGIS. — Lorsqu'une famille retourne demeurer dans un logis qu'elle a déjà habité, une personne de cette famille meurt dans l'année. (55)

LUTINS. — Diablotins qui nattaient la queue des chevaux et qui ne s'occupaient que des meilleures bêtes. Si le propriétaire défaisait les nattes, les lutins entraient en grande colère et ils se vengeaient en battant les chevaux. Voilà ce qui explique pourquoi l'on entendait parfois les chevaux hennir, piaffler, se débattre, et qu'on les retrouvait ensuite couverts d'écume, sans qu'ils fussent sortis de l'étable. (56)

MAISON. — Petite maison, grosse famille (dicton familier indiquant que ce sont les pauvres gens qui ont le plus d'enfants). (57)

MARIAGE. — Si trois lampes se trouvent par hasard allumées, dans une même pièce, il y aura prochainement mariage. (58)

Si en revenant de la cérémonie du mariage, les nouveaux époux rencontrent un enterrement, c'est un signe de malheur. (59)

Si un cierge s'éteint durant la cérémonie du mariage, autre signe de malheur. (60)

Se marier un jour de pluie: mariage malheureux; la femme versera des larmes. (61)

Traverser en diagonale une rue ou un chemin retarde son mariage d'un an. (62)

[1] Qui égare.

Si on marche sur la queue d'un chat, même résultat. (63)

Toutes les compagnes d'une future épousée qui peuvent mettre un de leurs cheveux dans une couture de la robe de noce trouvent à se marier dans l'année. (64)

On peut annuler son mariage en lisant, devant la porte de la maison conjugale, une copie de son acte de mariage, à rebours, c'est-à-dire en commençant par le dernier mot et en finissant par le premier. Il y a quelques années, un individu, un esprit simple, se croyait démarié, suivant son expression, parce qu'il avait accompli ce rite. (65)

MARIAGE OU CÉLIBAT. — On fait un échelle de papier et on l'accroche à la tête de son lit, trois soirs de suite; si, la dernière nuit, on voit son amoureux gravir les échelons, on se mariera; si, au contraire, on aperçoit un cercueil, on restera fille. (66)

A minuit, on emporte son miroir au-dessus d'un puits et on regarde dedans. On y voit alors passer sa noce ou son enterrement. (67)

A minuit, sans lumière, dans sa chambre, si l'on regarde dans son miroir, on peut y voir passer son futur ou son cercueil. (68)

MENDIANTS. — Garder des branches de cormier dans la maison pour la protéger contre les mendiants et la foudre. (69)

Comme protection contre les quêteux qu'on rencontre sur la route, il faut dire trois fois: "*A pretio*, je te redoute." (70)

MOISSON. — Si le temps est très clair pendant la messe de minuit, on verra clair à travers les granges; si le temps est sombre, les granges seront pleines. Autrement dit, il y aura bonne ou mauvaise récolte suivant la température de la nuit de Noël. (71)

MORTALITÉ. — Un chien qui hurle près d'une maison: signe de mortalité. (72)

Un oiseau qui pénètre dans une maison: signe de mortalité prochaine, dans la demeure. (73)

Le soir des noces, celui des conjoints qui se met au lit le premier sera aussi celui qui décèdera le premier. (74)

Lorsqu'un mort passe le dimanche, "sur les planches,"[1] une autre personne du même logis mourra dans l'année. (75)

Briser un miroir: signe de mortalité. (76)

Si un cierge s'éteint, à l'église, durant la lecture de l'Evangile, une personne importante de la paroisse décèdera. (77)

Deux personnes peuvent savoir laquelle survivra à l'autre, en tirant, chacune de son côté, la branche d'une clavicule ou "fourchette" d'une volaille. La personne tenant la branche qui se brise est celle qui prédécèdera l'autre. (78)

NOËL. — A Noël, au coup de minuit, tous les animaux se mettent à genoux, dans les étables. (79)

ŒIL. — Lorsque l'œil droit palpite ou saute, on parle en mal de vous; si c'est l'œil gauche, on en parle en bien. (80)

[1] Reste exposé le dimanche.

ONGLES. — Il ne faut pas couper les ongles des enfants, ça leur ôte l'esprit. Il faut les laisser se casser seuls. (81)

OREILLES. — Lorsque l'oreille gauche vous chauffe, on pense en bien de vous; si c'est l'oreille droite, on en pense en mal. (82)

Si les oreilles vous tintent, quelqu'un parle de vous; si vous pensez à la personne qui le fait, le tintement s'arrête aussitôt. (83)

PAIN. — Avant d'entamer un pain, il faut toujours tracer une croix dessus avec le couteau. (84)

PAUVRETÉ. — Il ne faut pas balayer la place après le souper, car on restera pauvre. (85)

Il ne faut pas repasser le dos des chemises d'hommes si on ne veut pas devenir pauvre ou mourir de consomption. (86)

PÊCHE. — Il ne faut pas *sacrer* pendant qu'on pêche; cela fait fuir les poissons, qui ont le blasphème en horreur. (87)

PLUIE. — Mettre son jupon à l'envers est un signe de pluie. (88)

S'il pleut le premier dimanche du mois, il pleuvra durant tous les autre dimanches du même mois. (89)

Pour faire venir la pluie on dit: "Mouille, mouille, mouille, paradis! Tout le monde est à l'abri." (90)

Quand il pleut le vendredi, il pleut le dimanche suivant. (91)

Pluie qui commence avant sept heures du matin cesse avant onze heures du matin. (92)

Pour faire cesser la pluie, on place dans le jardin ou dans le champ une hache le taillant en haut. (93)

Tuer une araignée, c'est faire pleuvoir dans la journée. (94)

Quand il pleut le vendredi, il pleut le samedi. (95)

PRINTEMPS. — Le jour de la Chandeleur ou — suivant d'autres — le 21 de mars, si les ours voient leur ombrage, ils restent encore quarante jours dans leur *ouache* (tanière). (96)

RÊVES. — Pour comprendre le sens des rêves, il faut prendre le contraire de ce qui s'y passe. Par exemple, rêver qu'une personne est morte signifie qu'elle va se marier; etc. (97)

SAMEDI. — Le soleil paraît toujours quelques moments le samedi, car la sainte Vierge lave les couches de l'enfant Jésus, ce jour-là, et il lui faut du soleil pour les faire sécher avant le dimanche. (98)

SEL. — Renverser une salière: chicane. (99)

SOLEIL ET PLUIE. — Quand il pleut et fait soleil en même temps, c'est que le diable bat sa femme et marie sa fille.[1] (100)

SOULIERS. — Si le cordon de votre soulier ou de votre chaussure à gauche se détache, quelqu'un pense à vous en bien; et quand il s'agit du pied droit, on pense en mal. (101)

TABLE. — Il ne faut pas s'asseoir sur une table, car on reste vieille fille ou vieux garçon. (102)

[1] A Sainte-Marie (Beauce) on dit: "C'est que le diable bat sa femme pour avoir des crêpes." (C.-M.B.)

TEMPÉRATURE. — La température des douze mois d'une année est la même que celle des douze jours qui se sont écoulés du 25 de décembre au 5 de janvier précédents. La température du mois de janvier est celle du 25 de décembre, et ainsi de suite. Cette période se nomme "les *ajets*." (103)

Mettre à l'envers une partie quelconque du vêtement indique un changement de température. (104)

La température qu'il fait pendant la lecture de l'Evangile, le vendredi saint, se répète pendant les quarante jours suivants. (105)

La température du troisième jour du mois est la même que celle du reste du mois. (106)

TRÈFLE. — La chance favorise celle ou celui qui trouve un trèfle anormal, c'est-à-dire à quatre, cinq ou six feuilles. Plus il y a de feuilles, plus la chance est grande. (107)

VENDREDI. — Pour y réussir il faut commencer à sevrer un enfant le vendredi. (108)

Se couper les ongles le vendredi, sans y songer, est chanceux. Si on le fait consciemment, on aura de la peine, le dimanche. (109)

On ne doit rien entreprendre de nouveau, le vendredi. (110)

VIEILLES FILLES. — Les filles restées célibataires de leur propre gré sont, après leur décès, envoyées aux limbes pour y bercer les enfants morts sans avoir été baptisés. (111)

MONTRÉAL, CAN.

NOTES ET ENQUÊTES.

LES REMÈDES D'AUTREFOIS.[1] — Alors que je passais mes vacances d'écolier (1890–95) dans la paroisse de Sainte-Geneviève-de-Batiscan, comté de Champlain (Québec), j'occupais mes loisirs à me renseigner sur ce qui me paraissait constituer le folklore de cette partie du pays.

Parmi ces choses que je notai se trouve une série de remèdes plus ou moins étranges qui, m'assura-t-on, guérissaient souvent. Peu d'entre eux, sans doute, ont été inventés par nos Canadiens; les uns ont dû leur être indiqués par les Sauvages; les autres leur sont venus de France; car la pharmacopée populaire de notre ancienne mère-patrie se complaisait dans le bizarre, le terrifiant ou le répugnant, ainsi qu'en témoignent les ouvrages d'outre-mer sur les traditions locales.

Quoi qu'il en soit, la science veut qu'on note ces recettes, et j'en ai dressé la liste suivante: —

Clous (*contre les*). — Manger des grains de plomb en nombre impair. (1)

Cœur (*palpitations de*). — Découper un cœur dans du drap écarlate et le fixer à ses sous-vêtements, sur le cœur. (2)

Cors (*contre les*). — Ecraser une grenouille entre le gros orteil et le deuxième doigt du pied. (3)

Consomption. — Boire de l'urine de vache noire. (4)

Convulsion chez les enfants. — Enlever leur chemise, la tourner à l'envers et la brûler. (5)

Coqueluche. — Demander à votre plus proche parent de vous donner un aliment par charité, sans lui dire dans quel but, et faire manger de cet aliment à l'enfant. (6) — Conduire l'enfant à un cheval marron[2] et dire à l'animal: "Marron, ôtes-*i* la coqueluche!" faire en même temps toucher le cheval par l'enfant.[3] (7)

Crampes. — Porter des jarretières en soie noire ou en coton à chandelles. (8) — Mettre, en se couchant, ses chaussures sens dessus dessous, c.-à-d. la semelle en haut. (9)

Dartre. — Cerner avec un jonc de mariée ou de religieuse. (10) — Mettre de la cendre de pipe autour de la dartre. (11) — Cracher par terre, à jeun, faire dissoudre du sel dans cette salive et appliquer. (12) — Faire dissoudre du sel dans de la buée recueillie sur une vitre, et appliquer. (13) — Brûler du papier dans une assiette; faire dissoudre du sel dans la buée qui se produit, et appliquer. (14)

Dentition. — Mettre trois dents d'agneau dans un sac et pendre le sac au cou de l'enfant. (15) — Faire porter à l'enfant un collier de dents. (16)

Dents (*maux de*). — Porter dans sa poche un os de la tête d'un poisson. (17) — Se couper les ongles le lundi. — Porter au cou une noix attachée à une ficelle ou à un ruban. (18)

Enflure. — Pour faire aboutir, appliquer un morceau humide de peau de lièvre. (19)

Entorse. — Appliquer de la saumure de jeune porc. (20) — Battre un œuf, le poivrer et l'appliquer. (21)

[1] Extrait d'un article publié, en 1909, dans La Revue populaire, Montréal.

[2] On appelle "marron," un cheval dont la robe est tachetée d'une certaine façon.

[3] Cela se pratique encore à Montréal, m'a-t-on récemment affirmé.

Gorge (*mal de*). — Enlever son chausson ou son bas du pied gauche et en appliquer le dessous sur la gorge. (22) — Boire du pétrole. (23)

Hémorroïdes. — Porter dans sa poche un morceau de cire à cacheter. (24) — Porter un fruit de marronier d'Inde (*Horse chestnut*). (25) — Appliquer du suif de bélier noir. (26) — Appliquer du pétrole. (27)

Hernie. — Placer un enfant hernieux debout, dans la baie d'une porte; faire un trou dans le bois de la porte à la hauteur de la tumeur, et boucher le trou au moyen d'une cheville. (28) — Pour la hernie étranglée, appliquer de la fiente de poule délayée dans de l'huile d'olive. (29)

Incontinence d'urine chez les enfants. — Faire manger de la souris rôtie. (30) — Faire manger des crottes de souris. (31)

Inflammation d'intestins. — Se faire trois zéros sur la peau du ventre avec de la "pierre bleue." (32)

Jambes (*maux de*). — Un bain de pieds pris dans "l'eau courante," le jour de la Saint-Jean-Baptiste, préserve des maux de jambes, pendant l'année. (33)

Jaunisse. — Manger des poux en nombre impair. (34) — Manger une tartine au beurre sur laquelle on a mis des poux. (35) — "Creuser une carotte," remplir la cavité avec de l'urine de la personne malade et pendre la carotte au plafond. La jaunisse disparaît à mesure que la carotte sèche. (36)

Maux en général (*contre tous*). — Boire de l'eau du premier bain d'un enfant qui a la *fleur du lit* (fleur de lis?). On désigne ainsi le septième enfant consécutif du même sexe, dans la même famille. (37)

Panaris. — Appliquer de la fiente de vache noire. (38)

Pied (*mal au*). — Découper, dans un champ, un morceau de tourbe de la dimension de son pied nu. Retourner ce morceau à l'envers et ne jamais repasser par là. (39)

Pleurésie. — Prendre deux poignées de suie dans le tuyau d'un poêle, ébouillanter, couler et faire boire. (40)

Reins (*mal de*). — Découper dans un tronc d'épinette rouge une bande d'écorce, puis en ceinturer le corps. (41)

Rhumatisme. — Se rendre dans une forêt, faire une entaille dans un arbre et dire: "Rhumatisme, je te laisse; quand je repasserai, je te reprendrai . . ." Il faut éviter cet endroit par la suite. (42) — Porter une pomme de terre dans sa poche. Quand le tubercule sèche et durcit, le mal disparaît. (43) — Appliquer un hareng saur sur la partie douloureuse. (44) — Porter un morceau d'acier dans sa chaussure. (45) — Frictionner avec de l'huile de *bête-puante* (civette). (46) — Uriner dans une bouteille, puis enterrer celle-ci au pied d'un arbre. Quand l'urine se "consommera," [1] les douleurs cesseront. (47)

Saignement de nez. — Priser de l'excrément de pourceau séché et réduit en poudre. (48) — Coller un petit carré de papier au palais.[2] (49) — Enlever le capot du malade et le jeter vivement sur le dos d'un pourceau. (50) — Réciter cinq *Pater*, et en même temps renverser quelque objet sens dessus dessous. (51)

Sueurs. — Pour faire cesser la sueur des mains, il faut, de la main gauche, saisir une taupe et l'étouffer. (52)

Toux. — Boire de l'urine. (53) — Boire du sirop composé de sucre d'érable et d'excrément de mouton. (54)

[1] S'évaporera.

[2] Aussi connu à Ottawa. A la Beauce, on conseillait de mettre le papier entre la gensive supérieure et la lèvre. — C.-M. B.

Verrues. — Mettre dans un petit sac autant de pois qu'on a de verrues. Jeter ce sac derrière soi sur la route, par-dessus son épaule, sans regarder. Celui qui ramasse le sac aura les verrues. (55) — Quand on voit une étoile filante, dire: "File, verrue!" et la verrue disparaît. (56) — Quand on voit passer la dépouille d'un enfant, on dit: "Je te donne mes verrues," et le défunt les emporte. (57)

Yeux et oreilles (maux des). — Frotter avec du "bois de tonnerre," c'est-à-dire du bois que la foudre a frappé. (58)

E.-Z. MASSICOTTE.

MONTRÉAL, CAN.

NOTES SUR LA FACÉTIE DES TROIS RÈVES. — Dans son intéressante étude mythographique sur "Les trois rèves" ("The Three Dreams or 'Dream-Bread' Story," dans le Journal of American Folk-Lore, 30 [1917] : 378–410), M. Paull Franklin Baum étudie l'histoire — de 1106 à nos jours — de cette facétie populaire et en indique la diffusion en Europe et en Asie.

Aux leçons canadiennes qu'il cite nous désirons ajouter quelques versions inédites et discuter ses suppositions sur l'origine de cette branche américaine de la facétie. Sa théorie se résume à ceci: C'est plutôt dans des recueils comme ceux d'Ouville (*Facéties*) que dans la transmission orale directe du conte moyenâgeux qu'il faut chercher la source des versions canadiennes connues.

D'abord, citons les versions canadiennes inédites. C'est de Charles Barbeau [1] (Sainte-Marie, Beauce) que nous avons recueilli la première, en 1914: —

Trois chasseurs s'étaient écartés dans une grande forêt. Il ne leur restait qu'un morceau de pain pour toute provision; et, comme ils ne pouvaient retrouver leur chemin, ils craignaient bien de mourir de faim. La conversation s'engage entre deux d'entre eux; ils prenaient le troisième pour un bonasse et ils ne s'occupaient pas beaucoup de lui. Ils se dirent: "Celui qui fera le rève le plus beau, cette nuit, mangera le pain; et il aura une chance de sauver sa vie." Le lendemain matin, quand ils se réveillent, l'un des trois demande: "Qu'as-tu rêvé, toi?" Celui qui avait le plus faim répond: "J'ai rêvé que mon père était roi. Il avait une grande armée; cela ne l'empêchait pas d'avoir un beau jardin et de cultiver les choux. Il cultivait tellement bien que ses choux poussaient à merveille; une seule feuille de ses choux était assez grande pour couvrir une armée de cent mille hommes." Son compagnon dit: "Tu as certainement fait un rêve extraordinaire. Moi, j'ai rêvé que mon père aussi cultivait et qu'il avait un jardin, mais pas aussi beau que celui de ton père. Il poussait, dans son jardin, des carottes si longues qu'un bout se rendait à l'enfer tandis que l'autre touchait au paradis." Le premier répond: "Tu as certainement gagné le pain. Mais notre compagnon a peut-être rêvé?" — "Ah ah! répond le troisième, moi aussi, j'ai fait un rêve; j'ai rêvé que j'avais faim, dans le cours de la nuit, que je me suis levé et que j'ai mangé le pain." Il l'avait mangé, en effet; c'est ce que les autres ont constaté.

Un vieille dame Jean Morency [2] nous racontait une autre variante de ce conte, lorsque nous étions enfants. Ces souvenirs sont trop confus pour entrer dans les détails. Dans cette version, toutefois, il s'agissait de trois

[1] Agé de 69 ans; natif de Saint-François (Beance).

[2] Native de Saint-Isidore (Dorchester, P. Q.); âgée d'environ 78 ans en 1906.

enfants qui rêvaient pour une galette. L'un rêvait des anges du paradis, l'autre de la Vierge, l'autre de Dieu le père (nous ne sommes pas tout à fait certain de l'identité de ces rêves). Le plus jeune dit: "Quand j'ai su que vous étiez tous en paradis, j'ai cru que vous n'auriez plus besoin de la galette. Je me suis levé et je l'ai mangée." [1]

Une troisième variante nous a été communiquée par M. F. W. Waugh, qui l'a remarquée, vers 1900, dans le comté de Brant (Ontario), où elle est bien connue: —

An Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman were travelling together. They became very hungry. They had a loaf of bread, but decided not to eat it until the next day, when the one who had the best dream would get the largest share. The next morning they began to tell their dreams. The Scotchman said, "My dream was, that, after eating my share of the loaf, I was able to travel along without any trouble." The Englishman said, "I dreamed that I ate so much of the loaf that I could hardly keep up with you." The Irishman said, "*Begorra!* I dreamed I was hungry; so I got up and ate the loaf."

Un fragment d'une quatrième variante nous vient aussi de M. Waugh, qui se souvient de l'avoir entendue de son père, à Brantford (Ont.): —

Pat and Mike had only one loaf of bread between them. They proposed that they should go to sleep, and that the one who had the best dream should have the bread. So they did. When they woke up, they told their dream. Mike had a "*foine*" story, and thought he should get the loaf. Pat then told how he dreamed that he was hungry, got up, and ate the loaf . . .

Comme dans le cas des contes anciens et bien connus du répertoire canadien, nous pouvons à bon droit nous attendre à recueillir de nouvelles variantes de celui des "Trois rêves."

La diffusion, au Canada, de ces versions dont le cadre est le même, mais dont le contenu diffère, suffirait à mettre en doute la théorie de M. Baum quant à la source des données canadiennes.

Pour notre part, nous ne croyons pas que la publication de variantes de cette facétie — aussi puisées aux sources populaires — dans les "Contes aux heures perdues du sieur d'Ouville" (1655) ou dans d'autres livres anciens ou récents [2] puisse expliquer l'origine de celles du terroir canadien, pas plus d'ailleurs que les recueils de contes populaires de Perrault (1697) et de Mme D'Aulnoy (1698) n'ont affaire aux milliers de contes encore en circulation au Canada.

Citant l'ouvrage de Charles Nisard [3] sur les livres populaires et la littérature de colportage, M. G. Huet, dans un article remarquable, étudiait récemment l'"Authenticité et valeur de la tradition populaire," [4] et venait à la conclusion que "en général, l'influence des livres imprimés sur la propagation des contes est bien moins grande qu'on ne pourrait le supposer." [5]

[1] Une autre variante canadienne a été publiée en 1867, par Paul Stevens, dans ses Contes populaires (Soulanges, 1867), p. 193.

[2] Cf. Jeux et Récréations, Société de Saint-Augustin (France), 1899, pp. 46–48; "Gascon et Normand."

[3] Histoire des livres populaires ou de la littérature de colportage (2ème édition, Paris, 1864), 2 vols.

[4] Revue de l'Histoire des religions (Paris, Janv.-fev., 1916), 1–51.

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 13.

Cette remarque de M. Huet s'applique à plus forte raison au Canada, où le noyau colonial s'était fixé avant 1680, c'est-à-dire avant qu'aucune de ces choses ait été publiée. Il ne faut d'ailleurs pas oublier que le nombre d'exemplaires des facéties d'Ouville, des contes de Perrault et d'Aulnoy était très restreint et, partant, de peu d'influence sur les masses illettrées des provinces. Nous remarquons que, même aujourd'hui, la tradition orale canadienne n'est pas sérieusement troublée par le voisinage constant du livre. Les récits et les chansons se transmettent de bouche et ce qui est dans le livre y reste. Ce sont là deux courants distincts qui ne s'entrecroisent pas assez pour qu'il vaille la peine d'en parler.

Bien que le recueil des "Cantiques de Marseilles" ait été répandu en plusieurs éditions dans la province de Québec, depuis 1724 (ou antérieurement), les complaintes qu'il contient n'ont vraiment pas passé dans le domaine oral.

Sans aller plus loin dans ce domaine, comme il serait facile de le faire, nous inclinons vers la conclusion que la facétie des "Trois rêves" appartient autant au fonds populaire canadien qu'à celui des pays européens et que, comme M. Baum l'indique, la diffusion, en Europe et en Asie, en est fort ancienne.

C.-MARIUS BARBEAU.

OTTAWA, CAN.

LA PREMIÈRE SÉANCE ANNUELLE DE LA SECTION DE QUÉBEC. — Les membres de la Section de Québec, au nombre de 23, se sont réunis à l'occasion des séances de la Société royale, au Château Laurier, à Ottawa, le 22 mai 1918.

La sécrétaire fit un rapport des travaux d'enquête et de publication accomplis pendant les dernières années, et on procéda à l'élection des dignitaires de la Section pour 1919. Furent élus: M. E.-Z. Massicotte, *président*; Messieurs Victor Morin, Gustave Lanctôt et Mlle. Malvina Tremblay, *vice-présidents*; M. C.-M. Barbeau, *sécrétaire*; et Mr. F. W. Waugh, *trésorier*.

M. Benjamin Sulte donna une causerie sur La formation intellectuelle des anciens canadiens et son influence sur les traditions populaires.

La récolte des traditions orales dans Québec a, d'après le rapport du sécrétaire, beaucoup dépassé les modestes moyens dont on dispose pour les faire connaître aux intéressés. Sans tenir compte des données déjà publiées dans les trois premiers volumes français de la Société de folklore américain ("Journal of American Folk-Lore," jan.–mars 1916, 1917, et jan.–mars 1919) il n'est pas exagéré de dire que trois ou quatre mille pages ne suffiraient pas à la publication des matériaux traditionnels de toutes sortes, provenant de Québec, et maintenant réunis dans les classeurs du sécrétaire, à la Section d'anthropologie (Ottawa). Les enquêtes, jusqu'ici de peu de durée et restreintes à Charlevoix, Chicoutimi, Québec, Montréal, Kamouraska et la Beauce, devraient bientôt se continuer ou s'étendre à d'autres régions inexplorées.

Voici la liste abrégée des collections inédites de traditions orales canadiennes que possède aujourd'hui la Section de Québec (sont exclus de cette liste les materiaux déjà publiés): —

Collection Barbeau (*C.-Marius*). — Contes: recueillis à Lorette (1914), 4; à la Beauce (1914), 1; à Kamouraska (1915), 33; à Charlevoix et Chicoutimi (1916), 119. — Chansons: recueillis à Lorette (1914), 3 textes;

à Kamouraska (1915), 1 texte; à Charlevoix et Chicoutimi (1916), près de 500 textes, dont 469 furent recueillis avec mélodies, au phonographe; à la Beauce (1918), 62 textes et mélodies. — Anecdotes de la Beauce sur les noces d'autrefois, sur les sorciers, les feu-follets, les loups-garous, la *chasse-galerie*, les *guérisseurs de secret*, et sur des anciennes coutumes: plus de 25 sujets, dont 17 furent pris au phonographe. — Technologie: matériaux sur les arts et les objets domestiques de la Beauce ancienne, sur le blason populaire, les métiers et les mœurs qui ne sont guère connus maintenant que des vieillards. — Dictons, croyances, blason populaire et expressions: notés à Ottawa, à la Beauce et ailleurs.

Collection Massicotte (*Edouard-Z.*). — Chansons: (1917–18) une série de plus de 900 pièces phonographiées et transmises au sécrétaire à mesure qu'elles étaient recueillies à Montréal. A cette série, d'ailleurs en voie de développement, s'ajoutent des manuscrits de différentes sources. — Formulettes et rimettes: probablement près de 200 pièces (Montréal, 1917–18). — Contes et vaudevilles: quelques pièces seulement. — Blason populaire: récemment mis à l'étude. — Bibliographie du folklore canadien en préparation. Un certain nombre de pièces du répertoire Massicotte ont été notées de 1883 à 1917, dans Russell, Prescott, Montréal et ailleurs.

Collection A. G. — Chansons: 42 textes recueillis, en 1918, à Montréal, mais provenant principalement de Portneuf; 35 mélodies notées à l'oreille pour la plupart par J.-H. Poisson.

Collection Tremblay (*Malvina*). — Trois contes de Charlevoix, publiés en 1918, et deux autres retenus aux classeurs (1918); dictons, remèdes populaires et expressions de La Malbaie.

Collection Bolduc (*Evelyn*). — Publiée dans le premier et le troisième volume français de la Société de folklore.

Collection Lanctôt (*Gustave*). — Chansons: 10 textes recueillis de 1914 à 1917; textes notés en 1918: 9 formulettes, etc.

Collection Morin (*Victor*). — Publiée dans le second volume français de la Société de folklore.

Collection Lanctôt-Barbeau. — Chansons de Zénon Bélair; environ 50 textes provenant des Deux-Montagnes et de Montréal; transcrites en un cahier, depuis 1909; et dont 25 mélodies ont été recueillies au moyen du phonographe, en 1918.

En dehors de ces collections, un certain nombre de pièces isolées nous ont été transmises par des correspondants que nous ne mentionnons pas ici.

C.-M. B.

OTTAWA, CAN.

LA DEUXIÈME SÉANCE ANNUELLE DE LA SECTION DE QUÉBEC (À MONTRÉAL, LE 18 MARS 1919). — Le Sécrétaire fit un rapport des travaux de la section. Nos collections folkloriques se sont de beaucoup accrues depuis notre séance de mai 1918. Les ressources financières indispensables pour leur publication restent, cependant, insuffisantes.

Notre requête de mai 1918 demandant l'assistance du Gouvernement de Québec fut présentée par le Sécrétaire à Sir Lomer Gouin, en juin 1918. Tout en ne souscrivant pas au fonds de publication de la Société — comme il était prié de le faire — le Premier ministre de Québec a gracieusement consenti, au nom de son gouvernement, à acheter pour mille piastres d'exemplaires de nos deux premières séries de chants populaires canadiens; ce qui doit couvrir une partie des frais de publication.

Le volumineux manuscrit de la troisième livraison française du "Journal of American Folk-Lore" fut préparé par le Sécrétaire et transmis au Dr. Boas, en mai 1918. Mais les frais d'impression, les revenus insuffisants de la Société, ainsi qu'un malentendu inententionnel ont jusqu'ici retardé sa publication. Cette livraison, maintenant sous presse, sera la première dans la série de 1919, et elle paraîtra sous peu. Une quatrième livraison, pour 1920, est maintenant en préparation. Le Sécrétaire, en collaboration avec M. Jean Beck, de l'Université de Bryn Mawr, terminera bientôt le volume de chants populaires du Canada (deuxième série, "Cantilènes, ballades et complaintes du bas Saint-Laurent"), qui paraîtra dans la série des "Memoirs" de la Société de folklore d'Amérique.

Voici les collections faites depuis le 24 de mai 1918 et conservées par la Section d'anthropologie (Musée Victoria, Ottawa): —

Collection Barbeau. — Liste des matériaux recueillis pendant des recherches folkloriques de trois mois et demi de durée, sous les auspices de la Section d'anthropologie (Musée Victoria, Ottawa), dans les comtés de Témiscouata (Notre-Dame-du-Portage, Saint-Antonin), de Kamouraska (Saint-André), et de Gaspé (Sainte-Anne-des-Monts et La Tourelle). Chansons: en tout 1300 variantes recueillies en sténographie, 1075 étant accompagnées de leur mélodie, enregistrée au phonographe; dont, de Témiscouata, 383 pièces phonographiés et notées et 70 textes nus; de Gaspé, 690 numéros phonographiés et notés, et près de 220 textes. Danses et airs de violon: violon, 55 pièces; danses chantées en imitant le violon, 8 (recueillies au Portage). Contes et anecdotes: 17 contes de Gaspé, et 5 de Témiscouata; 12 anecdotes de Témiscouata et 28 de Gaspé. Blason et géographie: étude assez complète pour Notre-Dame-du-Portage, les environs de Sainte-Anne-des-Monts, et la côte de Gaspé. Technologie et arts: 280 photographies de bâtisses, d'anciens objets et procédes, de personnes; notes sur différentes phases de la vie domestique. Autres données: sur l'origine des groupements du Portage et de Sainte-Anne-des-Monts, sur les formulettes et rimettes, sur les expressions du terroir.

Collection Massicotte. — Nouvelle série d'à peu près 460 pièces, comprenant chansons, formulettes et rimettes populaires; soit, 400 chansons en texte, dont 100 sont phonographiées. Etudes sur des jeux semi-populaires, de bonne heure introduits au Canada: le jeu de dames, le romestecq, etc. Technologie coloniale: 742 fiches, d'après des inventaires, ordonnances et règlements anciens.

Collection Barbeau-Wyman. — 60 chansons recueillies en texte et au phonographe, à Notre-Dame-du-Portage (Témiscouata) et à Saint-André (Kamouraska).

Collection (Loraine) Wyman. — 18 chansons avec texte et mélodie, recueillies à Percé (Gaspé), en juillet 1918 (bien que cette collection ait été faite indépendamment, Miss Wyman a offert de la publier dans la prochaine livraison française du "Journal of American Folk-Lore"); une petite collection de photographies prises à Notre-Dame-du-Portage et aux environs.

Collection (Malvina) Tremblay. — 4 contes recueillis à Ottawa; quelques fragments de chansons, en texte; plus de 20 formulettes et rondes enfantines; un petit nombre de remèdes populaires, de dictons et de superstitions; et une liste d'expressions du terroir, principalement de Chicoutimi.

Collection A. G. — Chansons recueillies à Montréal, mais provenant en partie de Portneuf: 18 textes et 7 mélodies notées à l'oreille par J.-H. Poisson.

Collection (Jules) Tremblay. — 2 chansons accompagnées de leur mélodie; 2 anecdotes.

Collection (Georges) Mercure. — 2 anecdotes; 3 chansons.

Vieux manuscrits. — Cahier Mizaël Hamelin, Québec, 1860, contenant des chansons populaires canadiennes et des romances, remis par E.-Z. Massicotte; 3 cahiers de Soeur Ste-Georgia (Virginie Morency), de Sainte-Marie, Beauce (*circa* 1878), contenant des cantiques, romances littéraires et quelques chansons populaires, remis par C.-M. Barbeau; cahier Benjamin Sulte, contenant des romances littéraires et peu de chansons populaires connues en 1850, remis par M. Sulte.

Soirée de folklore canadien, à la Bibliothèque Saint-Sulpice. — Dans le but d'intéresser un plus grand nombre de Canadiens dans l'étude et la publication du folklore de leur pays, la Société historique de Montréal et la Section de Québec organisèrent une Soirée de traditions populaires, accompagnant leur séance annuelle.

En résumé, voici le programme de cette soirée d'un nouveau genre: Trois chanteurs populaires, Messieurs de Repentigny, Tison, et Rousselle, un *violonneux* et un danseur, Messieurs Baulne et Bougie, ont exécuté plusieurs pièces traditionnelles de leur répertoire. Deux contes canadiens furent récités. Des projections lumineuses firent connaître quelques traits généralement ignorés de notre technologie ancienne, etc. Messieurs Morin et Barbeau expliquèrent la raison d'être de la Section de Québec (Société de folklore d'Amérique) et l'historique des pièces traditionnelles comprises au programme.

Election des dignitaires de la section pour 1920. — *Patron*, Sir Lomer Gouin. *Président*, E.-Z. Massicotte. *Vice-Présidents*, Victor Morin, Louis Vessot King. *Conseillers*, Gustave Lanctôt, Aegidius Fauteux, Edmond Montet. *Secrétaire*, C.-Marius Barbeau. *Trésorière*, Malvina Tremblay.

C.-M. B.

OTTAWA, CAN.

NOTICE SUR MICHEL MORIN.[1] — Michel Morin appartenait à une famille de Beaubassin (Acadie) qui vint s'établir à la Rivière-du-Sud (Montmagny), entre les années 1686 et 1694. Son père se nommait Pierre Morin, et sa mère, Françoise Chiasson dit Lavallée. Peut-être cet excentrique personnage eut-il l'Acadie pour berceau; ce qui expliquerait sa qualification de "Bedeau de Beauséjour," dans un récit cité par le "Journal of American Folk-Lore" (29 : 126). Il épousa, à Berthier (Bellechasse), le 7 janvier 1727, Marie Frégeot. Exerça-t-il les fonctions de chantre? On pourrait l'affirmer, s'il eût quelque chose de commun avec son frère Pierre, qui s'éteignit subitement à l'âge de 84 ans, dans l'église de St-Pierre de Montmagny, tenant en main un livre de plain-chant. Sa passion pour la pêche et les exploits cynégétiques sont restés célèbres.

Les régistres de Kamouraska fixent sa sépulture au 20 juin 1767. La chute célébrée par F.-B. Pelletier (*l.c.*, p. 131) n'a pas dû être fatale. Du reste, le fait seul qu'elle prêta à la plaisanterie le prouve suffisamment.

Je transcris ici, en guise de confirmation, une esquisse biographique du célèbre original, due à la plume toujours sûre de l'Honorable A.-N. Morin (par Béchard, La Vérité [Québec, 1885], p. 12), qui a emprunté le tout aux traditions de sa famille.

[1] Voir, Journal of American Folk-Lore, 29 : 30, et 30 : 141.

"Michel, le plus jeune (des fils de Pierre Morin), était fort célèbre par son excentricité, ses bons mots et sa paresse. Il vécut de chasse et de pêche, huit ans, sur les bords d'un lac qui porte son nom, plutôt que de travailler. Il disait qu'il prendrait une terre s'il savait que tous les arbres fussent creux. J'ai entendu chanter des chansons faites sur son compte. C'était un homme grand, sec et maigre. Vers la fin de ses jours, le courage le reprit: il alla ouvrir une terre à la Rivière-Ouelle — ou plus bas; il acquit de l'aisance. Son fils a été lieutenant-colonel de milice; ses fils ou d'autres de ses fils (?), capitaines, etc. . . . établis à St. Roch-des Aulnaies, à la Rivière-Ouelle, à Cacouna," etc.

A. G.

MONTRÉAL, CAN.

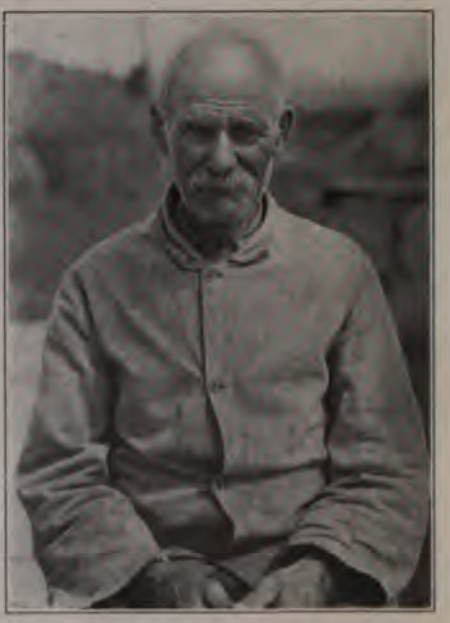
1. Maison, grange et étable (avec encorbellement, qu'on appelle *abàvent*), près Saint-Paul (Charlevoix, P.Q.)

2. (*A gauche*) M. Vincent-Ferrier de Repentigny, chanteur, né dans Beauharn dant à Montréal.

3. (*A droite*) M. Joseph Rousselle, chanteur et conteur, né dans Kamouraska, e Montréal.

1. Conteur et chanteuses, à Saint-Pascal (Charlevoix): M. Joseph Mailloux, ses filles et petites-filles.

2 et 3. Le conteur, M. Joseph Mailloux, âgé de 85 ans (1916). Saint Pascal (Charlevoix, P.Q.)



1. M. Jean Bouchard, conteur; Madame Bouchard, chanteuse; et leurs enfants. Eboulements (Charlevoix, P.Q.)

2. (*A gauche*) M. Edouard Hovington, chanteur et conteur, âgé de 89 ans (1916). Tadoussac (P.Q.)

3. (*A d'oi'e*) M. Marcel Tremblay, conteur et chanteur, âgé de 76 ans (1916). Saint-Joseph (Eboulements, P.Q.)

TABLE DES MATIÈRES.

CHANTS POPULAIRES DU CANADA.

Par E.-Z MASSICOTTE et C.-M. BARBEAU.

PAGE

PRÉFACE 1
Provenance des chansons 2
Méthode suivie dans la notation et dans la rédaction des textes et des mélodies. 4
Description des chansons 6
La prosodie des chansons 9
Définition des signes conventionnels 14
LES CHANSONS 15
1. Damon et Henriette 15
2. Notre seigneur, l'avare et la dame 19
3. La femme avare et le crucifix 20
4. Le nouveau-né noyé par sa mère 21
5. Le marchand et le diable 21
6. Le blashémateur châtié 23
7. Le meurtrier et le capitaine 24
8. Le conscrit nouvellement marié 26
9. Le pénitent et l'ivrogne 27
10. Carême et Mardi-gras 32
11. Cartouche et Mandrin 35
12. L'hirondelle messagère des amours (*première variante*) 39
13. L'hirondelle messagère des amours (*deuxième variante*) 40
14. Sa beauté a su me charmer 42
15. Sommeilles-tu, ma petite Louison? 44
16. Cette aimable tourterelle 45
17. Ingrate beauté, insensible bergère 46
18. La bergère et le fils du grand seigneur 48
19. Les loups viendront 50
20. La fille qui veut se marier 53
21. Je ne veux pas me marier 54
22. Le lendemain des noces 55
23–26. La parvenue qui se mire 56
27. La mariée aux membres postiches 59
28. Silence! il va chanter 60
29. Buvons, chantons et rions bien 62
30. L'amour nous mène 63
31. La prison du Gourmand 64
32. Dans les temps des fêtes 65
33. La bistringue 66
34. La petite souris grise 67
35. La randonnée de la ville de Paris 68

PAGE

36. Un remède à mon talon (*randonnée*) 70
37. La randonnée du merle 71
38. Le bâtiment des innocents 73
39. La chanson des mensonges 74
40. Mon canot d'écorce 78
41. Aventures de marins canadiens 79
42. Les *draveurs* de la gatineau 81
43. Les *raftsmans* 83
44. Le départ pour le Klondyke 85
45. Chapleau et son nouveau gouvernement 88
46. L'enfant-terrible (*chanson politique*) 88

CONTES POPULAIRES CANADIENS.

(*a*) CONTES DE LA BEAUCE.

Par EVELYN BOLDUC.

79. La fée de la mer verte 90
80. Le petit jardinier 97

(*b*) CONTES DE CHICOUTIMI ET DE LA MALBAIE.

Par MALVINA TREMBLAY.

81. Le royaume sous l'eau 101
82. Le coffre de fer 107
83. La petite souris et le petit charbon de feu 110

(*c*) CONTES DE CHARLEVOIX ET DE CHICOUTIMI.

Par C.-MARIUS BARBEAU.

84. La princesse du Tomboso 112
85. La tête 117
86. Le grand sultan 123
87. Le ruban bleu 149
88. Les bossus 161
89. Le bâton d'or 163
90. Robert et son sac 164
91. Le spectre 165

CROYANCES ET DICTONS POPULAIRES DES ENVIRONS DE TROIS-RIVIÈRES (CANADA) . . . . . E.-Z. MASSICOTTE 168

NOTES ET ENQUÊTES 176

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THE FIELD OF EUROPEAN FOLK-LORE IN AMERICA.[1]

BY C. MARIUS BARBEAU.

RATHER than rest content with the folk-lore results already achieved in the field, and confine our attention to closet-studies, we might be well advised, in the present period of reconstruction, to direct our energies to the systematic survey of the neglected avenues of European folk-tradition in America. To the inquisitive mind of many a scholar the vast and unexplored resources of that subject, when clearly indicated, should offer an irresistible appeal.

The leading members of this Society have long been aware of the vistas for research in folk ethnography and lore on this continent.[2] If I venture here to make a brief mention of the sources of unrecorded information, it is not that I expect to add materially to their knowledge. But as our keen desire for expansion and sounder methods in our pursuit is far from being widely appreciated and supported, it may be useful at times to review comprehensively our aims, explore new horizons, and re-examine why and how we should best utilize the sadly-forsaken domain of science intrusted to our keeping.

Under a deceptive appearance of uniformity and barrenness, the mentality of the Neo-American people is still endowed with various patrimonies of Old-World tradition. The complexity and extent of that heritage are derived not merely from the diversity of races that have invaded the new continent since the discovery, but also from their contacts with the native tribes.

Among what we may call the "primary sources" of intrusive folk-tradition here, the Spanish, the French, and the British elements — respectively located in the southwest, the northeast, and the centre — are the oldest and foremost. Their vitality and ancestral traits have to this day been preserved in their distinct geographic spheres.

[1] Address of the retiring President, delivered at the thirtieth annual meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society, held in Baltimore, Dec. 29, 1918.

[2] Compare "On the Field and Work of a Journal of American Folk-Lore" (JAFL 1 [1888]: 3-7).

While the British-American domain has in recent times greatly increased, that of the French has either shrunk or been split into several isolated sections. Outside of the larger Quebec group, we now find insular-like French settlements in the Maritime Provinces of Canada (The Acadians),[1] in Louisiana,[2] on the Detroit River,[3] and at several points of the Northwest.[4] The recession of the Spanish culture in the Southwest has also left a number of persistent vestiges as far north as Texas and northern California.[5]

Although more modern, the primary source of intrusive German oral tradition in Pennsylvania is of importance. After the establishment of the now-submerged Dutch and Swedish settlements on the Delaware and the Hudson Rivers (1638–55),[6] the Krefelders came to Philadelphia, in 1683, and formed the nucleus of the Pennsylvania-

[1] The Acadians are outwardly somewhat different from the Quebec French-Canadians; their dialectical *nuances*, for one thing, seem to point to the fact that their French ancestors were from other provinces of France than those of the Quebec group.

[2] The French group in Louisiana is likely to be a complex one; many settlers there originally, or even recently, proceeded from Quebec and Detroit, while others are Acadians in origin. A Louisiana Acadian, M. Edmond Montet, has recently written to us: ". . . Il y a en Louisiane toute une mine pour un folkloriste canadien. La survivance acadienne s'est manifestée là avec autant de fécondité qu'au pays des aïeux. La littérature Louisianaise mérite d'être passée en revue. Bien d'autres écrivains que M. Alcée Fortier ont étudié la légende et l'histoire de ce pays. Connaissez-vous 'Le destin d'un brin de mousse' de Mlle Laure Andry, une acadienne; les 'Réminiscences acadiennes' de M. le juge Félix Voorhies, etc., sur ces mêmes sujets?" — The late Alcée Fortier (Louisiana Folk-Tales, MAFLS 2 [1895]: V, IX; also JAFL) has published material from Louisiana in the Creole dialect, which he describes thus: "The dialect spoken by the negroes of Lower Louisiana, and known by philologists as the Creole dialect, . . . is not merely a corruption of French . . . ; it is a real idiom with a morphology and grammar of its own" (p. X); ". . . The Louisiana folk-tales were brought over to this country by Europeans and Africans" (p. IX).

[3] The origin of the French settlement on the Detroit River dates back to 1701. The French-speaking population there now numbers about twenty thousand.

[4] In Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Washington.

[5] See Los Pastores, a Mexican play of the Nativity . . . notes by M. R. Cole (MAFLS 9 [1907]: IX–XI). Says Mr. Cole: "The popular production of an old Miracle Play on American soil, at the end of the nineteenth century, is really surprising, and brings home the fact that no inconsiderable part of the population of Texas is still Mexican in everything but the name." — "Father Parisot in his Reminiscences also refers to it as one of the traditional plays introduced by the early Franciscan Friars, and still performed at Christmas time in Mexico and on the American side of the Rio Grande."

[6] See the "Jersey Dutch Dialect," by J. D. Prince (reprinted from Dialect Notes, 3 [pt. 6, 1910]: 459). We quote: "'Jersey' or 'Bergen County Dutch' is the usual name for the vernacular of the descendants of the original Netherland settlers in old Bergen County, N.J. . . . Up to thirty years ago, this was the common idiom of many rural districts in Northern New Jersey, employed alike by Dutch, English, German and French settlers . . . (It) now survives only in the memories of some two hundred old persons, nearly all of whom are over seventy years of age." "The Jersey Dutch was originally the South Holland or Flemish language, which in the course of centuries (*ca.* 1630–1880) became mixed with and partially influenced by English."

German colony, later amplified by the immigrations of 1710, 1818, and 1848.[1] From that centre small German-American groups have since spread in different directions.[2]

The complexity of these primary sources has in recent years been greatly increased by various movements of population within America, and by the influx and random dissemination of the motley crowds of European immigrants.[3]

We may also refer to the ubiquitous — especially in the South — and historically important African element, which has become the vehicle of much European lore, while preserving various native features.

Ethnologists, in their studies of American Indians, have observed foreign or European elements in the aboriginal traditions, arts, and customs. These we shall call "secondary sources." Barely a few hundred thousand in the United States and Canada, the pure-blooded or half-breed people in Mexico and Central America, comprise more than half of the total population. The Spaniards and the Mexicans, having now mingled together for many centuries, must have reciprocated in the exchange of each other's culture. The native Mexicans, more particularly, seem to have retained within their own lore an immense stock of old Spanish traditions. To a lesser degree the scanty tribes of the North have assimilated various attributes of their white invaders. Decorative patterns, technical devices, and folk-tales, for instance, are now mixed promiscuously with native themes.

The problem of unravelling the ancient data from recent interpolations has proved an intricate one; and, the recorded Indian materials being bulky, they are bound some time to loom large in the attention of analytic scholars. How could one safely assert that a narrative or a design is American or European in origin, when barely any material from either side is at hand for comparative purposes? Although the Spanish and French, much more than the English, primary sources of oral tradition, have invaded the native field, who could, without further materials, define precisely their respective spheres of influence, especially with regard to the Western Plains? How and whence came in America, for instance, the widely known stories of the wily Fox or Rabbit playing tricks upon his gluttonous

[1] Beliefs and Superstitions of the Pennsylvania Germans, by E. M. Fogel (1915), p. 3: "It would seem a conservative estimate to say that more than 500,000 people in Pennsylvania alone understand Pennsylvania German and that 300,000 speak the dialect." "The more distinctive Pennsylvania German counties . . . have a population of more than one and one quarter millions." Mr. W. J. Wintemberg, of the Anthropological Division, Geological Survey, Ottawa, has made an extensive collection of folk-materials among the German-Canadians, which may some time be published through this Society.

[2] "The Portuguese Element in New England," by H. R. Lang (JAFL 5 [1892]: 9–18).

[3] For instance, the French population of New England now is about equal to that of the Province of Quebec.

and silly cousin the Wolf? While many episodes in that cycle are found both in the oral narratives and in mediæval literature of Europe ("Le roman du Renard"), they also occur in the traditions of Central Africa. The question, therefore, is, Were they introduced here by the Spaniards, the Negroes, the French, the Dutch,[1] or any other? The list of similar problems is now growing into an exceedingly long one. A satisfactory solution may be reached only when we have secured enough parallel versions or examples of the same themes among the different races of America.[2]

We should also bear in mind that some intrusive elements in the native lore may go back to foreign sources no longer surviving independently on this continent. The former Russian occupation of Alaska and the adjacent strip of the Northwest Coast, the more ancient Scandinavian colonization of Greenland,[3] the Dutch and Scandinavian settlements at Port Royal (1562), Jamestown (1607), and in the New Netherlands and New Sweden, on the Delaware River (1638–55),[4] are quite likely to have left obscure traces in the traditions of the Indian populations.

Let us now revert, for closer analysis, to the primary sources of British-American and French-American folk-tradition.

Although abundant British folk-lore materials have been gathered in the United States since 1888, and published chiefly in "The Journal of American Folk-Lore," far more remains to be done. Even in the field of the folk-song and ballad, where such excellent results have been obtained by many noted students and collectors,[5] the possibilities are too vast and indefinite yet to be estimated. From reliable in-

[1] The Boers in South Africa, and their Zulu neighbors, are said to possess a part of the same cycle.

[2] Negative evidence should never be accepted, except after exhaustive observation.

[3] See A Phonetical Study of the Eskimo Language, by William Thalbitzer (Meddelelser om Grønland, 31 : 34–35); The Ammassalik Eskimo, by the same author (*Ibid.*, 39 [1914] : 332); An Anthropogeographical Study of the Origin of the Eskimo Culture, by H. P. Steensby (Saertryk af Meddelelser om Grønland, 53 : 218). — C. G. Leland, in The Algonquin Legends of New England (1884), insisting in a rather uncritical way upon the reminiscences in Eskimo and Algonkin mythology of Scandinavian themes, said (p. 11), "When we learn that the Norsemen, during the three centuries of occupation of Greenland, brought away many of the marvelous tales of the Eskimo, it is not credible that they left none of their own."

[4] Fogel, Beliefs and Superstitions of the Pennsylvania Germans, p. 1. The Dutch and German elements are still conspicuously present in the neighborhood of Halifax; and a German dialect is spoken in Lunenberg County, Nova Scotia.

[5] Among other authors, we note Child, Newell, Belden (Missouri), Barry (Irish material, Kentucky, etc.), Kittredge, Brown (North Carolina), Pound (Nebraska), A. Smith (Virginia), Perrow (South), Peabody, Tolman, Lomax (cowboy songs), Wyman (Kentucky), and Campbell and Sharpe. See bibliography in "Ballads and Songs," edited by G. L. Kittredge (JAFL 30 [1917] : 283–369); also "English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians," by Olive D. Campbell and Cecil J. Sharp (1917), 336–337.

formants we have recently learned that there is a large number of come-all-ye's, sailors' chanties, and other songs to be recorded in the Maritime Provinces of Canada, in Ontario, and in the lumber-camps of Quebec, Wisconsin, and Michigan. For instance, no less than three hundred and fifty old-time songs were — according to a list made up some time ago — included in the repertory of a single Irish singer, William O'Connor, Sr., now aged eighty-three, of North Low, Quebec. In the very city of Ottawa we now have at our disposal a singer that knows "a large number of shanty come-all-ye's." Newfoundland,[1] Cape Breton, and Nova Scotia would also furnish — so we have repeatedly been told — an incredible number of sailors' chanties and other songs. The number of good singers available, we feel sure, is still much larger than could ever be fully utilized by folk-lorists.

If nursery and play rhymes and current superstitions have already received considerable attention here, it would be a mistake to believe that these subjects no longer deserve the attention of the collector. As to English folk-tales and ancient technology or material culture, it is amazing to realize that practically nothing has yet been achieved. These very subjects have apparently fallen out of sight. Barely a few English narratives have, since 1888, been published in the "Journal of American Folk-Lore;" and no attempt has apparently been made at the study of British folk-ethnography: that is, the study of old technical processes, useful arts, and ways of living.

The existence of an antiquated technology, especially in the older communities, is still remembered by many people, and several vestiges of it have not yet disappeared. Folk-tales and narratives recited in English, on the other hand, were a few years ago to be heard in the lumber-camps of Wisconsin, Ontario, and New Brunswick. At least, so we have been told by many of our French-Canadian informants who usually spent their winters there.

The field of Gaelic-American lore, language, and custom is one of extraordinary interest, although it has been ignored or neglected by those who should naturally be interested in it. If there may not be much Irish-Gaelic preserved on this continent, such is not the case with the Scottish branch, which is still thriving in large sections of Nova Scotia, in Cape Breton, and to a lesser degree in Glengarry County, Ontario. (A paper on this subject is being prepared at our request by Mr. Edward J. O'Brien of Boston, who had good opportunities for making observations in parts of that field.)

We may speak with greater familiarity of the French element in America, as it has recently come under our active observation. Louisiana has already furnished to Alcée Fortier, one of the founders of our

[1] The late Bernard Robertson of Bridgewater, N.S., has made a collection — still unpublished — of Newfoundland come-all-ye's.

Society, a small number of Créole tales, published in our Memoirs and Journal. Some folk-songs and anecdotes have been gathered independently in Quebec; but those interesting specimens did not suffice to stimulate research in probably one of the most fertile fields of folk-tradition in existence. Varied, and indeed inexhaustible, are the traditional resources of the distinct Quebec and Acadian French groups; and abundant materials might, we presume, be rescued from oblivion in the Louisiana, Detroit, and the Western districts.

When closely scrutinized, the Quebec section, for one, does not appear to be absolutely homogeneous. With insufficient materials, we have already noticed local diversities in the familiar stock of tales, songs, anecdotes, in the technology and the mode of living, and in the linguistics. This is not surprising, as the three original settlements of Quebec proper, Three-Rivers, and Montreal, were, on the whole, established by different immigrants, often from different French provinces (especially Normandy and the Loire River provinces), under leaders sometimes in conflict with one another. The traditional rivalry resulting from ancestral divergences had not disappeared thirty years ago, when Quebec laborers in Montreal were sometimes ostracized by their local confrères.

The Quebec and Montreal regions have recently engaged the attention of some of us, particularly M. Massicotte and myself. The collection of a huge amount of data [1] from over half a dozen localities has brought to our mind many complex problems of general interest bearing on the origin and diffusion of ancient traditions disseminated under different forms in many countries. Many of those problems could not be solved without systematic and all-round investigations in other districts in Canada, or in the provinces of France from which the ancestors came.

In the Quebec group proper, there are several spheres, the characteristic traits of which are only vague to us. Many deep-seated peculiarities distinguish from each other the people of the north and south shores of the St. Lawrence below Quebec; of Beauce and Gaspé Counties, for instance. To what are these due? To recent evolution and differentiation within Canada, or to conservation of ancient cultural forms? Although our impression — in some cases, definite knowledge — leads us to believe that conservatism is the chief factor, more extensive surveys will enable us to disentangle what is modern from what is ancient.

Some people believe that the French oral traditions in Canada have remained undisturbed since the time of the English conquest (1750). All relations with the mother country being abolished, the

[1] About 3000 versions of folk-songs, 300 folk-tales and anecdotes, and much information on customs, beliefs, and material culture, have, in the past four years, been recorded.

popular lore here would have been preserved pure and archaic; that is, it would be that of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in France. That theory is, indeed, true to quite an extent. It might be added, that, the immigration having on the whole ceased by order of the King about 1673, the bulk of the imported traditions was already here before that date; but grave errors would result from such a presumption, if it were relied upon to fix the age of any data gathered indiscriminately. Even when parallels are also found in France, it is not always safe to say that the Canadian variants were introduced here before 1673 or 1750. Any accidental contact since is likely to have led to oral exchanges of ancient knowledge. We ourselves have noted several such cases. For instance, about 1830, two carpenters, named Bourget and Maufond, came from France, and worked for the Hudson Bay Company in the Tadoussac region. Two of our old singers, Hovington and "Louis l'aveugle," dictated to us several old songs which they had learned from them years ago. In the conservative and rather undisturbed county of Charlevoix we recorded, in 1916, what is likely to be a German folk-tale. An old woman named Bouchard recited a version of "The Three Wishes" resembling closely that of Grimm, and the like of which had not yet been recorded in Canada, except among the Ontario Pennsylvania German. Our inquiry brought out the fact that over sixty years ago the story-teller had learned it at Saint-Fabien (Rimouski), her birthplace, from a man named Berger, belonging to one of three families nicknamed "les Allemands" (the Germans). Although their German origin was only a memory, it may be presumed that the great-grandfathers were German soldiers of the Hesse-Darmstadt or Meurons regiments in the British Army, disbanded in Canada during or after the war of independence. The tale of "The Three Wishes" in Canada is therefore no doubt derived from an intrusive German source. Instances of this kind are probably many. When other information fails, it may safely be deduced that a particular *datum* is ancient in Canada when its divergent variants are archaic and widely known. An occasional song, such as the "Complainte du juif errant," may be comparatively modern while known almost everywhere; but all the versions are similar in every respect, and do not differ materially from those recorded in France. A common printed or manuscript source probably accounts for this exceptional case of diffusion.

Taking it for granted that vast stores of European folk-tradition are available in America, we may now ask whether a genuine attempt should be made to record at least a part of what is doomed to eventual oblivion; and, if so, what plan and methods are best adapted to that purpose.

A vague impression prevails in some quarters that the study of folk ethnography and lore properly belongs to European students. Facilities, it would seem, are all in their favor, and the ancient legacy itself is merely the privilege of unprogressive old-country folks. Our greatest difficulty in organizing an Ontario Branch of the Folk-Lore Society comes from the refusal of most people to believe that there is any folk-lore in English Canada. Quebec is pointed out to us as the only promising field. Lack of insight, of course, is the only ground for such a notion. The material to be obtained almost everywhere in America is of great value to science and art, and we should have a deep interest in its ultimate preservation.

When the early settlers, or even the modern immigrants, arrived here, they did not renounce their ancestral traditions and culture, which still cling to them as a birthright. Far from being shorn of this patrimony, they unconsciously grew more attached to it on account of their isolation. Many a survival of ancient culture has to this day thrived on these shores, that in Europe has now been abolished by modern conditions. There is no reason, therefore, why American scholars should feel indifferent when the study of a rapidly-vanishing phase of European history lies well within their grasp.

We often hear of the well-advertised aim of making American art more self-reliant, and independent of European dictates. Musicians, painters, literary men, are seeking their way to a healthy national art; but we may wonder at the reason for their comparative failure. The standards of their art still remain overseas, as they have not fully developed their individuality and style in contact with the themes of their own environment. The Russian school of music for the past fifty years has made wonders out of the folk-melodies of the peasants; but here no serious attempt has been made at the utilization of endless thousands of folk-songs from the white settlers or the Indians. Still their intrinsic value is second to none. Some musicians, it is true, have indicated the direction, but it is about all that has been accomplished.

The historic value of the folk-materials is here of more concern to us. Although the various European fields in America were included in the original programme of the founders of this Society, in 1888,[1] Indian and British materials have until recently monopolized its attention. The credit for the results achieved goes to American folk-lorists interested exclusively in European-American materials, and to ethnologists devoting themselves to the study of the natives. The connection between these two sets of scientists within the American Folk-Lore Society seems to have been somewhat artificial. The need felt by many ethnologists of disentangling their interwoven

[1] JAFL 1 (1888) : 3.

European and Indian data, in order to arrive at safer historic deductions, has recently developed in them a genuine interest in the study of the European primary sources. The gathering and publication of Spanish, French, and African traditions by members of our Society since 1913 are largely due to the sound policy of Dr. Boas, our editor.

Interest in the French field was at first limited to the folk-tales that had penetrated the Indian lore; but such limitations were soon cast aside when the possibilities were better understood. There is no reason, indeed, why ethnologists should not welcome the most complete survey of intrusive lore in America for its own sake. If such data are indispensable for their comparative studies, they are by themselves of the greatest value. No loss of effort through useless duplication of results on the new and the old continents need be expected. Too little has yet been done to impair the novelty and attractiveness of our subject. If we should fail to secure for posterity the ancient documents left to our care, a permanent and heavy loss for European history will inevitably result.

Being agreed, I presume, upon the urgency of systematizing folk-lore research, what plans and methods, we may ask, should be adopted in the survey of our inexhaustible fields and in the preservation of recorded materials?

Private initiative and casual observation are mostly responsible for what science has as yet derived from the primary sources of neo-American folk-tradition. No official, permanent, and sufficiently subsidized attempt in that direction stands to the credit of any institution.[1] No survey has yet been contemplated anywhere, as there are no establishments for financing this kind of field-research, no professional folk-lorist and staff in charge of a consistent plan, no adequate means of storing specimens or information, and no great facilities for publication. The Journal and Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society have until now been the only suitable serial for folk-lore; and its random supply of contributions and articles is exclusively due to the personal generosity of ethnologists, professors, chance folk-lorists, or amateurs. We all regret that its painfully small budget should not even suffice for the printing of available manuscripts. It is gratifying, however, to realize how much has

[1] Spanish-Mexican materials were collected, before the war, under the auspices of the International School of Archæology and Ethnology in Mexico. "As part of a general survey of Porto Rico conducted by the New York Academy of Sciences in co-operation with the Insular Government, Dr. J. Alden Mason was sent, during the years 1914–15, to collect the folk-lore of the island" (JAFL 29 : 423). Although several extensive surveys in Quebec have, since 1914, been undertaken under the ægis of the Anthropological Division of the Geological Survey of Canada, the subject has not an independent status in that institution.

been achieved, since 1888, through a loose organization of casual and dispersed elements.

As Dr. Pliny Earle Goddard pointed out, in his address[1] to this Society in 1914, "it is certain the time will come when the study of folk-lore as a scholastic pursuit will stand by itself," and when "a critical method will develop which will make the study of primitive literature an end by itself, a serious and worthy pursuit." We may add that the diversity and immensity of each subject within the science of folk-lore and the aptitudes and technical abilities required of the specialist make it imperative that a judicious subdivision of functions should be planned in the early stages.

If full use is to be made of field opportunities and the materials obtained, greater technical knowledge than in the past should be the personal endowment of every investigator. Vocational training here is indeed indispensable. The special study of English, Gaelic, German, French, and Spanish sources can best be carried on by students designated in advance by temperament, early training, and culture affiliation. Folk-music, literature, and technology, in particular, are highly complex subjects, requiring experienced and delicate handling at the hands of experts.

Accurate observation and speedy recording in the field are among the essentials, and it is here that amateurs are naturally most deficient. A well-equipped collector may in a day make an adequate record of data that an untrained observer will fail to secure even imperfectly in a month of labor, or even dismiss altogether.

A few "stay-at-home" folk-lorists have in the past succeeded in getting information from distant correspondents. An elaborate attempt was made in 1852 by the French Government to collect the folk-songs of France through the medium of government departments and schools.[2] Although bulky, the results were so disappointing that

[1] JAFL 28 (1915) : 18.

[2] The instructions to would-be collectors prepared by J.-J. Ampère, acting on behalf of the French Government, are often cited or referred to. T. T. Crane's Chansons populaires de France (p. XXII) contains interesting details on the origin of the enterprise. We quote: "In 1852 M. Fortoul, then Minister of Public Instruction, brought in a project for the collection of the popular poetry of France, which was approved by the President of the Republic. It is said that Prince Louis Napoléon, before his accession to power, met in Switzerland J. M. Firmenich, the author of Germaniens Völkerstimmen (Berlin, 1843–65), who spoke to him enthusiastically of the popular poetry of his own country and made the prince promise, if he came into power, to have an official examination made of that of France. The whole subject was referred to the philological section of the 'Comité de la langue, de l'histoire, et des arts de la France,' and J. J. Ampère, of the French Academy, was charged with drawing up instructions to be sent into the various departments. . . . A great mass of material was sent in, in response to the circular of the government, and was classified by MM. Rathery and Villegrille, members of the committee. The worth of the material varied, of course, but much that was valuable was

they were never published. A recent investigation on Spanish-Mexican lore, with the help of school-teachers and pupils, has proved, it is said, of considerable value.[1] While this procedure has in some cases succeeded to a certain degree, it almost inevitably leads to disappointment in British and French countries. After some experiments, we have come to the conclusion already reached by Rossat,[2] in French Switzerland; that is, personal investigation in the field by trained observers is the only satisfactory method of obtaining good and extensive results. An expert field folk-lorist finds no difficulty, when he has secured good informants, in collecting an average of forty or fifty songs or ballads in a day's work, the texts being taken in stenography, and a few stanzas recorded on the phonograph.[3] Folk-tales and anecdotes are best taken down in short-hand under speedy and unchecked dictation. The story-tellers cannot easily depart from their habits and accustomed style, and they do not usually narrate well under difficulties. Notes on technology and useful arts have to be supplemented by drawings, photographs, or the actual specimens for museum study. In every case the most complete local history of the data must be secured. And the fact that such care has not been shown by many ethnographers is no excuse.

Our customary inquiries on the remembered origin of songs and folk-tales have brought us valuable knowledge. They usually made it possible to trace a narrative back to the place where it was learned by the informant so and so many years ago. If most of the texts are memorized before the age of twenty, within the family or the village, there are many others that are picked up as chance offers, in the course of travels or from visitors. It is thus quite possible to find that the minimum age of a tradition is more than a hundred and fifty years; and if at that time it was known under divergent forms, well diffused over regions distant from each other, useful notions may be gained as to the ultimate time and place of origin. Such notes also enable one to judge of the extent of family or group traditions and of foreign elements. That such information should be

undoubtedly saved from destruction. For some reason the law for the publication of the collection was repealed and the manuscript was deposited in the National Library. . . . It may be of interest to American scholars to know that a complete copy of the collection was made some years ago for the library of Harvard University." After sending our manuscript to the printer, we found an earlier account of the same event, by E. Rolland (*Mélusine*, 2 : 296), from which Crane is likely to have derived his information.

[1] Only seven per cent of the letters requesting general information on prospects for local folk-lore investigations, sent to the parish priests of Rimouski and Gaspé Counties (Quebec), received any acknowledgment.

[2] Les chansons populaires recueillies dans la Suisse roman de . . . par Arthur Rossat; tome premier (Publications de la Société suisse des traditions populaires, 1917), p. 5.

[3] The small Standard Edison phonograph is the only recording-machine that has yet been used extensively for field-work, in America.

sought, offers little doubt, particularly in America, where racial elements are mixed in almost every district. The most conservative and undisturbed centres themselves have surprises in store for the careful student.

It is not enough to make a faithful and complete record in the field. The publication of first-hand materials should also be made according to the same high standards. Much is unfortunately left to be desired in this respect. To speak of folk-music only, it seems that barely any publication thereof has yet shown great accuracy, or even real concern with the fundamental problems involved. Collections of European or Indian tunes usually are made by musicians or amateurs readily satisfied with their own subjective reactions and resulting hasty transcriptions. Extensive adulterations are afterwards introduced in the script so as to make it more acceptable to the unsophisticated reader. Even specialists do not seem, in most cases, to have overcome difficulties in making an accurate written reproduction of their phonographic documents.[1] Yet recent experiments have shown how insufficient and faulty are simplified or "doctored" transcriptions of strange folk-melodies. If European tunes are, at least in cases we know, very intricate, the Indian music is incomparably more puzzling to our ear. Subjective appreciations, when critically directed, may lead to more or less satisfactory results, but nothing short of objective tests with mechanical devices can help in solving the riddles of unknown systems of intervals and rhythm. If they were merely to rest upon available published documents, conclusions on English and French folk-tunes would be quite misleading. For one thing, the texture and quality of the traditional melodies so far recorded in Quebec are far superior to anything we should have expected, had we depended upon published parallels at our disposal. In the absence of critical field-studies in western Europe, we cannot soundly compare materials yet; but we presume that, if the facts were at last revealed in their entirety, the same traits and intricacies would, in different directions, manifest themselves as part of an archaic system of music formerly existing in Europe.[2] No feature in traditional tunes should be dismissed without full and critical examination; for a casual listener is no judge of what is essential and what is due to individual peculiarities or interpretation.

[1] Miss Frances Densmore, in her remarkable study of Teton Sioux Music (BBAE 61: 7), makes the following statement: "It has been found that the final transcription [the result of six or more readings of the phonograph cylinder] is usually the simplest, as by repeated observations the ear eliminates bytones and the mannerisms of the singer."

[2] An amusing statement is made in print by an eminent French collector of songs, to the effect that for many years all the folk-songs he recorded were in major or minor, because it had not yet dawned upon him that other modes were also in current usage.

To conclude, we may say that folk-research should be granted the status it deserves, and established upon an entirely new basis. Carried on by well trained and directed folk-lorists, it can only rest upon a sound financial basis, and have its headquarters at well-equipped museums for folk-ethnography. Publication facilities should be regulated by the corresponding needs. So much energy and wealth are squandered everywhere to no purpose, that every active member of our Society should feel it his duty to bring about a renewed and practical revival of interest in our aims. For the past fifty years a growing desire for knowledge and civilization has led to the foundation of scientific bodies, laboratories, and museums. If, curiously enough, the history of mankind was the last seriously undertaken, America may now boast of several prosperous institutions interested in the history of aboriginal culture or the archæology of Europe or other continents. Has not the time come for a comprehensive study of our white ancestors and the fast-vanishing phases of their daily life?

VICTORIA MUSEUM, OTTAWA, CAN.

TAHLTAN TALES.[1]

BY JAMES A. TEIT.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
1. The Raven Cycle	198	15. Origin of the Feast for the Dead	238
2. Earth-Mother (Netce'nsta)	227	16. Origin of Laziness	238
3. Earth-Mother and Sun-Father	227	17. Origin of the Death-Chant	239
4. Story of the Sun	227	18. The Four Ghost Brothers; or, The Origin of Cremation	239
5. Story of the Dipper Stars	228	19. Story of Tenqalatī'ya	241
6. The Milky Way	229	20. War among the Fishes	242
7. Sa'kesada, or the Moon-Boy	229	21. Bald-Headed Eagle and the Iron Tree	242
8. The Warm and Cold Winds People	230	22. Mosquito and Woodworm	243
9. Atsentmā', or the Meat-Mother	30	23. Beaver and Muskrat	243
10. Meat-Mother and the Caribou and Moose	231	24. The Dog	243
11. The Great Flood	232	25. The Bad Dog	243
12. Origin Tradition of the Tahltan	234	26. Story of Cā'kinā	244
13. Story of the Tagish Man; or, Origin of the Killer-Whale Crest of the Nanaa'i	235	27. Cannibal-Wolverene and the Fog-Man	246
14. Origin of the Toad Crest of the Katce'de	237	28. Wolverene and the Brothers	248
		29. The Wolf-Dog	248
		30. Xe'nda; or, The Man whom the Wolves helped	250

I. THE RAVEN CYCLE.

The Raven.

Big-Raven (Tsɛ'sketco[2]) is said to have been born far north in the Tlingit country. Some informants claim that he was of miraculous birth, but the common story is that he was the youngest of many brothers. He never saw his father, and no one knows who his father was. Raven always talked the Tlingit language. He was quite young when he began travelling as a transformer. He followed along the seashore in a small canoe, alone, stopping here and there where people lived. In his day people lived in small groups, sometimes widely separated, and under varying conditions according to locality. They differed from one another in their customs

[1] Published with permission of the Geological Survey of Canada, under whose auspices the material embodied in this paper was collected. The comparative notes have been added by the Editor.

[2] Tsɛ'sketco or tcɛski'tco, "big raven" (from *tcɛski'a*, "raven"). When speaking English, the Tahltan generally call the Raven Transformer "Big-Crow."

and in their methods of making a living. They were nearly all semi-animal, and possessed of various kinds of power and knowledge. Some of them used their powers for evil or to the disadvantage of others. These people Raven had to kill to deprive them of their power. Some groups of people had knowledge that others did not possess. This knowledge was the remains or fragments of the (general) knowledge possessed by all people before the Flood.[1] The knowledge of one thing was retained by one group of people, and of another thing by another group. Raven made this knowledge the common property of all people by obtaining possession himself and then giving it away to others. He allowed nothing that was of value to mankind to remain the sole property of any particular family or group.

Raven travelled from north to south throughout the Tlingit country. The Tlingit at that time extended along the coast a long way north and south, farther than in historic times. Raven went beyond the Tlingit to the south, and is said to have turned back from the country of the Mink people.[2] The latter people, therefore, must have had a different transformer. Raven came back up the coast again, and finished many details of his work to which he had not attended on his way south. Either on the way south or north he is said to have visited the Haida. He worked a long time on the coast. When he had finished on the coast, he ascended the rivers into the interior. He went up the Stikine to its head waters, and it is said he also went up the Nass, Skeena, and Taku Rivers, and all the principal streams. He was tired when he reached the interior, and did not do much work there or stay long. It seems he lost much of his power towards the end. He ascended one river after another, and did not cross the country between them. He always kept close to the main streams. He never travelled beyond the sources of any of the rivers, and therefore he did very little work among the Kaska and other interior Indians to the east.[3]

When Raven's work was finished, he travelled out to sea towards the setting sun, and disappeared. No one knows where he went, or where he is now if alive; but some people believe he lives now with Kanu'gu[4] and other great gods or chiefs of the ancients, on an island or country away out in the ocean, where the weather is made.

(1) THE BIRTH OF RAVEN.[5]—A number of people were living together near the sea. Among them was a man, gifted with magic power, who did not live with his wife. He did not allow any other man to go near her, and watched her very closely. He had a married sister, who gave birth to a boy who grew very rapidly. When he was old enough to travel about, his uncle asked his mother for permission to take his nephew hunting, and she consented. They went out to sea in a canoe. When they had gone some distance, the man told

[1] See p. 232.

[2] Possibly the people who have Mink as one of the heroes of their myths, the Kwakiutl and Coast Salish.

[3] The principal transformer of the Kaska appears to have been Beaver (see Teit, JAFL 30 : 429).

[4] See pp. 201, 212.

[5] See RBAE 31: 621 (Kaigani, Tlingit).

the boy to sit on the prow of the canoe. Then he rocked it, and the boy fell into the water and was drowned.[1] The man returned home, and told his sister the boy had fallen overboard and been drowned.

His sister gave birth to another son; and when the latter had grown a little, his uncle asked the boy's mother to let him go hunting. He drowned him in the same way. Thus he killed every son to whom his sister gave birth. At last she gave birth to another son. This was Raven. He played in a manner different from other children. He was fond of carving wooden toys representing canoes, people, fish, and other things, and played with them. When he was still a small boy, his uncle asked his mother to allow him to go with him hunting. She refused several times, saying, "He is my last child, and I do not want to lose him." At last the boy said to his mother, "Let me go! I shall not meet with any harm." She then assented, and he went. Before leaving, he hid a toy canoe under his blanket.

His uncle asked him to sit on the prow of the canoe, and rocked the canoe until the boy fell into the water. He remained underneath for some time; then, after coming to the surface, he made the toy canoe assume large proportions, and paddled home in it. His uncle had preceded him, and told his sister that her son had been drowned, and that he was just as foolish as her other sons had been. Soon afterwards the boy arrived, and told his mother all that had happened. He said, "Uncle killed my brothers in the same way that he tried to kill me." She was glad that he had returned, for she had given him up as dead.

After some time the uncle asked the boy's mother to allow him to go again. She consented, and the boy went. His uncle tried to drown him, but he escaped in the same manner as before. A third time he asked him; but this time he refused to go, saying, "You always try to kill me." His uncle went alone; and when out at sea a considerable distance, the boy ran to his uncle's wife's house and played with her. He noticed that she always kept her arms down. He tickled her to make her lift her arms. At last he clutched her abdomen, and then she raised her arms. A bluejay flew out from one armpit, and a woodpecker from the other. She died immediately. Her husband knew at once that something was wrong, and came home. When he found his wife dead and the birds flown, he became very angry, and chased the boy, intending to kill him. The latter put his small canoe on the water. At once it assumed large proportions, and the boy embarked and escaped.

After this he became Raven. He began to travel over the world, and never returned to the place where he had been born.

[1] See RBAE 31: 804 (Bellacoola, Comox, Kathlamet, Lillooet, Nass, Squamish, Thompson, Tlingit).

(2) ORIGIN OF THE TIDES.[1] — Now the people in many parts of the country had no food. Game and all kinds of food were in the possession of a few persons (or families), who alone controlled these things. Thus many people were constantly starving. Raven followed the shores of the ocean in his canoe. As he went along, he noticed many things underneath the water which the people could eat; but, owing to the depth of the water, this food was out of reach. At last he came to a large man sitting down on the edge of the water. He asked him why he was sitting there; and the man answered, "If I get up, the ocean will dry up." It seems, he was sitting on a hole in the earth through which the water poured when he arose. Raven told him to get up, but he would not do so. Then Raven took him by the hair, and pulled him up so far that he was able to put a rock underneath him. The rock was sharp; and when the man sat down again, it hurt him, and he jumped up farther. Raven then put a larger sharp-pointed rock under him. Thus he continued until the man was sitting almost upright. The ocean went down a long way, and exposed the beach. Raven said to the man, "Henceforth you must get up twice a day, and let the sea go down as far as it is now, so that people may obtain food from the beach. Then you will sit down again to let the water gather and come up. If you promise to do this, I shall not kill you." At last the man promised, and *thus the tides were made.* The people were able to find many kinds of food in abundance along the shore, and they no longer starved.[2]

(3) ORIGIN OF FRESH WATER.[3] — At this time there was no fresh water in the world except the rain. All other water was salt. Raven visited some people, and asked them for water to drink. They said, "We have none. Water is very scarce. We get a mouthful sometimes from the man who owns it. Wealthy people who can pay for it get a little more." Raven asked the name of the man, and where he lived. They told him that the man's name was Kanu'gu,[4] and

[1] See RBAE 31 : 656.

[2] According to another version, said to be of Tlingit origin, he called the Tide-Man his partner. He pushed him over unawares, and struck his backside with devil's clubs. When the Tide-Man tried to sit on the hole again, the devil's club hurt him so much that he had to rise again. Then the sea began to ebb and to rise.

[3] See RBAE 31 : 651.

[4] Kanu'gu or Kanu'ge. According to Tahltan information, this mythological personage appears to be a water-deity or sea-god of the Tlingit. He is said to have been the first man created (or the first man in the world). He is the most ancient of the ancients, and has been from the beginning of the world. He was on earth long before the Flood. He is eternal, and will never die. He is the only man who ever lived that never told a lie. Among the Tahltan, when a person's word is doubted or certain information is in doubt, they say, "KENU'GE told me," or "KENU'GE said it." This saying is much in vogue among young people, and is always meant in a jocular way. The Tlingit are said to pray to KENU'GE, asking for fine, clear weather. They make offerings to him when

they pointed out where he lived. Raven went to Kanu'gu's house and entered. He called him "brother-in-law," and asked for a drink. Kanu'gu said, "Water is very scarce. I can give you only a mouthful." Raven watched where Kanu'gu obtained the water, and saw that it was kept in a hole like a cellar in a strong house. Kanu'gu watched it all night, and slept by it in the daytime. When Raven had taken a mouthful, he went out and deliberated what to do. A shower of rain came, and Raven opened his mouth and caught as much of it as he could. He returned to Kanu'gu's house, keeping the water in his mouth. Kanu'gu spoke kindly to him when he entered, and asked him how he had fared. Raven said, "I feel very full and swelled out. I am full to the mouth with the water I have drunk." Kanu'gu asked him where he had obtained it, and Raven answered, "I found some in a certain place. There is much of it there. You are not the only one who possesses water." Raven then spit out the water he had in his mouth, and Kanu'gu almost believed him.

Raven said, "I will work for you, chopping wood and doing anything you wish, for my food." Kanu'gu agreed, and gave him tools with which to chop and split wood; and Raven cut and carried wood to the house. After working there a while, Kanu'gu became less suspicious of him. One day Kanu'gu was asleep, as usual, alongside the hole in which he kept the water. Raven went outside, collected some excrements, and put them under Kanu'gu, saying, "Brother-in-law, you have soiled your bed." Kanu'gu was ashamed, for he thought he had really done it. Raven said, "My mother was always wont to tell me, when I did anything like that, that it meant I would have bad luck, that some of my friends or relatives would die or leave me, or that something bad would happen." Kanu'gu did not know what to do. Raven said, "I know a medicine. If you take it, no bad luck will come to you." Kanu'gu asked him what it was; and Raven said, "You must wash some distance away from the house with old urine. The Raven people do that, and wash one another." Kanu'gu asked him if he belonged to the Raven phratry; and he answered, "Yes." Kanu'gu then believed him, and, stripping off his clothes, asked him to wash him. Raven said, "You must open your eyes wide." Then Raven poured the urine over the head of Kanu'gu, who for a while could not see. Raven ran quickly to the house, and drank as much as he could hold. Then he burst the tank and let the water run out. Just then a voice from the sky called, "Kanu'gu, Raven is stealing your water!" Kanu'gu reached his house too late to save his water. The tank was empty, and he saw

supplicating, and put their offerings or sacrifices in the fire or in the sea. When they pray to him, they turn seaward or to the west.

Raven flying away up through the smoke-hole. He threw pitch-wood on the fire; and the smoke went up so thickly, that Raven could not fly for a while, and stuck on the crosspiece in the smoke-hole. Here he was covered with soot, and became quite black; and *that is the reason why ravens are black.* Before this happened, Raven was white.[1] Now Raven flew off and scattered water all over the country, saying, "*Henceforth water will run here and there all over the country*, and every one will have plenty of water."[2]

(4) ORIGIN OF OLACHEN.[3] — Raven now went to a village of people, and asked them if they had any olachen. They answered, "No, we have no olachen. It is in possession of a man who lives a little distance from here." Raven went to the house that had been pointed out to him, and entered. The owner believed that Raven was a distinguished person, and treated him hospitably. Plenty of food was placed before him, but very little olachen. Raven went out, and went to Sea-Gull, who had eaten olachen, and to Heron, who had also eaten olachen. He said to Sea-Gull, "Heron talks evil of you, and calls you bad names." Then he went to Heron, and told him that Sea-Gull called him bad names. Thus he caused them to quarrel. He told Heron he would help him fight Sea-Gull. Heron said, "I push back the heads of people when I fight, and break their necks. I have done that often." Heron attacked and fought Sea-Gull, and broke his neck. Sea-Gull then vomited up all the olachen that he had in his stomach, and Raven gathered it up and put it into his canoe. He also gathered up broken shells, and put them into his canoe to make it look greasy and as if covered with fish-scales. He also rubbed shells on his arms to make them look as if they were covered with fish-scales.

Now he went to the owner of the olachen, and entered his house. No one spoke to him. At last Raven said, "I am tired," and Olachen-Man asked what he had been doing. He answered, "I have been working at olachen." The man inquired where he had found them; and Raven answered, "You are not the only person who has olachen. I have plenty at my place." Olachen-Man sent down some men to look at his canoe. They saw the olachen there, and what looked like the scales of fish all over the inside of his canoe. They came back and reported that the canoe must have been full of olachen. The house-owner then thought that Raven must be a great man, and that it would be better to treat him well. He placed before him as much olachen as he could eat. He took the precaution, however, of locking

[1] See RBAE 31 : 652. See also p. 208.

[2] See p. 219.

[3] See BBAE 59 : 291 (note 1); RBAE 31 : 653 (Bellabella, Haida, Newettee, Tlingit, Tsimshian).

him up in the house, intending to keep him until he had digested all the olachen that he had eaten; but Raven flew out of the smoke-hole and over to a tree near a stream. Here he vomited, and threw the olachen into the mouth of the stream, saying, "*Henceforth olachen shall frequent the mouths of rivers, and all the people may eat them.*"

(5) ORIGIN OF DAYLIGHT.[1] — At this time there was no daylight, or sun, moon, or stars. Raven went to a village and asked the people if they could see anything. They said, "No, but one man has daylight, which he keeps in a box in his house. When he takes off the lid, there is bright light in his house." The people could not work much, for it was night continually. Raven found out where Daylight-Man lived, and went to his house. This man also had control of the sun, moon, and stars. Raven went into the house and came out again. He planned what to do to get daylight for himself and the people.

Daylight-Man had many slaves, and a daughter who had been a woman for three years, but she was still undergoing the ceremonies encumbent on girls at puberty. She lived apart in the corner of the house, in a room of her own, and was closely watched. She drank out of a white bucket every day, and she always examined the water before drinking, to see if there was anything in it. Slaves always brought the water to her. Raven changed himself into a cedar-leaf in the bucket of water the slave was bringing. The girl noticed it, and before drinking threw it out. He assumed his natural form again. Next day he transformed himself into a very small cedar-leaf, and hid in the water. The girl looked in the water, and, seeing nothing, she drank it all, and thus swallowed Raven. Mense sequente menstrua non habuit. Tribus post mensibus tumuit et ejus mater hoc animadvertit. Mater eam rogavit an persisteret menses habere et ea dixit eos non habuisse tres menses. Mater dixit, "Deinde gravida es et cum viro fuisti." Ejus parentes eam rogaverunt sed negativ se cum viro fuisse; and they could not see how she could have been, as she had been so closely watched. After nine months she gave birth to a son. Her parents said they would rear the boy and acknowledge him as their grandson, even if he had no father. They said, if she told who the father of the child was, they would agree that he marry their daughter, they would treat their son-in-law well, and all would be well; but she persisted in saying that she had never seen man.

The boy grew very fast, and soon was able to walk and talk. His grandfather loved him dearly. One day he cried very much and wanted to be allowed to play with the moon. His grandfather ordered the moon to be taken down and given to him. The boy was

[1] See RBAE 31: 641 (Anvik, Bellabella, Bellacoola, Carrier, Chilcotin, Alaskan Eskimo, Kaigani, Kodiak, Masset, Nass, Nootka, Rivers Inlet, Skidegate, Ten'a, Tlingit, Tsimshian).

pleased, and played with it until tired; and then they hung it up again. After a while he got tired of the moon and cried much, saying he wanted the sun. It was given to him; and he played with it until tired, then gave it back, and the people hung it up again. After a while he became tired of the sun, and cried for the Dipper (stars). Now they allowed him to play with these things whenever he wanted. After a long time, when he felt strong, he cried for the daylight. His grandfather was afraid to give it to him, because it shed so much light; besides, whenever it was lifted up, the sun, moon, stars, and everything worked in unison with it. It was their chief. At last, however, the boy was allowed to have the daylight, but his grandfather was uneasy when he played with it. When the boy lifted up daylight, much light would come; and the higher he held it, the brighter became the daylight. On these occasions, when the boy held the daylight high, the old man would say, "Eh, eh!" as if he was hurt or extremely anxious. The boy balanced the daylight in his hands to get used to carrying it.

At last, one day, he felt strong enough for the feat he intended to perform. He put two of the toys in each hand and balanced them. He felt he could carry them easily. Then, at a moment when the people were not watching, he flew out of the smoke-hole with them. He threw daylight away, saying, "*Henceforth there shall be daylight, and people will be able to see and work and travel. After dawn the sun will rise; and when it sets, night will come. People will then rest and sleep, for it will not be easy to work and travel. Then the Dipper and moon will travel and give light.* These things shall never again belong to one man, nor be kept locked up in one place. They shall be for the use and benefit of all people." He threw daylight to the north, the sun to the east, the moon to the west, and the Dipper to the south. Since the introduction of daylight, people and game rise with daylight, and go to sleep with nightfall.

(6) RAVEN AND THE SALMON.[1] — Raven travelled along the seashore. He knew of the salmon in the sea; and when he called them, they jumped out of the water. He thought he would try to catch one; so he went ashore on the beach, and called, "Come, friend, and jump on my belly!" The salmon jumped, and hit him so hard on the stomach that he was rendered unconscious for a time. When he came to his senses, the salmon was just about to enter the water again. He did the same thing again, with like result. Then he built a corral of stones on the beach, and lay down in the middle of it. Now he called for the third time, and the salmon struck him and again rendered him unconscious. When he revived, he saw the salmon jumping about in the corral, trying to get out. He clubbed and killed it.

[1] See RBAE 31 : 674 (Comox, Haida, Kwakiutl, Newettee, Tlingit, Tsimshian). MAFLS 11 : 139 (Okanagon, Sahaptin, Sanpoil); also Tahltan (Emmons U Pa 4 : 119);

Now Raven did not know how to cut up salmon. He defecated, and asked his excrements for advice.[1] As soon as they began to speak, he held up his hand, and said, "Hush! I know." However, as soon as he began to cut the fish, he forgot what he had been told, and asked again. This happened many times in succession. At last, however, he listened to the end; and they said, "Make a cut around the neck to the bone, then around the tail the same way, then down the belly from one cut to the other. Take out the entrails and backbone, and then hang up until the skin is dry. Dry well. Then split well, spread out flat, and hang up to dry in the wind and sun."

(7) RAVEN CREATES THE SALMON, AND TEACHES PEOPLE HOW TO PRESERVE THEM.[2] — At this time salmon were numerous in the sea, but they did not go up the rivers. Raven said he would make salmon go up the streams. He took salmon-roe and flew with it to all the rivers and creeks, and put a salmon-egg in each. Now he said, "The salmon will breed and come back to these places again. These waters will be the same as their mother's milk. *The salmon must come back to them every year.* The salmon belonging to one river or creek will always return to the same stream, because they were born there."

Raven now instructed the people how to make houses for drying salmon. Some of the people said, "Let us finish the house before we catch any salmon. If we catch salmon now, they will spoil before the houses are ready." They thought of houses like those people lived in. Raven said, "No, the houses we shall build do not take long to put up, — only two or three days." *He taught the people how to make salmon-drying houses of poles*, like those used by people at the present day. He said, "If drying-houses are made too tight, like dwelling-houses, the salmon will not dry well."[3] Raven taught the people how to catch, cut up, and cure salmon, and said, "*Henceforth people shall have plenty of salmon for food. Salmon will be caught chiefly in the rivers and creeks during the periods of the run.*"

(8) RAVEN INSTITUTES BIRTH AND DEATH. — Now Raven thought of the people, how they died one at a time now and then, and that no children were born. They did not know how children originated. He thought that by and by there would be no people. He came to a village of Woodchuck people, et coepit cum virgine ludere. Cum pudenda ejus prehendit, ea fugit. She was afraid, for no one had ever done this before. He thought, "I will make this girl sick." Soon afterwards her leg swelled. He asked her if she was sick; and she showed him her leg, which was swollen. He told her, "I know

[1] See BBAE 59 : 294, note 5 (Chilcotin, Chinook, Flathead, Kaska, Kathlamet, Lillooet, Nez Percé, Okanagon, Shoshoni, Shuswap, Takelma, Thompson).

[2] Distantly related to the end of RBAE 31 : 671.

[3] See Swanton, BBAE 39 : 89 (Tlingit).

medicine that will cure that quickly." She said, "Well, tell me!" He told her: "Go out a short distance from the village and whistle. When you hear an answering whistle, go to where the sound came from, and you will see something sticking out of the ground. Consides super illud et admittes in vaginam tuam, and then you will at once become well." Raven went to the outskirts of the village, and, covering himself with moss, supinus recubuit sua mentula eminente. Illuc venit virgo, ejus consiliis utens, et consedit super mentulam. Cum omnino introiit, corvus virginem subvertit et conscendens coiit cum ea. *Nunc decrevit corvus homines coiturum esse*, marem cum femina, et liberos et junctione eventurum et a femina parturum esse.[1] Raven, however, forgot to tell the people not to be afraid when a woman should become pregnant, and that children would come naturally at the right time without any aid. After he had gone, the woman began to grow stout, for she was pregnant. After nine months, she thought she would burst. The people were afraid, cut her abdomen, and extracted the child. Subsequently the cut healed. Afterwards they did the same with other women. Finally, however, a woman would not allow the people to operate on her. She had been cut once, and she had been sick a long time from the effects; so she said that she would rather die than be cut again. After nine months she gave birth to a child. *From that time on, the people did not cut any more women.*[2]

Raven now ordained that people should die and be born. One generation would die off and be followed by another, and so there would always be people. Had he said people would only be born, and not die, then people would always live, and now there would be very many people on the earth. Had none died and none been born, then there would always have been just the original people in the world.

Raven now divided the people into exogamic phratries. He put half the people on his right side, and half on his left. The former he called Kātce'de; and the latter, Tāxtlowe'de.[3] He said that the right-hand people, or Ravens, should always marry the left-hand people, or Wolves. It would not be well to marry otherwise. *After this the people had the two phratries of Raven and Wolf.*

[1] See RBAE 31 : 569, No. 41 (Bellabella, Bellacoola, Chilcotin, Comox, Haida, Kwakiutl, Newettee, Nootka, Rivers Inlet).

[2] See RBAE 31: 609, No. 70 (Chilcotin, Lillooet, Shuswap, Thompson); see also Teit, MAFLS 11 : 4 (Thompson).

[3] Kātce'de is the name of the Raven phratry among the Tahltan. It is said by some to be derived from the name of a place in the Tlingit country called Kātc, meaning "cedar-bark;" and by others, from the Tlingit *ka*, signifying "man" or "people." Tāxtlowe'de is the name of the Wolf phratry of the Tahltan, and is said to be derived from a Tlingit word meaning "back sand" or "sandy place back in the interior." — J. A. Teit.

(9) RAVEN AND GRIZZLY-BEAR.[1] — Now Raven came to the house of Grizzly-Bear, who was a strong, fierce man, and fought and ate people. When people saw him, they always ran away. Raven said, "Halloo, brother-in-law! what are you doing?" and Grizzly answered, "I am fishing." Raven said that he would help him; so he staid with him, and helped him catch salmon, dig roots, and so on. Presently he stopped the salmon from coming up the creek, and Grizzly became very hungry. One day Raven heated stones in the fire until they were red-hot, and then pretended to eat them. He took hold of them with two sticks, and passed them down in front of his body so that Grizzly could not see. The Bear thought it very funny that he should eat hot rocks. Raven said, "I am hungry, and these rocks are very sweet." At last the Bear thought he would try them. Raven heated a large stone red-hot, and told Bear to open his mouth. He told him, "You must swallow the stone at once, for, if you hold it in your mouth, it is not sweet. When it goes down your throat, you will taste it very sweet." He then threw the rock down the grizzly's throat and ran away. Grizzly became very angry, and fought and attacked everything he saw. At last he died, the rock having burned his stomach. *This is why there are stripes on the inside of the stomachs of grizzly bears.* Having overcome and killed the Bear, the latter had now lost his power; so he *transformed him to the bear we know as the grizzly* at the present day. He said, "Henceforth grizzly bears shall not be so powerful, nor so fierce, nor will they fight and kill people so much."

(10) RAVEN PAINTS THE BIRDS.[2] — Now Raven called all the birds to a great feast. He painted each one a different way, — the hawks, the owls, the eagles, the jays, and all birds, great and small. He painted Robin red on the breast. He painted Bluejay blue, and tied up his hair in a knot on his head. He tied up Ruffed-Grouse's hair in a knot. He painted Bald-Headed Eagle white on the head, neck, and back, and the rest of his body black. And thus he painted all the birds in different ways. He told the birds, "I called you to a feast. Now I will cut up the bear and feast you." Now he changed his mind about feasting them, and instead he worked himself up into a passion and wanted to fight them. They became afraid, and all ran away. *So they have kept the colors in which he painted them until the present day. Those who had their hair tied up now have crests on their heads.*

(*a*) RAVEN PAINTS HIS MEN FOR WAR. — Raven wanted to go to

[1] See RBAE 31 : 680; BBAE 59 : 288, note 5 (Haida, Newettee, Nootka, Tlingit, Tsimshian; remote analogues in Alsea, Hidatsa, Kutenai).

[2] See RBAE 31 : 664 (Bellacoola, Chippewayan, Comox, Fraser Delta, Haida, Kathlamet, Newettee, Quinault, Tlingit, Tsimshian).

war against Grizzly-Bear, and called all the young men together. All the birds came, and the smaller mammals. He dressed them and painted them for war. He armed them for battle. He painted some black, and put white and blue and yellow stripes and spots on others. He painted the head of the mallard-duck green, and the head of the loon as we see it to-day. He put a large necklace of dentalia on the loon,[1] and smaller necklaces on some of the other birds. He tied up the hair of the bluejay and willow-grouse. He armed some of the birds with spears. These birds have long bills at the present day. The chipmunk he painted with stripes down the back, and he looked very handsome. Loon was to be war-chief, and Raven gave him a big spear to carry. *This is why he has a big beak at the present day.* Later he was changed, and Robin was made chief. Raven painted him all red in front.

When all were ready, Raven said he would feast them. He cooked a great deal of meat, and then ate it all himself. The birds were angry at this breach of faith, and Robin began to growl at Raven. Then the others began to growl. Raven became angry, and took up a stick and threatened them with it. They all then ran away, and hid in different places. The ducks went to the lakes, the grouse to the woods; some went to the mountains, and some to the rivers. Thus they were scattered. Before this the birds had all been together. Raven said, "It would not be well for all kinds of birds to be in one place. It will be better for people if the birds are scattered. Henceforth the birds shall be scattered throughout the country, and each kind shall live in a different locality." *This is why birds are scattered over the country now*, some kinds in the mountains, other kinds in the woods, and others in the marshes and on the lakes and streams. *This is also the reason why the birds are marked and colored* as they are at the present day.

(11) THE TREE EATS THE BEAR.[2] — When the birds had all left, Raven turned to the trees and the roots of upturned trees, and offered them a present of the bear. He said, "I will feast you with the bear-meat the birds would not eat." The trees and roots became angry, because they knew Raven was fooling them. Then a tree fell across the bear, covering it up, and nearly hitting Raven. Now Raven said, "I have done wrong. I should not have done this. I should not fool people. *People must not fool or joke to the trees or rocks, or game, or anything in nature, for these things will seek revenge.*" This is why Indians are careful not to offend anything. If they make fun of a tree, they may get hurt by a tree; if they mock or fool

[1] For the white collar of the loon having been a dentallium-shell necklace, see Chilcotin (JE 2: 35–36), Shuswap (JE 2 : 668); also known to the Carrier, Lillooet, and Thompson.

[2] See RBAE 31 : 675 (*b*) (Bellabella, Haida, Nass, Tsimshian).

with the water, they may be drowned; if they laugh at the snow, a snow-slide may kill them.

(12) RAVEN KILLS PITCH-MAN.[1] — Now Raven came to the house of Pitch-Man, who was the only person who knew how to catch halibut. He owned a halibut-hook, which he kept hidden. The people did not know how to make halibut-hooks. Raven said to the man, "I will help you with any work you have to do." He agreed, and Raven did a great deal of work for him. Raven noticed that he always went to a cool shady place when the sun rose or when it was warm weather. He slept in the shade all day, and in the cool of the evening he went fishing. He always returned from fishing before sunrise. One day Raven said to him, "I will help you fish." They went to sea, and Raven steered the canoe. Pitch-Man fished, and always kept his hook in such a position that Raven could not see it. They fished all night. When daylight came, the man wanted to go home; but Raven refused, saying that they had not caught enough halibut. Shortly before sunrise he told Raven that they must go home, and he looked anxiously in the direction where the sun would rise. Raven said, "We will go soon, we will catch just a few more fish." They continued fishing. Presently the man became sleepy, and was hardly able to talk. At last he fell sound asleep. The sun rose, the wind quieted down, and it became very hot. Then Raven saw that the man had melted. Raven went home, took the melted pitch, and threw it to the trees, saying, "*Henceforth pitch will be found in the wood of trees.*" Now he examined Pitch-Man's hook, showed it to the people, and they copied it. *After this people had halibut-hooks* and could catch halibut.

(13) RAVEN AND HIS SISTER.[2] — After this Raven met a woman who was his sister, et lusit cum ea, quam ob rem sunt hodie Corvi qui cum sororibus suis ludant (viz., girls of the same phratry).

(14) RAVEN TRIES TO MARRY A PRINCESS.[3] — Raven continued his journey south along the seashore, and came to a river where the Mink people lived. These people were very wealthy, and their women were very pretty. Raven wanted to marry the daughter of a wealthy man or chief among them. He made a very large canoe, and got the birds to man it and act as his servants. He sat down in the middle of the canoe with a large hat on. He wanted the people to believe that he was an important man. He sent one of the birds to ask the wealthy chief for his daughter. He told the bird, "Say

[1] See RBAE 31: 683 (Comox, Haida, Kwakiutl, Newettee, Rivers Inlet, Nass, Tlingit, Tsimshian).

[2] See RBAE 31 : 576, No. 146 (Haida).

[3] See RBAE 31: 578, No. 176 (Tlingit; see Swanton, BBAE 39 : 108).

that you are my son; and if he asks my name, tell him 'Skin-Bag.'" The chief asked the bird what was the name of his father; and he answered, "Skin-Bag." The chief said, "There is no nobleman of that name known to us. Tell your father that my daughter cannot marry a man of low rank." He asked his daughter if she liked her suitor; and she answered, "No."

Raven went away, and in a short time returned again in a larger canoe manned by many birds, who pretended they were his slaves. He also had much property in the canoe which he had made, to be given to the chief as presents for his daughter. Raven tried again; but the chief said, "My daughter can marry a nobleman of rank only. Your master cannot tell his rank, and not even his parentage. I do not want his presents, or canoe, or slaves, because he is of low rank and unknown parentage." The girl also said that she did not like him. Raven was persistent, however, and continued to return and ask for the girl. At last the people became tired of him, and drove him away. Raven did not know who his father was, or how he came into the world, perhaps because he left his home when he was so young.

(15) RAVEN IN THE COUNTRY OF THE TAHLTAN. — Now Raven turned back from the Mink people, and travelled north again. Now he *showed the people the best places to fish, and made some fishing-places better for fishing. He built a house of timber like those the Tlingit use,* and told the people to construct similar houses to live in. Before this they had used shelters and camps of various kinds, and some people had no houses at all. *He established villages* in the most suitable places for the obtaining of food and for shelter.

He tried to make a good place for the Katce'de people at Kake,[1] to be their headquarters. He wanted to make for them a country without much rain, similar to the interior; but he did not succeed. He then said, "I will take these people back to their home in the interior." He told them to go up the Stikine River and wait for him; and when he reached them, he would make for them a good dwelling-place. After a while he came up the Stikine River, and made a house or camp for himself on the south side of the river, just opposite the mouth of Tahltan River. *The remains of Raven's house may be seen there now as a cave in the cliff.*[2] It was changed into stone. He put up his large robe as a wind-break for his camp-fire, so that the smoke would ascend right; and *this wind-break may now be seen in the*

[1] These people are said to have been Athapascan (Tahltan), who migrated to the coast and settled at Kake. Later most of them migrated back again, and to-day their descendants form a large part of the Tahltan tribe. (Compare Tahltan Indians, pp. 16, 17.)

[2] Swanton, BBAE 39 : 118 (Tlingit).

form of a long cliff[1] on the opposite or north bank of the river, west of the mouth of the Tahltan. Raven tried to make a large, fine, level place opposite his house on the north side of the river, just east of the mouth of the Tahltan, and attempted to build a bridge across the Stikine from this level tract to his house. *The bridge always fell down or broke, and all that remains of it now is a rocky point extending out into the river.* He tore up and destroyed all his work. *The level place he had made with considerable labor he also tore up. This place is now all rough and cracked,* and is known to the whites as the "Lava Beds." Raven was angry and disappointed. He told the Katce'de, "I am tired, for I have travelled and worked too much. I am not able to do any good work. I cannot make good houses and village sites for you, as I have done for the Tlingit." *He made a brush-house, and said to them, "You will live in this kind of house* even when it is cold weather. Camp where there is plenty of dry wood, so that you can have good fires. There will always be plenty of dry wood in this country for you to use." This is why the interior Indians (Tahltan and others) use brush-lodges, and camp in a different spot every winter, according to the supply of fire-wood to be obtained. Much fire-wood is required to keep warm in brush-houses during cold weather. *Raven said that the country around the mouth of Tahltan River would be the headquarters of the Tahltan tribe (or of the Raven or Katce'de clan).*[2] *To the west of the mouth of the Tahltan, near the trail, may be seen Raven's tracks, and also the place where he urinated, both transformed into stone.*

(16) RAVEN AND KANU'GU.[3] — Now Raven returned to the coast the same way he had come, and took up his abode near Wrangell. He lived for a time there. He thought, "My work is finished, and I have managed to arrange everything better for the people." He went in his canoe out to sea, and there met Kanu'gu. He took hold of Kanu'gu's canoe and conversed with him. Raven said to him, "You are a very old man. How old are you?" Kanu'gu said that he did not know. Raven said, "Well, I am very old too. Do you remember very long ago, when all the rocks were rotten?" Kanu'gu said, "Well, you must be older than I am, for I do not remember that."

Kanu'gu then put on his hat, and a dense fog came on. Raven tried to reach the shore, but paddled around in circles. He then called out to Kanu'gu, "Brother-in-law, you are older than I am." Kanu'gu was following him in the fog, but Raven did not know it. Kanu'gu took off his hat; and the fog lifted, and the weather became

[1] See RBAE 31 : 575, No. 107 (Haida).

[2] There is a Katce'de or Raven phratry, and also a Raven clan, among the Tahltan. It is not clear whether the phratry or clan is meant here, but probably only the clan.

[3] See RBAE 31 : 666 (Comox, Haida, Nass, Tlingit, Tsimshian).

clear again. Kanu'gu said to Raven, "You have fooled people so much, that I thought I would fool you by making fog." Raven said, "I have fooled people, but always so that good should come. I have made things easier and better for the people. I stole water from you, but for the benefit of the people." Kanu'gu said, "Yes, what you have done has been of benefit to the people. It is good that you did these things. You obtained light, and this has been good for me as well as for others." Now Kanu'gu and Raven separated. The latter is said to have gone out to sea, and is said to live on a rock or island somewhere far away out in the ocean to the west. Kanu'gu is said to live in the same place.

(17) RAVEN AND THE HAIDA. — Raven spent much time on the coast, instructing and teaching arts to the people there. The coast tribes were particularly his people and children. Therefore the Coast Indians have greater knowledge in many ways, and are better provided, than the Tahltan and other interior Indians. They have better houses, have boxes, and better tools, than the interior people. Raven had finished his work on the coast before he came to the interior. He was tired then, after his years of constant labor, and could not do much in the interior. However, he instructed the interior people sufficiently, so that they could get along. This is the reason why the coast country and interior countries are different now, also why the people are different. Their manners, customs, and beliefs are partly the same as on the coast, and partly different. This is because Raven was unable to do things well there.

Of all countries, Raven spent the longest time in the Haida country. He took great pains in teaching the people there. Therefore the Haida are more skillful than any other tribe. They can make all kinds of things even better than the Tlingit and Tsimshian. This is why the Haida are superior to all tribes in canoe-building, house-building, making of totem-poles, and carving.

(18) RAVEN INSTITUTES THE KUWEGA'N CEREMONIES.[1] — Once the animals were in two groups, living in different places.[2] The Moose, Caribou, Deer, and others, numbering very many people, lived together; and the Goat, Sheep, Bear, and others formed the other group. The latter group of people made war on the former, and, surprising them, killed them all excepting Weasel (or Ermine), whom they spared. She was a very light-skinned woman, and they

[1] Kuwega'n is the Tlingit word meaning "deer." The custom here referred to has been described by Swanton (RBAE 26 : 451), and is referred to in Swanton, BBAE 39: 128. It is also referred to in the peace procedure between Tlingit and Tsimshian described by Boas (RBAE 31 : 378). The custom is also practised by the Tahltan.

[2] For stories in which the animals are in two groups and make peace with each other, see Lillooet (Teit, JAFL 25 : 358–360), Shuswap (Teit, JE 2: 658, 659).—J. A. TEIT.

made a slave of her. After they had brought her to their country, they treated her very badly and abused her. At last they took her to an islet in the sea, which was always covered over at high tide, and left her there. When she was nearly drowned, Raven came in a canoe and took her off. She became his wife, and told him of the fate of her kindred. He determined to go to her country and see for himself.

When they reached there, he saw the bodies of the slaughtered people still lying intact. He asked his wife to point out the bodies of those who had been slaves. She did as directed, and he separated them. He skinned all the slaves, and wrapped their skins around the paddles of his canoe. The corpses of the other people he arranged in a row along the shore. Now he went in his canoe with the woman, and took the steering-place. He told her to put her paddle in the water; and when he cried "Kuk!" [1] she was to lift it up out of the water at once. "Then," he said, "all the corpses will come to life, and will stand up." In no case was she to bear down on her paddle; for, if she did this, the people would be killed more dead than they were now. His wife did as directed; and when he called the word, she lifted up her paddle, and all the corpses arose. The people were glad, and said, "You made us alive. You shall be our chief. We will give you presents and slaves. You may keep our daughter the Weasel, whom you have, and we will give you others for your wives if you wish." Raven said that he did not care for more than one wife.

The people all went aboard their canoes to go and take revenge on the enemy. Raven and his wife went ahead of them in their small canoe, which was very strangely and prettily carved and ornamented on the prow. The people of the enemy village saw a great fleet of canoes coming, and thought it must be a war-party or some great party of strangers coming to visit them. They all gathered on the shore and watched the ornamented canoe, which was in the lead. Raven told his wife to hold her paddle in the water, and, when he called "Kuk!" to push it down. She did this, and immediately all the people fell down dead where they stood. Raven was sorry, and said, "It is not good that I should make all the people die in this way. If people keep on killing one another, soon there will be no people left." The Deer people said, "What you have done is right. If they become alive, they will attack us again, for there are many bad people among them." Raven called one of the dead men, made him stand up alive, and asked him to point out the bodies of those people who were good. Raven then called all of the latter to life, and left the others dead.

Now he told the two groups of people to make friends. They talked a long time, and tried to agree. At last the chief of the Deer

[1] Said to be a Tlingit word or exclamation.

people proposed that his side give a certain number of warriors to the other side as hostages, and the other side give to them the same number for hostages. "Then we will feast each other's hostages and dance, wearing eagle-feathers.[1] Afterwards we will exchange the hostages again, thus making *kuwega'n* and peace." Raven said this would be a good plan, so they exchanged men. Moose, Caribou, and Deer, on the one side, were willing to dance; and Deer made the best *kuwega'n*. The men of the other side were not so willing to dance, especially Sheep and Goat, who refused to use the eagle-feathers emblematic of peace. Raven then became angry, and, taking four eagle tail-feathers, he stuck two of them in the head of Goat, and two in the head of Sheep. *They became horns.* He said to them, "Now you will always wear feathers. Other people will be able to take off their feathers (i.e., antlers) when night (i.e., winter) comes, and put on new ones in the daytime (i.e., summer), and thus always have clean feathers;[2] but you will always wear yours, and they will get old and dirty." All the people now danced and made peace. For eight days they danced.

Thus was the *Kuwega'n* ceremony instituted. Raven told all the people, "*Thus will you make peace after fighting.* I have done much for you, and have often nearly lost my life trying to benefit you. I obtained for your use light, fire, water, and other things. It is not good if you fight all the time and kill one another."

(19) Raven makes the Wolf Women Good-looking. — Raven made figures of men and women, an equal number of each. He divided them by sexes. Then he divided them in groups. There were four groups, — Raven men, Raven women, Wolf men, and Wolf women. Now he said, "*Raven men will mate with Wolf women, and Wolf men will mate with Raven women.*" A woman of the Wolf phratry happened to be outside the house at the time, and, hearing Raven talking, she listened to what he said. Raven said, "I have made the Raven women the best-looking. They are really very good-looking." Raven had to go outside. The woman at once ran inside, and changed the group of Wolf-women figures to where the Raven-women figures had been.

When Raven returned, he pronounced his decree on the groups, saying, "I have already established the relationship of the sexes and of the phratries. Now I decree that people shall take after the characteristics of these figures I have made. *Having made the women of one side better-looking than those of the other side, henceforth they*

[1] The tail-feathers of eagles which have mottled plumage and are slow of flight are the kind used in the *Kuwegan* ceremony as emblematic of peace. — J. A. Teit.

[2] With reference to the shedding of the antlers of moose, caribou, and deer. — J. A. Teit.

will be better-looking." The Wolf figures, having been changed to the Raven side, they were thus made the best-looking. Raven did not find out his mistake until after he had uttered his decree; and thus the Wolf women were made good-looking, whereas it was his intention that the Raven women should be the best-looking. This is why women of the Wolf phratry are so good-looking at the present day.

(20) RAVEN CONSIDERS HOW TO PROVIDE FOR THE PEOPLE. — Raven thought very hard, and tried many ways of making conditions such that people would always have plenty to eat without needing to work. He failed, however, to devise any method by which this could be effected. Had he succeeded, things would have been easy for people in the world to-day; but, because he failed, people have to work hard to obtain their food. Sometimes, even when working hard, they manage to live merely from hand to mouth, and some of them at times have no food at all. Even Raven himself did not always have food, and *therefore people sometimes starve at the present day.*[1]

(21) THE ORIGIN OF BIRTH AND DEATH.[2] — Once the Tree and the Rock were pregnant and were about to give birth. The Tree woman held on to a stick or bar, as Indian women do, while the Rock woman used nothing to hold on to. Her child, when half born, turned into a rock and died. Raven came along shortly afterwards, and found the women. He said, "I am very sorry. I have come too late. Had I been here, this would not have happened. Now people must die, because Tree gave birth, and Rock did not." If Rock had given birth, and Tree had not, people would never die. People would then have been like rocks, and lasted forever. As it is now, people are like trees. Some will live to be very old, and decay and die, as some trees do; while others, when only partly grown, will die like young trees that die without decay and fall down. Thus death comes to people at all ages, just as among trees, and none lives very long.

(22) RAVEN CURTAILS THE POWERS OF GAME.[3] — The game-mother [4]

[1] See p. 221.

[2] See also Emmons, Tahltan Indians, p. 119: "Then Raven told the little birds that he was going to make man, but they did not believe him; and as he asked each one, 'Have you young inside?' they all answered 'No.' Then he turned to the rocks and the trees, and asked them the same question, and they both answered affirmatively; whereupon he told them the young first born would be man, and they each told him that at the break of day a child would be born. And so in the morning the tree first gave birth, and the offspring became man: therefore as the tree springs from the seed, lives, and dies, so human life is but for a season. Following the birth of the tree, the rock brought forth its offspring, which was of stone, and which was rejected by Raven as having everlasting life." See RBAE 31: 663 (Haida, Nass, Tlingit, Tsimshian; also Rivers Inlet).

[3] See BBAE 59: 302 (Blackfoot, Caddo, Cheyenne, Kutenai, Menominee, Pawnee, Shuswap, Thompson).

[4] The Tahltan believe in a woman who is mother and controller of all the game-animals. See "Atsuntmā, or the Meat-Mother," No. 9, p. 230. — J. A. TEIT.

called all the animals home to see how fast they could run. She made them run very fast. Caribou ran fastest of all, and said to his mother, "I can beat them all;" and she answered, "Good!" He ran so fast, that nothing could get near him. All the game ran so fast, that people could not get them. Many people were starving. Raven said, "Too many people are starving. I must try to curtail the powers of the game, so that people may be able to obtain food. I will kill the game with my glance." The game-mother had called all her children home, and no animals could be seen anywhere by the people.

Raven travelled to the house of Game-Mother, which was very distant. Covering up his head, he entered the house and sat down. He said to Game-Mother, "The people have plenty of game where I come from. You have not done a wise thing. Calling your children home is no revenge on us, nor does it harm us, for the people are getting all the game they require." She answered, "It cannot be as you say. I have all my children here, so the people cannot be well off for game." Raven said, "No, all the game cannot be here," and they disputed over this. Game-Mother called all the game into her presence to prove that they were all there. Raven said, "It is no use for you to call them here. I cannot see them." Raven now said to her, "We kill game simply by looking at it. No matter how fast game runs, we can kill them." Game-Mother would not believe this, so Raven opened his eyes and looked at the game, who were immediately shot by his glance.[1]

The animals saw no bow and arrows in Raven's hands, and did not know that they were shot. They all became sick. He said to them, "Now, run!" but they could not move. He said to Caribou, "Hold up your foot!" He looked at it, and said, "Oh, your lower leg is nothing but bone, that is why you can run so fast." He took some of the flesh from his upper leg and put it on the lower. "Now," he said, "run!" Caribou ran. Raven said, "That is all right. Men will be able to run you down sometimes." *This is why there is a little meat now in front of the lower legs of caribou, below the knee.* Next he examined the Bear, and said, "Oh, your legs are too long! No wonder you can run!" He broke Bear's leg in halves, and said, "Now your legs are short, and people will be able to catch you sometimes." *This is why the legs of bears are short and crooked at the present day.* Thus he changed all the game-animals, so that the people should be able to hunt them and get them.

Now he addressed them, saying, "Your mother will still have the power of calling you home,[2] but that is all. None of you will be able

[1] Some say, "The same as if arrows shot out of his eyes."

[2] She has the power of making game scarce in certain places. When this happens, the Indians believe that some one has not treated the animals respectfully or has failed

to run as before. When you see a hunter coming, run a little, then slack up and look back, also stop sometimes. If you run hard, I shall kill you." All the game-animals were afraid of Raven's threat, and promised to do as he had decreed. This is why game is easy to hunt now. Then Raven said, "I have used my glance for killing things. I think this is bad. If people have this power, they will not be able to look at one another. *Henceforth people shall not have this power.*" [1]

(23) RAVEN STEALS FIRE.[2] — Only the Rock people had fire, and they guarded it jealously. Raven decided that all people should have fire, and he went to see the Rock people. The latter recognized him at once, and, knowing he was a transformer and fooler of people, they drove him away. To make themselves more secure from Raven, they made a wide stretch of water all around their house. Raven knew he had no chance to enter the Rock people's house or to approach without being seen: therefore he negotiated with the birds to steal the fire for him.

He tried all the water-birds, but none of them would pay any attention to him. Now he set a snare and caught Tu'tcasada' (a variety of bird with a long beak, possibly the pelican). He opened his mouth, and told him that he would split his face, kill him, and keep him there until his body was cold, if he would not promise to steal the fire for him. Tu'tcasada', like many other birds, was considered harmless by the Rock people, and was allowed to enter their house and warm himself by the fire in cold weather. Raven said to him, "Can you really obtain fire if you wish?" and he answered, "Yes, I can." Raven pretended to doubt his word, and asked him several times. At last the bird became angry, and said, "I will show you that I am able to obtain fire." Tu'tcasada' went across to the Rock people's house, and was allowed to enter as usual. When the people were not looking, he picked up a piece of fire in his beak and ran out with it. The people chased him, but could not cross the water quickly enough. Tu'tcasada' flew across rapidly, and gave the fire to Raven, who thereupon threw it into the woods, saying, "*Henceforth fire shall be in trees and wood*, and all the people will have a chance to use it."

to make full use of them as food, and that therefore their mother has called them home for a time or for good, as a warning or punishment to the Indians. In similar circumstances and for like reasons the interior Salish say that game-animals have gone home or back to their own world under ground, whence they first came. — J. A. TEIT.

[1] Some add, "except to a very limited extent." See incidents of killing by a glance in JAFL 9 : 258 (Ts'ets'ā'ut); MAFLS 6 : 45 (Thompson); JE 2 : 650, 651 (Shuswap); see also JAFL 30 : 464 (Kaska); and the Tahltan story of Tse'dEXtsi, or the girl who married the dog-man (No. 53), to be published later.

[2] See RBAE 31: 660 (Bellabella, Bellacoola, Comox, Haida, Kwakiutl, Nass, Newettee, Nootka, Rivers Inlet, Tlingit, Tsimshian; see also Carrier, Chilcotin, Kwakiutl, Lillooet, Nanaimo, Squamish, StsEēlis); Kaska (Teit JAFL 30 : 443).

This is why fire can now be made with wood, and also why fire can be made with rocks (by striking), because the Rock people first owned fire, and fire itself was originally rock. *This is also the reason why Tu'tcasada"s beak is shorter now,* for it was burned while he was carrying the fire to Raven. Formerly its beak was very long.

(24) RAVEN BALLASTS THE EARTH. — After the great Flood, people were afraid that the earth might tip again, and cause another flood.[1] The earth was very light in those days, and rolled up and down, displacing the ocean. Water would thus rush to one place and stay for a while. Then the earth would tip, and the water would rush back again. This is said to have happened several times; and some people say that the great Flood that destroyed people came about in this way. Therefore, to make the earth secure and steady, Raven put a large piece of ice on the earth to weigh it down and prevent it from tipping.[2] Since then the earth has not tipped, and has been steady.

(25) RAVEN MAKES LAKES.[3] — At one time there were no lakes. There were creeks and rivers, but no lakes. Raven wanted to make lakes and put fish in them. He made a depression in the ground for the water to collect in, and a lake began to form. He put fish in the new lake. After a time he returned to see if the depression had filled up, and how large the lake had grown to be. When he came to the place, he found the water all gone and the fish all dead, and in the depression lay a very large man with a great distended belly. He saw the Snipe there running about, and asked him who the man was and what he was doing there. Snipe told him, "He lies there nearly all the time. He is gorged with water, and very seldom gets up." Raven then knew that the man had drunk the lake. He took away Snipe's short bill, and gave him a long, sharp one. He told him, "You must help me. I will pay you. When the man sleeps, you must push your bill through his belly." He did as told. The water ran out until the man was empty and the lake full. Fish were than able to live in the lake again.

Raven told Snipe, "Henceforth you will watch the lake. If the water goes down a little, you must run along the shores and keep them damp, then the lake will keep full." *This is why the snipe now has a long beak, and why snipes run about on the shores of lakes.* Raven took water from the lake, and, filling his mouth, blew it out over the

[1] Compare "The Great Flood," p. 232.

[2] This ice is said to be in the far north, according to some, and to be great glaciers in high mountains, according to others.

[3] See BBAE 59 : 304, notes 2 and 3 (Kaska, Kutenai; also Chilula, Huron, Luiseño, Micmac); also Tahltan, p. 23; Lillooet (JAFL 25 : 333, 334); Thompson (JE 8 : 254). — J. A. TEIT.

country here and there, thus forming many lakes. *This is why lakes and fish may be found all over the country now.*

(26) RAVEN MAKES MUD. — It was fine weather; and Raven was travelling, sometimes in his canoe, sometimes walking. The weather made him drowsy, and he lay down to have a nap. He dreamed that a woman was sleeping with him. When he awoke, he saw nobody. Then he noticed his own reflection in the water, and thought it was the woman.[1] He said to it, "Come on, come here!" but it did not move. He moved towards it, and then it seemed to approach. He went into the water and met it. He seized it, and felt in the water right to the bottom, but could feel no woman. When he left the water, he saw it again. He did the same a second time. At last he thought the mud at the bottom must be she. He went in a third time, felt about at the bottom, and brought up mud. He tried to form a woman out of this mud; but, happening to look at the water, he saw the reflection, just as before. He thought this mud could not be she, for he had brought it up, and still the woman appeared to be there in the water. He became angry, and threw the mud at the reflection, saying, "*Henceforth you shall be mud.*" Then he got in his canoe and paddled away in a dissatisfied and angry mood.

This is why mud is soft, and people sink in it. Had Raven finished the working of the mud into something, or made it hard, it would be different now. *This is also the reason that some women are good-looking; and why, because of their looks, men are attracted to them, but the same women are soft and useless.* The Indians say, "They are just like mud."

(27) RAVEN CREATES BEAR. — Once Raven called all the animals together, and asked them which would be Bear. Tree-Squirrel said, "Let me be Bear!" Raven answered, "No, you will not do to be Bear. You would not make a good bear." Because Raven refused his request, Squirrel began to cry, and *this is why squirrels cry as they do at the present day.* A man who could conceal himself well in the winter-time was chosen to be Bear.

(28) RAVEN AND BEAR-MAN.[2] — Raven went to the house of Bear-Man, who was wealthy. Bear invited him in, saying, "I do not have a very fine house, or much clothes and goods, but I have plenty of food, and will give you something to eat." He placed all kinds of food in great plenty before Raven, who ate and ate, until at last he was quite full. When leaving, Raven invited Bear to visit him, and two days afterwards he went. Raven had just finished building a

[1] See BBAE 59 : 306 (Assiniboin, Bellacoola, Blackfoot, Caddo, Chilcotin, Comox, Haida, Kaska, Kwakiutl, Nootka, Ojibwa, Osage, Quinault, Shuswap, Thompson, Tsimshian; also references from other continents).

[2] See BBAE 59 : 294 and RBAE 31 : 694 for list of parallels.

large, fine, new house; but he had no food, and the house was quite empty. Bear, who was well dressed and wore a big hat, sat down outside. Raven invited him in. Bear saw it was indeed a fine house, but he saw no food or anything inside. Raven called Willow-Grouse to bring a dish and put it down before the fire, but Bear saw no person and no dish.[1]

Raven then got up in front of the fire and held his hands out, as if to let grease drip into a dish; but, instead of grease coming, he burned his hands. *For this reason there are no feathers on Raven's feet now, and they look as if they had been scorched.* Bear said, "There is no necessity to do that. I do not like to see you burn your hands. You had better stop. If you have no food to give me, I will return home and eat." *Since that time people sometimes have had no food in their homes, because Raven had none in his when Bear visited him.*

(29) RAVEN AND E'DISTĀ OR BIG-TOAD.[2] — Toad monsters of gigantic size lived at one time in the country. They lived partly under water, and partly under ground. Their breath came out through holes and cracks in the mountains. They lay concealed, having their bodies covered with water, mud, or earth. When people came alone, they opened their huge mouths and swallowed them. They lived by eating people and animals. Raven wanted to deprive these monsters of their power, because they killed people.

He went to the abode of one, and sat down beside him. He said, "Brother-in-law, my mother told me that my uncle swallowed people, but I don't believe it. I don't think there is any one that swallows people." Toad said at once, "It is only I who swallow people." Raven said, "That is strange. How do you do it?" Toad said, "I will show you. I will swallow you." Raven said, "All right!" and when Toad opened his mouth, Raven jumped in quickly, before he had time to bite.

Raven killed him by cutting his insides. When he was dead, Raven wandered around seeking for a place to get out. At last he saw a small hole through which a ray of light was gleaming. It appeared very high and far away. He climbed and climbed, the hole appearing to get larger as he got closer. At last he saw the sky through it, and finally he emerged on the top of a mountain. He had come out through

[1] Some informants think Raven simply pretended he had Willow-Grouse as a servant, and a dish for grease, to fool Bear or to show off. Others incline to think he really had an invisible helper and an invisible dish, and possibly an invisible fire. Some say Bear heard sounds as if some one brought a dish and placed it at the fire. Compare Traditions of the Ts'ets'ā'ut, No. 8, p. 265, with which there seems to be a slight analogy. — J. A. TEIT.

[2] See discussion in RBAE 31: 611, 659, 687, 718, 868; also Kutenai (BBAE 59 : 45, 77, 87; VAEU 23 : 171), Thompson (MAFLS 11 : 17), Pend d'Oreilles (MAFLS 11 : 115, 117), Cœur d'Alène (MAFLS 11 : 122), Sahaptin (JAFL 21 : 14, MAFLS 11 : 148). See also Nos. 66, 67, to be published later.

Toad's breathing-hole (or nostril). Raven said, "Now I have killed one of you. All of you have now lost your power of killing people."

(30) RAVEN AND RABBIT-MAN.[1] — KEXTSĀ'ZA[2] was a rabbit or hare man who appeared in the form of a small, tame-looking rabbit. By pretending that he could be caught or that he could not run much, he lured people off to the ice of a lake (or river). When the people got to the middle of the ice, he caused a fierce cold wind to come and blow the snow off the surface of the ice, which then became so smooth, that the people could not walk, and fell down and froze to death.

A number of boys went hunting rabbits in the winter-time, and saw a small, feeble-looking rabbit, which they chased. The rabbit kept just a little ahead of them, and led them to a large sheet of ice. A strong, cold wind began to blow, and made the surface so smooth that they could not return, and all froze to death.

The people told Raven of the death of the boys, and that Rabbit had killed them. Raven said, "I will go and see him. I can easily beat him." The people said that they did not think he could beat him. Raven went and met Rabbit. He asked him, "Can you swim?" and Rabbit answered, "Yes." Raven said, "I don't believe it. I can swim, but you cannot." Rabbit asked Raven if he could walk on ice; and Raven answered, "Yes." Rabbit then said, "Let us go on the ice!" Raven said, "Oh, no! not yet. You said you could swim. We shall try swimming first, that I may believe you, and then you will see me walk on the ice." Raven made a narrow strip of water for Rabbit to swim in. Rabbit was afraid to swim, and made ready to jump it. Raven saw what he was going to do, and, just as he jumped, made the water very much wider. Rabbit jumped, and fell into the water. He could not swim much, and soon was tired. He was about to drown, when Raven said, "Hold up your feet, and I will help you." Rabbit held up his feet, and Raven pulled off his sharp claws; for rabbits formerly had sharp claws or spurs on their feet, enabling them to run easily on the smoothest ice. *Raven now put pads on Rabbit's feet, like the soft pads rabbits now have, and said, "Henceforth you will be able to run on ice just a little, and you will have no power of killing people."*

(31) RAVEN AND CROW.[3] — Crow was a gossip and a tell-tale. He always told people what Raven said, thus forewarning them and foiling Raven. The latter determined to punish him. He disguised himself, got a large canoe, and sat in the middle of it like a big chief.

[1] See Kaska (JAFL 30 : 467).

[2] KEXTSĀ'ZA or KAXTSA'EZA, the mythological name of Rabbit-Man. The word has some connection with the Tahltan word for "rabbit."

[3] This story is said to be told by the Tlingit, and probably came from them to the Tahltan. — J. A. TEIT. See RBAE 31 : 678.

He was dressed finely, and had many small birds with him, who acted as servants and paddlers. They came to Crow's house, and asked for the chief. Crow said that he was the chief there, and invited Raven in. He asked the latter what phratry he belonged to; and he answered, "Kātce'de."[1] Raven then asked Crow the same question; and he answered, "I am Kātce'de also." Raven then said, "Well, then you will feed me well and keep me over night." Soon Raven pulled out his tongue to a great length, and, putting a louse on the end of it, swallowed the louse, saying, "That is very sweet." Crow thought this was a strange act, but that he would try to do the same. He put out his tongue, but could not get it very far out. It seemed much shorter than Raven's. Raven said, "Brother, I will help you." He took hold of Crow's tongue and pulled it out of his head. He told him, "Now, talk!" Crow talked; but it was in a very small way, and no one could understand what he said. Raven said, "Now you are only a crow, but I am a raven. You cannot tell on me any more." *This is why crows now talk feebly and caw, whereas ravens talk loudly and croak.*

(32) RAVEN AND HIS BLANKET.[2]—Raven met two men[3] who were wearing robes of red-willow bark. He thought the robes looked very pretty, and he wondered how he could fool the men so as to obtain their blankets. "Oh!" he said, "I will steal them from them when they are asleep." Now, with Raven and the ancients, one night was the same as one winter, and one day the same as a summer. He went at night to steal the robes of the Red-Willow men, but found they were awake, and that their robes could not be stolen. They were fast to their flesh, in the same way as bark is to trees in the winter-time. They slept in the daytime, which was the same as summer, when the bark of trees is loose. He peeled off their robes carefully while they were sleeping, and ran away with them.

He came to a lake, where he threw away his own robe. North-Wind took it down the lake out of sight. He put on the red-willow bark robes; but they were brittle and broke up, and wore out in less than a day. The bark of the *red willow was very thick* in those days; but, probably because Raven wore the blankets out, *the bark is now thin.* Now Raven was sorry he had thrown away his own robe. He called to South-Wind to blow, knowing he would blow back the robe; but there was no answer. Then he dressed himself in pretty clothes, and put fine feathers in his hair. He danced and sang, and asked South-Wind to come to a feast and see him dance. Soon he saw a black cloud advancing, and he knew that the wind was coming. He

[1] This is the name of the Raven phratry of the Tahltan.

[2] See RBAE 31: 722 (Nass, Tsimshian); perhaps also Shuswap (JE 2: 634, 742; Boas, Sagen 6) and Thompson (JE 8: 211, 306, 307; MAFLS 11: 8).

[3] It seems, these men were red-willow trees.

saw that the wind was bringing the robe. He caught it and hid it. The main body of the wind was a little behind. When it arrived, Raven said, "I am too lame to dance, my leg is sore."

He made a sweat-house, and asked South-Wind to sweat with him. He said, "I have no covering for the sweat-house. Have you no blankets?"[1] Wind answered, "Yes, we brought a blanket with us. We will give it to you to use." South-Wind searched for the robe, but could not find it. Wind refused to sweat with Raven, saying it was too hot. Raven pretended to be angry, and called the wind "bad people." Wind answered, "You asked us to a feast and dance, and now there is nothing." Raven said, "I am sick, and that is why I ask you to sweat with me, but you refuse. You South-Wind people are used to heat." South-Wind said, "Yes, we South-Wind people come from a warm country; but we ourselves are cool, and do not like to make ourselves hot. We cannot sweat." Raven said, "You promised me a covering for my sweat-houses, and now you have told me a lie." South-Wind said, "Perhaps the robe has gone back to our house." Raven told him, "Well, you had better go back and find it."

When the South-Wind people had departed, Raven danced and called North-Wind to blow strong. North-Wind came, blowing a gale, and blew the South-Wind people far away. *This is why, when a south wind comes up, it blows only a short time before a north wind springs up* and blows it back. The North-Wind people are stronger than the South-Wind people. Had Raven not acted as he did, but entertained the South-Wind people, and had he not asked North-Wind to blow them away, then in this country we should now have mild winds nearly all the time, instead of the cold winds we generally have.

(33) RAVEN LOSES HIS NOSE.[2] — The people had lines set in the sea, but they could catch no fish. Their bait and even their hooks and lines disappeared. One night some of them watched by sitting in their canoes and holding the lines in their hands. One of them felt something, jerked his line quickly, and caught Raven in the nose, for it was he who had been eating the bait. The people pulled the line up into the canoe so quickly, that Raven did not have time to disengage his nose; and, as he did not want the people to get him, he pulled back and broke off his nose. The people found they had caught some one's nose, but they did not know to whom it belonged. They took it to their village and gave it to one of their chiefs, who was a wise and wealthy man. Every one went to his house to see it, but none recognized it.

[1] Compare p. 230; also Thompson (MAFLS 11 : 9); also RBAE 31: 732 and MAFLS 11 : 21.

[2] This story is said to be told by the Tlingit, and probably came from them. See RBAE 31: 684 (Haida, Loucheux, Nass, Tlingit, Tsimshian).

Raven put on a lump of pitch for a nose, shaped and colored it, and then, pulling his hat down over his face, went to the village. He entered the first house. The people said, "You are a stranger;" and he answered, "Yes, I have come from a different place." They asked from what country and why he had come. He answered, "Oh! I have come from a distant country because I heard something." They asked him what he had heard. He said, "I heard you caught something." They answered, "Yes." He said, "I hear it is a very strange thing. I want to see it. I have come a long way to see this curious thing." They directed him to the next house. Thus he went through all the houses, asking and being answered in the same way. At last he entered the chief's house. There were many people there. The chief showed him the nose, and asked him if he could recognize it. He held it in his hand, and examined it very thoroughly and slowly, at the same time making remarks expressive of his wonder at the curious object. At a moment when the people's attention was diverted, he flew up with it through the smoke-hole, and, sitting down on the high branches of a tree, he put it on. *This is why the raven's nose now has a mark as if it had been broken off.*

(34) RAVEN AND THE GHOSTS.[1] — Once, when Raven was travelling, he came to a house, and, looking in, saw no inmates. He noticed a fish-spear with a single-pointed harpoon-head of bone. He camped near by, and noticed the fish-spear lying in the same place near the entrance of the house every morning. It seemed as if it had been used during the night. Several times he went and looked at the spear. He tried to make one like it; but, each time he attempted to do so, he forgot how it was made. At last he thought, "I shall go there at dusk and steal it, and then I can copy it." He went into the house, which was not lighted in any way, but he could see a little. He saw no signs of fire, and no people. He seized the spear-head, and immediately a stick struck him on the leg. He thought it must have fallen on him accidentally from above. He went away with the spear-head, and received a hard tap on the leg. He persisted, and moved farther away. This time he received such a blow on the leg, that he fell down with his leg broken. Then a voice asked, "Why do you steal our spear-head?" Raven answered, "I wanted to copy it. I notice that you are fishing; and I cannot fish, for I have no spear-head." He added, "Where are you?" He felt about, but did not feel anything. The ghosts were talking to him, and he was in a house of ghosts.

The voice said, "I will help you." The ghost then took half the lower rib from one side of his body, and gave it to Raven, telling him,

[1] See RBAE 31 : 702 (Bellacoola, Chinook, Haida, Nass, Tlingit, Tsimshian; also Shuswap, Takelma, Thompson).

"As soon as you sharpen it, it will change into a spear-head; but you must use it only at night. In the daytime it cannot spear fish." Raven went off lame, carrying the bone. This spear-head obtained from the ghosts was shown by Raven to the people, who copied it; and from this model were spear-heads made like those used by the Indians now. *This is why ravens have crooked legs and walk lame now.* Had Big-Raven not been made lame by the ghost, ravens would not be lame now. *This is also the reason why people and game have a small rib on their sides, underneath the others.* This is the rib broken off by the ghost, and given to Raven to make the spear-head. *This is also the reason why ghosts sometimes strike people and things at night, and also why ghosts are invisible.* Had Raven seen them, they would be visible to us now.

(35) RAVEN AND PORCUPINE MAKE THE SEASONS.[1] — Once Porcupine and Beaver quarrelled about the seasons. Porcupine wanted five winter months. He held up one hand and showed his five fingers. He said, "Let the winter months be the same in number as the fingers on my hand." Beaver said, "No," and held up his tail, which had many cracks or scratches on it. He said, "Let the winter months be the same in number as the scratches on my tail." Now they quarrelled and argued. Porcupine got angry and bit off his thumb. Then, holding up his hand with the four fingers, he said emphatically, "There must be only four winter months." Beaver became a little afraid, and gave in. *For this reason porcupines have four claws on each foot now.*

Since Porcupine won, the winter remained four months in length, until later Raven changed it a little. Raven considered what Porcupine and Beaver had said about the winters, and decided that Porcupine had done right. He said, "Porcupine was right. If the winters were made too long, people could not live. *Henceforth the winters will be about this length*, but they will be variable. I will tell you of the *gaxɛwi'sa*[2] month, when people will meet together and talk. At that time of the year people will ask questions (or propound riddles), and others will answer. If the riddle is answered correctly, then the person who propounded it must answer, '*ti'xta*' ('fool-hen')." Raven chose this word because the fool-hen has a shorter beak than any other game-bird. "If people guess riddles correctly at this time of year, then the winter will be short, and the spring come early."

[1] See RBAE 31 : 728 (Assiniboin, Fox, Haida, Hare, Ojibwa, Shoshoni, Tlingit, Tsimshian). See also p. 246.

[2] Name of a month in the Tahltan calendar corresponding to about December. The name is said to mean "rabbits eat on the top," with reference to the top of the snow, as snow always covers the ground to a considerable depth in this month.

2. EARTH-MOTHER [1] (NETCE'NSTA [2]).

The Earth-Mother lives under the earth, and holds it up. The earth is like a crust or blanket spread out flat, and she is like a post that holds it up. Sometimes she gets tired and shifts her position; or sometimes the earth sags in some place where the weight is on it, and then she moves her arm to put it up. Then we have an earthquake. Earth-Mother is becoming older and weaker all the time, and by and by she will not be able to hold up the earth any longer. Then it will fall into the water which is below the earth, and disappear. Once Earth-Mother told the people, "When you feel an earthquake, you must not be alarmed. It is only because I am a little tired, and am shifting my position. It is no sign that I am going to fall down, and that the earth will come to an end." Therefore people are not afraid of earthquakes.

3. EARTH-MOTHER AND SUN-FATHER.[3]

The earth is animate and the same as our mother; for, if there were no earth, there would be no people. The latter are her children, and the animals also. She looks after them all, and provides food for all. The rocks are her bones, and water her milk. A child cannot live without sucking its mother's milk, and people cannot live without water. At first there were not many people on earth, and but few game-animals. Later, when people increased in numbers, more game-animals were made to supply their wants. All game were born of a woman:[4] therefore animals are the same as people; they are of the same blood, and are relatives.

The Sun-Man formerly lived on earth, but lives in the sky now. He is called "Sun-Father." He is a good man, and tries to make the people happy. He gives sunshine and warmth. When the people see his face, they are glad. When he becomes sick or sorrowful, he hides his face, and then we have clouds and rain. The Sun was a handsome man when on earth. He had a good-looking face, so bright that people could barely look at it. He was always happy and good.[5]

4. STORY OF THE SUN.[6]

Sun was a bad man formerly, and killed people; but Moon was good. When men hunted in a certain place towards the east, they never

[1] See RBAE 31: 731 (Haida, Hare, Tlingit, Tsimshian).

[2] Said to mean "earth-mother."

[3] See Teit, JE 8 : 321 (Thompson). — J. A. Teit.

[4] Compare "Atsentmā', or the Meat-Mother" (see p. 230). — J. A. Teit.

[5] According to the "Story of the Sun" (see below), Sun, when on earth, was an evil man, and killed people. In Salish stories he is generally spoken of as a bad man who killed people (see MAFLS 6 : 53). — J. A. Teit.

[6] See JAFL 30 : 440 (Kaska).

came back, and it was said "Sun killed them." A man who was wise and powerful said, "I am going to hunt over there in the east, whence the people never come back." He told his father, "If I do not return in five days, then look for me." He travelled one whole day, and thought of camping, but nowhere could he see a favorable place. He kept on going until it was almost dark, when he saw a good camping-place. He knew that some one was camped there, for he saw a bright light or fire. When he came near, he noticed lynx-meat cooking, and saw a man sitting near the fire with his head covered. This was the Sun, who invited the traveller to sit on the same side of the fire with him. The man, however, took the opposite side of the fire. He took off his snowshoes and his moccasins, and hung them up to dry. He saw Sun's moccasins hanging there, and exchanged them with his, hanging his own where Sun's had been. Sun did not see him, because his face was covered. Sun went to bed, telling the man that if he was hungry, he should eat lynx-meat, and that before he went to bed he must put on the hollow log that was underneath the wood-pile. "Put half of it in the fire," he said. The man did as directed. He then pretended to sleep, and watched. Sun got up, and, taking what he thought was the man's moccasins, put them in the fire. Next morning the man got up early and put on his moccasins. Sun claimed that they were his; but the man proved that the moccasins he had on were his own, for Sun could not put them on. They did not fit his feet.

The man said, "Now I have found you out, Sun. You burn people's moccasins so that they cannot leave. Now *you* have none, and *you* cannot leave." Sun begged the man for moccasins, if he had a spare pair. The man said, "Yes, I will give you my spare pair of moccasins, if you will promise to go so far away that there will never be any danger of people coming near to you." (Sun had told the man that sometimes people were killed and burned by coming too near to him.) Sun promised as the man asked, and the latter gave him his spare moccasins. Sun then left, and afterwards lived far away. No more did he burn people or come near them; but when people look at him now, sometimes they get sick. He is hard to look at. This is because he was formerly a bad man.

5. STORY OF THE DIPPER STARS.

Once the Dipper called down to the people, saying, "My grandchildren, I will tell you something. Watch me, and as long as you see me going around, everything will be well with you, and you need not be afraid; but if I get lost, light will nevermore come to you, and all of you will die. It is nothing if the moon is lost, for it will not be for long; but if I am lost, I can nevermore come back." For this

reason the Indians watch the Dipper whenever there is an eclipse; and if they see him going as usual, they say, "Everything is well."

6. THE MILKY WAY.

Many people were travelling towards the sky on snowshoes. They had nearly reached the sky. It is said that the people were on their way to the country of the dead in the sky.[1] Some one transformed the people and their trail into stars, and this is now the Milky Way.

7. SA'KESADA,[2] OR THE MOON-BOY.[3]

A man was hunting beaver. He had a large family of children. While one of his sons was out hunting, he cooked a large quantity of blood. The family ate it all, and left none for the boy, who was still out hunting. When he returned, he asked them why they had eaten all and left none for him, when he was hungry. He cried much. His father became angry because he would not stop crying, and was going to whip him to make him stop. The boy then seized the basket-kettle in which the blood had been cooked, and ran off.

That night all the people saw something strange appear on the face of the moon. Moon's face had always been perfectly clear and bright, but now there appeared what seemed to be the figure of a man standing there and holding a kettle. Presently they heard the man say to the moon, "You are my father. He who lives down below is not my father: he ate all the blood, and left me none. Now I shall stay here for all time. I have plenty of blood in my kettle now." He held up the kettle so that the people could see it. Then he called down to the people, "Call me Sa'kesada. You see that I stand straight now, but with age I shall gradually bend over. When I bend very far over, the end is not very far away. When at last I am upside down, then everything on earth will dry up, and that will be the end of the world."

The figure of Sa'kesada may be seen now on the face of the moon as a dark shadow. The old people say he was straighter within their memory. He has been bending gradually for very many generations. Now he is at right angles, and therefore half the time has expired for the end of the earth to come.

[1] See JE 2 : 597 (Shuswap).

[2] Said to mean "sits down on the moon."

[3] Compare part of this story with Lillooet (JAFL 25 : 299), Sahaptin (MAFLS 11: 195), Shuswap (JE 2 : 653), Thompson (MAFLS 6 : 91; JE 8: 229, 330; Boas, Sagen 15).

8. THE WARM AND COLD WINDS PEOPLE.[1]

(First Version.)

The Warm and Cold Winds people were enemies. When the Warm-Winds people walked abroad and travelled north, the Cold-Winds people were afraid, and made cold winds blow from the north to drive them back. The farther north the Warm-Winds people came, the more afraid the Cold-Winds people became, and the harder and colder they made the winds blow, sending hail and snow with them. The Warm-Winds people always turned back in fear of freezing. When the Cold-Winds people travelled south, the Warm-Winds people in turn became afraid, and blew their hot breaths on them and urinated on them. Their urine was rain. The Cold-Winds people became afraid of melting, and turned back.

Thus we see them striving at the present day, and each is still afraid of the other. When each stays in his own country, as they do sometimes for considerable lengths of time, there is no fighting; and the weather is neither hot nor cold, but temperate. When they travel near each other's countries, then they become afraid, and send their winds against each other.

(Second Version.)

The Cold-Wind people lived in the far north, and the Warm-Wind people in the south. When the former talked to the latter, a cold wind blew. When the latter talked to the former, a warm wind blew. The speech of the Cold-Wind people was cold because it came from a cold place, and the people were as cold as ice. The speech of the Warm-Wind people was warm, because they were hot. The winds were the same as the breaths of these people. Their breaths blow the clouds. Raven (or some one else) ordained that these people send out the winds.

9. ATSENTMĀ′, OR THE MEAT-MOTHER.[2]

Animals were born of a woman. Once a number of people were travelling together, among them a husband and wife, the latter in the eighth month of her pregnancy. As she could not keep up with the other people, they left her and her husband behind. At last she could not travel farther, and told her husband, "You had better leave me and hunt game. Come back in a few days and bring me meat." Her husband then left her, and joined the people. In about a month's time he came back.

Meanwhile his wife had given birth to a child. When he came near

[1] See RBAE 31 : 732; see also p. 223.

[2] See p. 216.

her lodge, he saw many animals, and heard many kinds of noises. The animals were all young, and were running about in the lodge playing. Without talking to his wife, he went back and told the people, for he was a little afraid. They would not believe what he told them, so some of them returned with him to see. When they came near, they saw all kinds of animals running about in the lodge and playing, just as he had seen them. They now believed, and went back and told the other people. The woman had given birth to all kinds of animals. The first-born was a mouse, *and therefore mice are now very small.* The next-born was a chipmunk, and thus each child born was larger than the preceding. *The last-born was the moose, and therefore he is very large.*

Now the woman made a great blanket, like a huge moose-skin, and stretched it flat over the country. She tied one corner to Level Mountain,[1] one corner to Dease Mountain,[2] one corner to TsExtca'z Mountain,[3] and one corner to Atixza' Mountain.[4] She then called all her children, and told them to jump on the blanket one by one and run around. The blanket was springy, and moved up and down. Moose ran only a short distance when he was thrown off. Caribou ran much farther before bouncing off. Only Mountain-Sheep was able to run all round the blanket without being thrown off. *Therefore the sheep is now the best runner of all the animals.* He never tires and never falls down, and he can go in steep places anywhere. Having learned how each of her children could run, the woman now scattered her children over the country, *assigning to each the locality best suited for him as habitat. The sheep and goat, being the surest-footed, were put in the most difficult country.*

Then she told each one of her children what he should eat. *She told Moose that he should browse on willows, and Caribou that he should eat moss.* Now the woman, having finished her task, travelled north and disappeared. She never returned to the people. She lives now in the far north; and when people see the aurora, they say, "AtsEntmā' is throwing fire [or burning sticks] out of her house." Her name is AtsEntmā', which means "meat-mother."[5] She still controls the movements of her children, the animals, here on earth.

10. MEAT-MOTHER AND THE CARIBOU AND MOOSE.

The Meat-Mother watches her children the game, and also the people. When people do not follow the taboos, and do not treat

[1] A long mountain-ridge or plateau north of Telegraph Creek, Stikine River.

[2] A mountain near Dease Lake.

[3] A mountain in the Tlepan district, south of Stikine River.

[4] A mountain on the south side of Stikine River, also known as Glacier and Sand Mountain.

[5] Also "game-mother."

animals rightly, the latter tell their mother; and she punishes the people by taking the game away for a while, or by making it wild, and then the people starve. When she sees good people starving for want of game, she sends game to them, and they are made happy. This accounts for the great migrations of caribou. Sometimes Meat-Mother takes the caribou back, and keeps them with her for a year or two, because of something bad that people have done in some place. Then people have hard work hunting, and often starve. Then she takes pity on them, and tells the caribou to migrate there again. The caribou are her favorite children. The Moose children are the most apt to tell their mother of any disrespect shown them: therefore people have to be very careful as to how they treat moose.

II. THE GREAT FLOOD.[1]

Very long ago, when the world was very young, all the people were together in one country. They talked one language, and were of one race. Many of them were highly gifted with knowledge and magic, while others knew very little. In some respects the people were very wise; and in other respects they were very helpless, simple, and ignorant. In appearance they were similar to the people of to-day, and most of them were well-meaning and good. Besides these people, there were many others in the same country who were not altogether human, but more like animals with human characteristics.[2] They were nearly all highly gifted with certain kinds of knowledge, and possessed of magical powers of many kinds, often of a high order. Besides these human and semi-human beings, there were many kinds of animals, some of them of immense size, and different from any on the earth at the present day. Most of the semi-human beings were very wicked, and some of them were cannibals. There were also giants in those days.

A wise man[3] of the people said, "Something is going to happen, maybe a great flood will come;" but the people would not believe him. Now the animals became very tame and came into people's houses. They seemed to have a foreboding of something. Then the people said to one another, "Something is going to happen. See how tame the animals are!" Many people laughed. They said, "Let the flood come! We shall save ourselves on rafts." Others said, "We shall climb the trees. We shall climb the mountains." Yet others said, "We shall subdue the flood with our magic. We shall escape by our magical powers."

[1] See Boas, Sagen, 57, 95, 243, 278 (Bellacoola, Coast Salish, Comox, Tsimshian); also MAFLS 6 : 20 (Thompson).

[2] Some say, "people with animal characteristics."

[3] Some say, "possibly Beaver."

At last a heavy rain set in, and it rained for many days and nights. The creeks and rivers overflowed their banks, and the ocean rose and flooded the land. At the same time the earth tipped, and the water ran to that place where the people dwelt.[1] Now there was a great flood, and the waters rose so rapidly that people were surrounded in many places and could not escape. Some climbed trees and rocks and hills and mountains; but the water overtook them, and they were drowned. For ten days it rose continually and rapidly. The rain and flood were accompanied by storms, high winds, and darkness. The sun, moon, and Dipper stars were lost. The whole earth was covered by water excepting the highest peaks. Only two peaks in the Tahltan country were not covered by the deluge, — Takitstsi'tla,[2] on the west side of Chesley River; and Tse'toxtle,[3] on the south side of the Stikine River. Some people tried to save themselves on rafts, large and small. In the darkness the wind and sea drove them hither and thither. They all became separated and lost. They did not know where they were. Some saw mountain-peaks exposed above the water, and tried to reach them. Some succeeded, and others did not. Some rafts were driven off a very long way; others went to pieces, and the people on them died or were washed off. Rats and mice got aboard some of the large rafts, and gnawed the withes binding the logs together; so that they came apart, and the people were drowned.

Some people reached the two mountains in the Tahltan country, and went ashore. Some others went ashore on the high peaks which were not submerged in other countries. However, only a few were saved, and they were at widely-separated points. They became the ancestors of all the people in the world at the present day. Very few of the wicked semi-animal people survived, and only a few giants. Some animals escaped by taking refuge on the high unsubmerged peaks in various countries, but most of them were drowned. Some kinds of animals became extinct. The surviving animals spread afterwards from the high peaks into neighboring parts of the country, and multiplied. They are the animals now known to us.

After ten days the flood subsided; the rain, storms, and darkness lessened; and in another ten days the waters had receded completely. The survivors came down from the mountains, but everything was soaking wet. They could find no dry fire-wood, and could make no fires. They tried many different kinds of wood and bark, but they would not light. At last they tried the inside bark of the balsam-poplar. This was the only dry thing. Water cannot penetrate it. They made fire with it.

[1] See p. 219.

[2] Commonly called Chesley or Shesley Mountain.

[3] Commonly called Cone Mountain.

The people were very poor. They had lost almost everything. They had very few tools and clothes, and game was now very scarce. They came down into the lowlands to live by fishing. Being but remnants of the people, much of their former knowledge and magic had been lost. The few surviving bad people (semi-animals and giants, cannibals, and others) settled down and preyed on the good people. All were later transformed or killed by Raven, or their powers for evil were taken away by him. Raven also located and brought back the sun, moon, and Dipper, which had been lost. The people who survived the Flood increased in number at the several points where they had located, and gradually spread over the country. In time some of them migrated here and there into other districts in search of better living-conditions; others did likewise when they became too many in one place.

After a long time, some people came into contact with others at certain points, and thus they learned that there were people in the world besides themselves. When they met, they found that they spoke different languages and had difficulty in understanding one another. This came about by their being separated and living isolated for a long period of time. That all the people were one originally, is evidenced by many customs, beliefs, and traditions which are common to all.[1] These customs survived the Flood. The people who landed on Cone Mountain went down to the coast, and became the ancestors of the Tlingit of the neighboring part of the coast. Those who landed on Chesley Mountain went down the Taku River, and became the ancestors of the Taku Tlingit. Probably the Tahltan country was not inhabited for a long time after this, when the women from Nass and Tagish met at Tahltan; and since then other people from east and west have come into the country.[2] Some people say that the Flood came to destroy all the bad people that were on the earth long ago.

12. ORIGIN TRADITION OF THE TAHLTAN.

The origin tradition of the Tahltan, giving the origin of the tribe and phratries, the migrations of the people, and the origins of the clans, was collected. It is similar to that collected by Emmons,[3] but fuller. The Indians look on these traditions as historical rather than mythological, and it is intended to incorporate them in the forthcoming memoir on the general ethnology of the Tahltan. None of the incidents in the tradition or traditions are of a mythological character, or of value for comparison with mythological tales of other tribes.

[1] The narrator instanced several beliefs regarding bear and salmon held in common by all the neighboring tribes.

[2] Compare origin tradition of the Tahltan (G. T. Emmons, Tahltan Indians, p. 14).

[3] *Ibid.*, 14–20.

13. STORY OF THE TAGISH MAN; OR, ORIGIN OF THE KILLER-WHALE CREST OF THE NANAA'I.[1]

A Tagish man of the Wolf phratry went to Kake Island in the Tlingit country, and married there. Near the place where he lived was a rock which was submerged when the flood-tides were very high. It had steep sides, which became very icy in the winter; and no one could climb up to the top of this rock. A sea-lion was often seen lying on the top of the rock, and the people always wondered how he got there. The people talked about this impossible feat of climbing the rock, and the Tagish man said he thought he could accomplish it. He was used to climbing steep mountains, unlike the Tlingit of the coast. His brothers-in-law laughed at his claim that he could climb the rock; and this resulted in hot words, and a declaration by the Tagish man that he would try the feat.

He had four brothers-in-law, one of whom was friendly to him, while the others were antagonistic. The Tagish man made snow-shoes and put ice-creepers of goat's-horn on them. His brothers-in-law took him off to the rock in a canoe. When they were alongside, he sprang out on the ice and ascended to the top without much difficulty. His brothers-in-law were angry because he had accomplished the feat, and said, "Let him stay there!" One brother wanted to take him off; but the others refused, and they left him to perish.

The Tagish man covered himself with a bark blanket and some grass, and lay down, expecting to die. There was just space enough on top of the rock for a man to lie. It was very cold weather, and the tide was coming up and would cover the rock. Several times he looked through a hole in his covering, but saw nothing. The last time he looked, he saw a man ascending the rock. The man came to him, and said, "Shaman, come with me!" The Tagish man arose and followed him, not noticing which way he went. At last they entered, as through a door, a house where there were many people. These people were Seal people. One of them was lying sick. He had been speared by a Tlingit. The Tagish man saw at once what ailed the sick man, but the Seal people did not know that he had a spear-head in his flesh. The Seal people had many dried and blown-up bladders hanging up in their house. They were of various sizes; and the Seal people told him that, if he should cure their friend, they would give him a small one to take him home. He looked at them, and thought that the largest one would be best for him. Now the Tagish man felt the barb in the sick man, and moved it so that it became loose; but he did not try to pull it out. The Seal people knew what he thought, and offered

[1] A clan of the Wolf phratry among both the Tlingit and Tahltan. The Tahltan Nanaa'i are a branch of the Tlingit clan of the same name. — See Kaska (JAFL 30 : 451); RBAE 31 : 818 (Haida, Rivers Inlet, Tlingit, Tsimshian).

him the largest bladder if he should completely cure their friend. Now he acted like a shaman, pulled out the barb and hid it. The sick man at once felt better. He arose, walked about, and ate. The people were pleased.

Now they put the Tagish man into the bladder and tied its mouth. They told him that he must think only of the place where he was going, for otherwise he would come back to his starting-point. They said, "When you hear a grating-noise, you will know that you are at the shore. Then open the bladder and come out, tie it up again, and set it adrift. It will come back here." He started, but thought of the place he had left, and came back. He heard a grating-noise, came out, and found that he was at the place he had left. The people told him again, "If you want to get home, you must concentrate your thoughts on your place and people, the object of your desire." The same thing happened again. The third time he managed to keep his thoughts steadfast on his home, and soon reached the shore. He sent the bladder back, and then went to his house.

It was in the middle of the night; and all the people were sleeping except his wife, who was crying. When she saw him, she told him that her brothers had informed her that he had fallen off the cliff and been drowned before they could render him assistance. He asked her to tell no one that he had returned. Taking all his tools, he went into the woods and lived alone. He made a model of a killer-whale out of balsam-wood, and tried it in the water. It would not work right or sink properly. He tried all the trees, but they acted in the same way. Then he tried cypress, which was nearly right. At last he tried cedar, which did well. When he put it into the water, it dived, and came up a long way off. He tested it several times, and it acted well. He told it to kill seals. It did so. He told it to kill whales, and it did that also. Now he said, "You will soon be a killer-whale. I made you for killing. By and by you will kill people. You will attack the canoes in a narrow channel."

Spring-time came, and a number of people left in canoes to gather fish-eggs and seaweed. He sent the killer-whale out to attack them in the narrow channel. He told it to kill all the people except his one brother-in-law. The killer broke all the canoes to pieces; and the people were all drowned, including the three brothers-in-law. The friendly brother-in-law was spared, and floated ashore on a large broken piece of canoe. The Tagish man now had his revenge. Now he said to the killer-whale, "I will free you, and henceforth you will be a real killer-whale, but you must not kill people again; and when you kill seals or other animals, and the people ask you to let them have some meat, you must give them some." *Thus, when the Tlingit see a killer-whale killing something, they say to it, "Give us some meat!"*

and then it lets some pieces float up to the surface, and the people catch them.

Now, after a time, the Tagish man made a totem-pole representing the killer-whale, and showed it to the people. At the same time he danced, and told his story. Thus the Wolf phratry obtained this crest. The right to use it belongs to them. The Nanaa'i clan of the Wolf phratry wanted to possess the crest. They gave a great potlatch, and killed many slaves. The other Wolf clans tried to beat them, but could not do so. The Nanaa'i gave a greater potlatch, and killed more slaves; and thus the crest became theirs, and remains in their possession to-day.

14. ORIGIN OF THE TOAD CREST OF THE KATCE'DE.[1]

At one time there was a young man in the Tlingit country who was very poor and lived with his mother. His father was still alive. His uncle's house was rotten and almost falling down, but he was so poor that he had no means of having it rebuilt. He had no friends. He was very sorry because of his poverty, and cried much.

One day he saw a little toad, which came and played with him. That night about midnight, when he was asleep, a woman came to his bed and told him to get up. He awoke, and she asked him to come out. He went out with her, not knowing where he was going. At last they came to the door of a strange house, and entered. This was the dwelling of the Toads. Little-Toad came in, for these people were her relatives. The lad was asked quam ob rem cum matertera sua luderet, and then the people tied him up by the legs. Little-Toad said, "That man will be killed when uncle comes home."

Then they heard the sound of a canoe coming; and some said, "Uncle is coming." He was the Toad chief. The man came in and sat down in his place. He saw the lad hanging by the legs. He asked the people, "Why is that man hanging by the legs?" The Toad mother answered, "Cum puella lusit." There were many Toad people there. The chief asked the people, "What is this man?" and they answered, "He is a Wolf." The chief then asked the lad himself what he was; and he answered, "Wolf." The chief said, "Well, we marry Wolves; there is nothing wrong about that." He took the lad down, and made him sit down in a good, clean place. Then he brought the little Toad girl and seated her alongside the lad, saying, "Now you are married." Now he brought a great pile of

[1] Raven phratry of the Tahltan. There is also a Katce'de clan of the Tahltan, descendants of people who went to the coast, lived there for a time, and then came back again (see Emmons, Tahltan Indians, 16, 17). It seems that these people claim relationship with the Ki'ksede and Ka'tcede clans of the Tlingit, who have the Toad as a crest. — J. A. Teit. — See Swanton (BBAE 39 : 232); Kaigani (JE 5 : 260); Masset (JE 10: 557); Boas (RBAE 31 : 761).

property of all kinds, and placed it beside them as a present. The lad thought, "How am I going to transport all these things?" The Toad chief heard his thoughts, and therefore gave him a very large canoe. He said, "I know you have been sorrowful for a long time about your uncle's house. Now you can manage to build a house." He went off with his wife and the property in the canoe, and reached his own place. He had a great amount of wealth now, and gave a great potlatch, and rebuilt his uncle's house. The people asked his wife what she was; and she answered, "Ka'tcede." After this her descendants had the crest of the Toad, and used it.

15. ORIGIN OF THE FEAST FOR THE DEAD.

A long time ago, somewhere near the sea, there was a large village of people not far from a glacier. The people became sick, and all died except one man. He hunted, and carried in much meat. He wanted to give a feast for the dead, but there was no one to attend it. He invited the ducks and other birds to the feast, but they never responded. He called the trees and stumps, but they also gave no heed. Then he went to the glacier and invited the Ice people. He went again to see if they were coming, and saw much down and feathers stretching in a straight line across the water from the glacier to his own house. He thought, "They will come by this route in the morning."

Early next day they came out of the glacier, and embarked in their canoes. They arrived, and ate until they were full. Then they thanked the man, saying, "We are poor, lowly people, and you invited us to the feast. Thank you!" He answered, "I asked every one to the feast, but no one responded. Then I tried you, and I am glad you came. You have eaten now. My heart is at ease now regarding my deceased friends. I shall sleep well to-night. Thank you!"

Before this, feasts for the dead were unknown. This was the first one. The Ice people now said, "*Henceforth people must do this always. When a relative dies, they must make a feast for the other people to eat, and also burn some food in the fire, so that the dead people may also eat.*" People have since done this until the present time.

16. ORIGIN OF LAZINESS.

A boy and his mother lived together. No other people lived near by. The boy grew to be a young man and a very energetic hunter. After a time he ceased to care for hunting, and all his energy seemed to have left him. He became very lazy, and would not hunt. This distressed his mother, for they depended much on game for food. At last she asked him why he had become so lazy. He answered

that he did not know, and that he just felt that way. His mother said, "I know the reason. Nunc oportet te mecum id facere quod pater tuus fecerit et valens fies." Tum cum matre sua coiit; and soon he became energetic, as before. He hunted hard at first; but, nimis se effundens, he became listless and lazy, as before.

This is why people say that a lad at puberty, or when young, is at first very energetic. Later he becomes very lazy. Then, si uxorem ducit sine incipit cum feminis coire, he loses his laziness, and becomes energetic again. Si modice se effundit, bene est; sed si se invitat, ut solent plerique adulescentes, he becomes lazy again, and inactive. Only later in life, or when really adult, does his true disposition appear. Then he becomes continuously energetic, lazy, or indifferent.

17. ORIGIN OF THE DEATH-CHANT.

Long ago some hunters were coming home from the hunt in the dark; and, as they passed the place now known as Lava Beds, they believed that they heard people talking and singing in a house. There seemed to be an old woman addressing some one else, and saying, "Nia'ma, the house[1] is full now. We shall soon have no room. Hurry up!" Then they heard the voices of a great many people singing a strange chant. All the men were afraid and ran away, except one man, who listened until the song was finished, and thus learned it.

That night all the men who had heard the song died, except the man who was not afraid and who had heard the song through. He sang the song, and thus introduced it to the people, who adopted it, and used it afterwards as a death-chant. It is one of four mourning-songs used at the present day.[2] The next morning after the men who heard the song had died, a number of people went back to the place, but found not the slightest trace of people. They knew, therefore, that the men heard the ghosts speaking and singing.

18. THE FOUR GHOST BROTHERS; OR, THE ORIGIN OF CREMATION.

Four brothers left in a canoe, intending to be back in four days. They never returned, and the people learned they had been drowned. The brothers themselves did not know that they were dead. Before the four days had expired, they returned home. They went into their houses, and talked with their wives and the people in the same manner as they would have done if alive; but the people did not seem to hear them. They shook their wives, but they did not appear to feel it. At night, when they came near the people, the latter dreamed of them, and in the morning they heard them tell their dreams. When they

[1] Obscure, possibly to be understood as "the Nia'ma house."

[2] This song was collected from the Tahltan (cf. phonograph record VI H. 1 & 2).

talked loud to the people, they noticed that the fire crackled and hissed. The eldest brother said, "There is something wrong with us." They asked the people for food, but they paid no attention. The brothers said, "Let us leave!" They found a trail, which they followed, and reached a large village of dead people; but the brothers did not know that these people were dead, for they appeared natural in every way. They recognized there some people they had known and who had died. The eldest brother said, "We are dead, for we have found the place where these people are." They talked with them, and the latter heard them and answered quite readily. The eldest brother said, "We can only converse with ghosts. Certainly, we are dead." The village where these people lived was on the same level with the earth. The people inhabiting it were for the most part those whose bodies had been left on the ground unburned. They saw another trail leading underground. They followed it some little distance, and then returned. The eldest brother said, "Let us visit our people again!" They had four married sisters, and the eldest brother proposed that they should enter them. The eldest one entered the body of the eldest sister, and the youngest that of the youngest. The sisters became pregnant, for the souls of the brothers had entered them. In due course, and all on the same day, the sisters gave birth to four boys. The eldest brother was born first. The boys grew fast, and soon were able to talk. They told the people, "Now we have come back. Why did you not answer us when we came back from our trip?" The people said to them, "You were drowned." The boys knew all the people, and could call them by name. They knew the women who were their wives, and spoke to them kindly. After a time they said, "We are going to leave you soon. We are going to explore the trail we saw leading underground to the spirit-land. Burn us when we die." They told the people all about the place they had visited, what the ghosts did, and whom they saw there. Shortly afterwards they died. The people burned their bodies, and the brothers went on the trail to the lower spirit-world. They saw some people there whom they had known on earth. They returned, and were born by their sisters in the same way as before. They grew rapidly; and when they became able to talk, they told the people about the ghost-land below the earth, and whom they saw there. They described it as a damp, dingy place, where people were starving. Now they said, "We shall soon depart again, and explore another trail that we saw leading above the earth. Burn our bodies as before. We shall come back to you again." This time they followed a trail that led to the sky. They recognized some people there. The time arrived for the brothers to be born again, but they did not return. The people said, "They are lost, and cannot return." At last the

youngest sister gave birth to a boy. This was the youngest brother who had come back. When he was able to talk, he told the people all about the ghost-land in the sky. He said it was a good place, and the people were always happy. He said, "We saw there all the people killed in war. My brothers remained because it is such a nice place, and they asked me to come back and tell you about it. To-night I shall die and go to join my brothers. I shall return no more. Burn my body as before. We have told you of all we have seen in the spirit-lands. When people die, burn them. People left on the ground or buried have a bad smell, and their ghosts smell also. The spirits of cremated people do not smell. They are purified by the fire." Now the people know all about the spirit-lands, and *since that time people have burned their dead.*

19. STORY OF TENQALATĪ'YA.[1]

A long time ago a man went hunting goats on Spatsī'z River.[2] He carried a spear, and was accompanied by his dog. The dog ran down the goats; and when he brought them to bay, the hunter speared them. The man saw a young goat, and chased it. The goat ran down a steep and dangerous cliff; and the man and dog followed it, but they could not overtake it. When they reached the bottom of the cliff, the man was angry. He scolded the goat, and told him to go back to his father's house. The goat then jumped up on a little rock and stood there. The man and dog jumped up also to attack him. Immediately the rock grew up into the air in the shape of a tall pillar, steep and smooth on all sides. As neither the man, nor the dog, nor the goat, could descend, they all stood there together on the summit.

As the man did not return, the people looked for him, and found him standing on the top of the tall rock. He called to them and told them his story. He said, "I am punished for abusing the goats. Never do as I have done. The animals will take revenge. Now I am here. I cannot get down, and you are powerless to aid me. I must stay here with my dog and the goat. I shall die and be turned into stone. When I see people approaching, I shall shout at them. They will look at me and remember my fate, and it will be a warning for them to treat the goats properly. After a while, when I become older and more feeble, I shall whistle; and still later, when I am almost completely petrified, I shall no longer be able to utter a sound, and you will know I am really dead." The figures of the man, dog, and goat may still be seen on the top of this rock-pillar. Formerly the

[1] See RBAE 31: 825 (Tsimshian).

[2] A stream forming one of the southern head waters of the Stikine River. The name is said to mean "goats painted," because the goats get their hair stained by the rocks in this vicinity.

man held a spear, but this has now disappeared. Formerly both his legs were visible, as if he stood with legs apart; but now they are the same as if one. Formerly he shouted at people. This was about six generations ago. Later, in our grandparents' days, he only whistled. Now people say he is really dead, and makes no sound. The name of the man or rock is Tenqalatī'ya.[1]

20. WAR AMONG THE FISHES.[2]

A long time ago the waters of the Stikine and Taku met in the valley north of Telegraph Creek. The head waters of the two rivers joined south of New York Lake, near where Hyland's horse-ranch is now situated. The remains of the shallow lake which connected the two streams may be discerned yet. The salmon and other fish from the two rivers always met and fought at this place. The Taku River fish and the Stikine River fish gathered to have a decisive battle. The two war-parties coming from opposite directions met at the head waters, and a big fight ensued. King-Salmon fought Steel-Head, and took his anklets away: *therefore the king-salmon is thick around the root of the tail now, and the steel-head is thin.* Steel-Head tore off King-Salmon's ear-ornaments: *therefore he has red marks now below the ears.* Sucker was clubbed so badly, that his bones were all broken; and *therefore his small bones are now all through his flesh.* Some informants say that the result of the battle was a draw, and that it was then arranged that the head waters of the two rivers should be separated.

21. BALD-HEADED EAGLE AND THE IRON TREE.

Bald-Headed Eagle was a cannibal who hunted people. He kept them in a house, and fattened them to eat them. He killed the people with an iron knife. Once upon a time he lost this knife, and mourned for it as one does for a dead relative. He sang his mourning-song every day. One day he noticed what looked like a tree with many branches floating on the lake and coming towards him. When it came very close, he noticed it was of iron and that all its branches were knives. It spoke to him, saying, "Now you may have many knives; but, before you can have this gift, you must stop killing people." Eagle promised never to kill any more people. The Tree said, "*Henceforth Bald-Headed Eagle shall eat fish only. He shall never again eat people.*" Now Eagle had plenty of iron and many good knives. Some informants say that he was the first to have iron.

[1] Said to mean "walked on arrow" (as if one met or walked against an arrow-point which pierced the body).

[2] Compare Thompson (Teit MAFLS 6 : 77; JE 8 : 352).

22. MOSQUITO AND WOODWORM.[1]

Mosquito and Woodworm lived together. The latter saw that Mosquito, when he came home, was swelled up with blood that he had eaten. Woodworm asked him where he obtained it; and he answered, "I get it from the trees. I suck their blood." Woodworm then attacked the trees; and *this is the reason why woodworms at the present day bore in wood.* They look for blood. If Mosquito had told Woodworm that he sucked blood from the people, Woodworm would attack and kill man at the present day.

23. BEAVER AND MUSKRAT.[2]

Beaver and Muskrat lived together in Muskrat's house. One day they had a quarrel; and Beaver, being the stronger and possessed of the better teeth, defeated Muskrat. In the struggle the house was torn down. Beaver now stole the ridge-pole and went off to another place, where he built a good house just like Muskrat's former house. Muskrat went to see him, and asked for his ridge-pole; but Beaver would not give it up. He also would not allow him to live in his house. *For this reason muskrats now live in the water and have poor houses*, and beavers have good houses.

24. THE DOG.

In early times dogs used to talk. When a hunter went home, his dog would run ahead and tell the people that he had killed game. When the hunter arrived, the people learned that he had killed nothing. When hunters killed game, the dogs always said they had killed nothing. Thus they lied all the time. Once upon a time some people could find no game, and were starving. One of the men who had a dog went out hunting. He travelled all day, but could find no game. On his way home the dog ran ahead and told the people his master had killed some very fat game. The people were delighted, and made ready to cook some of it. When the hunter arrived, they learned that he had killed nothing. The people were disappointed. The man went out and stuffed excrement in the dog's mouth, saying, "*Henceforth you shall not be able to lie. You will be unable to speak.*" This is how dogs lost the power of speaking like people.

25. THE BAD DOG.

The son of a shaman had a small dog. Once, when the people were driving caribou into snares, the dog followed them and scared all

[1] See Thompson (MAFLS 6 : 56; MAFLS 11 : 9; JE 8 : 229, 335); Shuswap (JE 2 : 709); Lillooet (JAFL 25 : 311, 312).

[2] See Shuswap (Teit, JE 2 : 680).

the caribou away. The people were angry, and killed the dog. The shaman also became angry, and made the caribou keep away from the snares. The caribou were his manitou, and he had control of them. The people tried time and again to drive caribou into their snares, but they always turned aside. The people were starving. All the dogs died, and some of the children. All the people were thin and weak; the shaman alone was fat, as he ate caribou-moss. The people asked the shaman to sing, and bring the caribou to the snares. He sang, and pretended to do so. His nephew came to him, and said, "You are a shaman, and your manitou is the caribou. You can get the caribou to go into the snares if you try." Again the people drove caribou, this time into a narrow place between two lakes. The animals would not go into the snares, but instead ran into the lake. The shaman's nephew came to him again, and said to him, "You are bad. Better change your ways." The shaman then became afraid that the people would find him out and kill him. Therefore he told his nephew to tell the people to try again and they would have good luck. They obeyed, and caught all the caribou. The shaman told them, "You are hungry, but you must not eat the caribou yet. There are many more people [1] on yonder hill. Go and drive them into the snares." The people went as directed, but saw no caribou. However, they acted as if driving caribou off the hill into their snares, and many were caught. Four times they drove invisible caribou, and caught them as real caribou in their snares. Thus they killed great numbers. They had an abundance of meat, and all were now happy. The shaman told the people, "It was I who made you starve by keeping the caribou away. I did this because you killed my son's dog. Had my nephew not talked to me, all of you would have died."

26. STORY OF CĀ'KINĀ.[2]

Cā'kinā was a great hunter, and killed much game. He had two wives, Beaver and Porcupine, who carried home all the meat and skins. They were of evil disposition, and killed any people who came to the camp when their husband was away. With them lived their mother-in-law, who was a very old woman. In another part of the country lived a woman and her daughter, a young girl. Living alone, and having no male relatives to hunt for them, they were very poor and often short of food. One day when the mother was away, the girl, who was very hungry, stole a small piece of tallow that her mother had stored away. On her return, the mother missed the fat, and charged her daughter with taking it. The girl at first denied having

[1] It is said that caribou like to be called people.

[2] See Tlingit (Swanton, BBAE 39 : 222, 280). The name Cā'kinā (CāqAnayī') is also Tlingit. See also Kaska (JAFL 30 : 466).

touched it, but later confessed, and stated that she had eaten it because she was very hungry. Her mother scolded her, and took a club to beat her. She ran away; and her mother chased her a little way, and called to her, "You must never come back until you marry Cā′kinā, who alone can supply you with enough fat." She thought this was an impossibility; for he lived far away, and, besides, his wives were very jealous, and killed every woman who came near them. The girl travelled until she reached Cā′kinā's house, where she found the old woman, his mother, alone. The old woman asked her how she had come there, and the girl told her the whole story. She then said to the girl, "I am afraid my son's wives will kill you, but I will hide you until my son comes home." When Cā′kinā came home, his mother told him of the girl being there; and he answered, "I am afraid my wives will attempt to kill her, but I shall protect her." Soon afterwards his wives came home, bringing heavy loads of meat. When they entered the house, both became very angry. Beaver put up her tail and snarled, and Porcupine put up her quills and struck with her tail. They sniffed in the air, and said, "We smell a strange woman." Their husband told them to remain quiet, otherwise he should put them out; but they persisted. Cā′kinā took a club and struck them, and drove them out of the house. They still continued to be angry. Therefore he chased them away, and told them never to come back. He then returned to the house and took the girl to wife.

Beaver [1] and Porcupine travelled away until they came to a river, across which Beaver swam. Porcupine cried much, because she could not swim: so Beaver swam back again to her, and told her to get on her back. As Porcupine was afraid, Beaver put a stone [2] on her back, and swam across with it. Then she took a heavier stone and swam with it. At last Porcupine was satisfied that Beaver could carry her, and went on her back. Beaver swam across with her, and they made a camp near by. They found that they were on an island. Afterwards Beaver swam across the stream on the opposite side of the island, saying she would return in a while. Porcupine became short of food, and she could not swim across: she therefore sang for cold weather to come; she called the stars to come out, and kept counting them until the night became very cold. The river froze up, and Porcupine crossed on the ice to the place where Beaver was. Winter had set in, and the two women asked each other how they should provide food for the winter. Hitherto they had lived on meat; but now they must use some different kind of food, for neither of them could kill game. They agreed that they would have plenty of food by eating the bark of trees.

[1] For the next section see RBAE 31 : 724 (Jicarilla Apache, Haida, Hare, Nass, Tlingit, Tsimshian).

[2] See Kaska (JAFL 30 : 210?); also Tahltan, No. 34, to be published later.

Now [1] they talked about the winter, and how long it should last. Beaver said we should have as many winter moons as scales on her tail, and she began to count them. She held up her tail while talking, and persisted in what she had said. Porcupine said, "The people would all starve; and I myself could not live, or endure such a long winter. I want four months of real winter, and the rest of the year favorable weather for travelling around, and not too cold." Beaver insisted, and so did Porcupine. The latter became angry and bit off her thumb, and held up her four fingers in front of Beaver's face, saying, "I tell you, there will be only four real winter months." Beaver then gave in, and agreed with Porcupine. *This is the reason why now there are but four months of steady cold weather in each year; also the reason why the porcupine now has only four claws, instead of five as formerly.*

Now the women talked of where they would live. Finally it was agreed that Beaver should live in low places along rivers, and Porcupine should go in the high places in the mountains. *This is why these animals inhabit these localities now.* Porcupine said, "It is now winter-time, and we should build houses to live in. Let us see who will manage to build a house first! We shall each know which house is finished first by lighting a fire inside and letting the smoke issue." Now they separated, and built their houses. Porcupine made her house between rocks at the roots of trees, and covered it with bark. She had it finished long before Beaver, and sent up a column of smoke to let Beaver know her house was completed. Beaver made her house of sticks very carefully and with great labor. *This is the reason why these animals now make houses as they do at the present day.*

Cā'kinā liked his new wife, and soon after his marriage went with her to see his wife's mother. The girl filled her house with fat, thus paying back the tallow she had eaten. Her mother was surprised when she brought back Cā'kinā as her husband. Henceforth Cā'kinā and his wife and the two mothers-in-law lived together. Cā'kinā hunted for all, and they always had plenty to eat.

27. CANNIBAL-WOLVERENE AND THE FOG-MAN.[2]

Wolverene was a cannibal, and killed many men. Near Wolverene's house, not far from a lake, on an open flat, was a large hollow tree, broken off about half way up, and weather-beaten. Wolverene was in the habit of hiding in the stump and watching for hunters. He used a stuffed moose as a decoy. He set the moose up on the open ground in a natural position; and hunters, seeing it, thought it was a live moose, and came to stalk it. When they came close, he pulled

[1] For the next section see p. 224, No. (33).

[2] Thompson (Teit, MAFLS 11: 9, No. 20).

the effigy underground with a string leading to the stump; and then, as the hunter looked around on the open ground for tracks, Wolverene shot him with arrows from the stump. A wise man who had fog for his manitou, made up his mind to investigate, and told the people he was going to hunt in the direction in which so many hunters had disappeared. The man came to the lake, and saw what he thought was a moose across the lake feeding in an open place. He watched a long time, and noticed that, although the moose appeared to be feeding, it was always stationary. This made him suspicious. He looked about, and saw not far from there a high stump. He saw something white bob up from time to time and disappear at the top of the tree. It looked like the head of a bald-headed eagle. Now the man called fog to come. He went around the lake, and, on closer view, thought the moose looked more like a stuffed than a live animal. He made the fog denser, and, approaching close to the moose, saw that it was the stuffed skin of a moose. Now he went to the stump, and saw that it was hollow right through to the top. Inside the base he discovered a bow and many arrows, of which he at once took possession. Wolverene was up at the top of the tree peering through the fog, and had left his bow and arrows at the bottom. The man looking up through the hollow stump could see him. He called up, "Who are you?" Wolverene was very much surprised to hear a man speaking below him, for this was the first time a man had approached without his knowing it. He knew the man must have taken his weapons, and thus rendered him helpless. He called out to the man, "Spare me!" but the man answered, "No, I cannot, you have killed too many people." He shot several arrows into Wolverene, and mortally wounded him. The man saw a trail leading away from the stump, and followed it. He came to Wolverene's house, and saw human bones scattered all around. He saw Wolverene's wife and daughter inside, and Wolverene lying as if dead. The woman said to her husband, "You say you are killed. When I call you, you will come to life." Wolverene's wife took hold of the man, and held him tight. As soon as she did this, Wolverene became alive and approached them. The man was stronger than the woman, and threw her off. As soon as he did this, Wolverene fell dead, saying, "I thought you held him firmly; now I am dying again. I did not think you would let him go." Each time the woman seized the man, her husband revived; and when he threw her off, he expired. The man then killed the woman and her daughter, and cut Wolverene's body into small pieces, which he threw into the lake so that he could not come to life again. *Some informants say that he transformed these people into wolverenes. Because these people were cannibals, wolverenes eat corpses at the present day.*

28. WOLVERENE AND THE BROTHERS.[1]

Wolverene was married to a woman. Her two brothers and her mother lived near them. When the brothers killed game, Wolverene used to go back at night to the place and cache all the meat in a hidden spot for himself. He was a great thief. When the people went to carry in their meat the next day, they found nothing there. On this account they were reduced to starvation. The brothers suspected Wolverene. They killed a moose, and cached all the meat themselves excepting a little that they packed home. That night Wolverene and his wife heard the breaking of bones in the other lodges, as if the people were extracting marrow. He said to his wife, "They are breaking fresh bones." He sent his wife to see. She questioned her mother, who answered, "How could we have marrow-bones? I was just breaking up a bone skin-scraper to make soup. Your brothers are starving." Wolverene knew better, however, and went out and found their cache. He urinated and defecated on all the meat, and made it unfit to eat. The brothers said, "We shall beat him." They went out hunting, and killed a young fat moose. Wolverene was also hunting near by; so they called him, saying, "Brother-in-law, will you help us pack some meat home?" He came. They had lighted a fire near the carcass, and were cooking the web of fat from the inside of the moose. They said to Wolverene, "Sit down on the other side of the fire. The fat will be cooked soon. We shall eat something before we carry the meat to camp." Wolverene was sitting warming himself, and had his knees outspread in front of the fire. One of the brothers took the cooking-stick with the hot fat on the end of it, and threw the fat against Wolverene's privates, burning him. He scratched the sore place; and while he was thus engaged, they clubbed him. He managed to get away, and as he ran he kept scratching at the sore spot. The brothers chased him, and kept hitting him on the rump. Wolverene reached some smooth ice, and got away from them. *Because the wolverene's rump-bone was broken, he has a halting gait at the present day. Because he was burnt, the hair of his loins is reddish, and he has a burnt smell.* Wolverene's privates were much too sore to have connection with women. He took to the woods, and never lived with people again.

29. THE WOLF-DOG.[2]

Once a man caught a young wolf, and raised him as a dog. He took good care of him, and gave him the best of meat to eat. When he went out hunting, and saw sheep or caribou, he showed them to his wolf-dog, who chased them to the bottom of the hills, where he killed them one after another. The man followed him, and opened and

[1] See Kaska (Teit JAFL 30 : 215).

[2] Compare Shuswap (Teit JE 2 : 719).

skinned the animals as fast as possible. The wolf lay down some distance away, waiting to be fed. As soon as the man cut up an animal, he gave some of the best meat and fat to the wolf. Thus, through the aid of his dog, the hunter always had an abundance of meat on hand. The people found out how the hunter obtained so much game, and were jealous of him. One day his brother-in-law asked him for the loan of his dog. He agreed, on condition that, as soon as he killed game, he would be careful to feed some of the best parts of each animal to the dog. They found a herd of sheep, and wolf killed them all. When the man opened them up, he offered some of the entrails to the wolf, saying, "Here, dog, are some entrails. Dogs eat entrails, and you are a dog." The wolf moved farther away, and looked at the man; then he moved still farther away, and looked again. The man called him; but he paid no attention to him, and left. The man went home and told the wolf's owner what had happened. The latter at once arose, and said, "I must follow him." After going a long way, he caught up with the wolf, and called him, but the wolf kept on. At last he came to the house of the Wolf people, and entered. It was a long-lodge made of brush, and within were many people. The Wolf chief was sitting there, and he recognized his Wolf-dog sitting next to him. The chief said, "Come in and sit down, and tell me why you have come here!" The man said, "I have come to get back my friend." The chief answered, "He cannot go back with you. He is my nephew, and you did not treat him well." The hunter said, "It was my brother-in-law, and not I; for myself, I always treated him well." The chief said, "Well, if some one of you does wrong, it is just the same as if you yourself had done wrong." *This is why now, in hunting, when one person does wrong, it brings bad luck on all.* The man was sorry that the chief would not consent to the return of the Wolf-dog. The chief said, "My nephew cannot return to you; but I will help you, as you yourself have always treated him well." He brought out a large feather from a golden-eagle's wing, saying, "This is what we Wolves use as bow and arrows. I will give you this: it is just as good for you as my nephew, or even better." The man hesitated at first, but at last believed what the chief said, and accepted the present. The chief directed him: "Point this feather at game, and it will leave your hand and enter the body of the game next to you; pass through, and go on to the next, until all are killed that are there together.[1] Watch the last one killed, for the arrow will be sticking in it. Push the nock of the arrow, and it will come out through the animal's mouth. Then wipe and wash and dry it before using it again." After leaving the Wolf people, the man saw some sheep, and thought he would try the feather on them.

[1] Compare Lillooet (JAFL 25 : 308), Thompson (JE 8 : 257, 368).

The arrow worked in every detail as said, and killed them all. The hunter used it as long as he lived, following all the directions he had received from the Wolf chief, and thus had all the meat he could use. Because wing-feathers of the golden eagle were used for killing game, *some Indians consider them lucky for procuring game*, feathering their arrows with them, or wearing them on their heads, one feather on each side, when approaching game.

30. XE'NDA; OR, THE MAN WHOM THE WOLVES HELPED.[1]

An old man called XE'nda, and many people, were hunting caribou, but they could not kill any. They were starving, and became weak. XE'nda went hunting one day, although he could hardly walk. He came on a long trail of fresh caribou-tracks, and followed it. After a while he came to where a number of snowshoe-tracks followed behind the caribou. He saw where the caribou had begun to jump, and the people had run after them. Soon he came on a dead caribou, then on another and another. He thought some of the people had killed them. He pressed on, and soon heard talking, and then saw a number of strange people beside some dead caribou. They called out in the Kaska language, "A man is coming!" and then invited him to come nearer. He asked them who had killed the game. They answered that they had. They lighted a fire, and cooked and ate the two caribou there. They said to XE'nda, "Your snowshoes are too narrow. You cannot run fast with them, and the caribou get away. If you use snowshoes like those we have, you will be able to travel better and get game." They showed their snowshoes to XE'nda, and further told him he could have all the caribou they had killed. XE'nda thought he must have slept; and when he woke up, the fire was out, and two caribou-skins were lying there. He looked for tracks, and saw only wolf-tracks. He returned to camp, and on the way came to the caribou-carcasses he had first seen. He cut out some meat and took it along. He told the people that he had killed caribou, and the people went out at once to carry in the meat. When they got to the carcasses, they saw that the caribou had been killed by wolves, and they knew that the wolves had helped XE'nda. *After this, the people made snowshoes like those the Wolves had shown to XE'nda, and they obtained more game.* In this way did the Tahltan learn how to make the shovel-nosed snowshoes they now use; and *this is why snowshoes of this kind are called "Wolf snowshoes."* The kind used by the Kaska are named "Moose snowshoes." Both tribes used the same type of snowshoe formerly, but discarded them, and adopted each a different style.

[1] Compare Chilcotin (Farrand, JE 2 : 33), Shuswap (Teit, JE 2 : 718, 719).

QUILEUTE TALES.

COLLECTED BY LIVINGSTON FARRAND; EDITED BY THERESA MAYER.

I. KWEETI.[1]

IN the olden days Kweeti travelled all over the earth. The first person he encountered was a white man. At that time the whites were ignorant and did not know anything. Kweeti taught this man how to dig metal (?) (*mammook mola*) and many other things. Soon he came to know everything that white people know now. Among much else, Kweeti told the white man that when he decided to marry, he must take only one wife and not pay for her.

Kweeti next came to Beaver, who was sharpening a stone and singing, withal. Kweeti asked him what he was doing. Beaver, who by this time had made the stone quite sharp and pointed, answered, "I want to kill Kweeti when he comes." Thereupon Kweeti seized the stone and fastened it in Beaver's tail, saying, "Henceforth you must always wear it there. From now on you shall live in the river; and when an Indian comes near you, you will splash your tail in the water and dive under to escape."

After this he met Deer, who was sharpening shells, and likewise singing, "I am sharpening these for Kweeti." Kweeti seized the shells, and, sticking them on Deer's head for ears, told him that now he was forever doomed to run away from the Indians, and then suddenly stop in his flight, look around, and run on again.[2]

Thereupon Kweeti went his way, and arrived at Queets River. At that time there were no Indians there. Kweeti spit on his arm, and, rubbing the dirt into little balls, threw them into the river, and lo! Indians appeared.[3] He named these Indians Kwē'tsŭx.[4] When he came to Hoh, he saw Indians walking on their hands and carrying nets between their legs. Kweeti straightened them up and sent them to fish.[5]

At Quileuti he changed wolves into Indians, and told them that a poor man might have only one wife, but that a chief or rich man might have from four to eight.[6]

[1] Compare Boas, RBAE 31 : 589 *et seq.* Compare Nootka "KWETI-ath."
[2] *Ibid.*, 599 (No. 16).
[3] *Ibid.*, 597 (No. 4).
[4] Kwē'tsŭx, "made of dirt."
[5] Compare Boas, RBAE 31 : 597 (No. 3).
[6] *Ibid.*, 597 (No. 2).

At Ozette he saw two dogs, which he transformed into Indians, and he taught them what they could do.

At Neah Bay he taught them to fish, as all men do. Thus he traversed the whole world.[1]

Kweeti made a big spear for catching shark. He asked his sons if they were willing to be his bait; and they said, "Yes."[2] So they went out and came to the fishing-place. There he tied a rope under the arms of one of his sons, and, having fastened on stones as sinkers, he threw the boy overboard. A big shark came to bite the bait; but Kweeti, seeing him come with his mouth wide open, quickly pulled his son into the canoe and speared the shark. The shark dived down to the bottom, and Kweeti went home and told the people that he had speared a shark that had run off with his spear.

When the shark came to his home, he said to his family, "I am sick, and I did not catch any man-fish. My back hurts. Go and call a shaman." The shark cried out in his pain; and the shamans did all they could, but were unable to cure him. Finally some one suggested that they had better get Kweeti, "for he might be able to cure him." They went to get Kweeti. They found him sitting outside his house, and told him that, if he would cure the shark, they would give him the shark's elder daughter. He went with them to where the shark was, and said to him, "If you will give me your two girls, I will cure you." The sick man agreed, and Kweeti began to treat him. He took hold of the spear, which was invisible to these people, and pulled it. The shark screamed, but Kweeti pulled it out and threw it through a hole in the roof. Then the shark felt better and got well.[3] Kweeti took the girls and went home. It was because he wanted them for wives that he originally went after the big shark.

One day Kweeti said to them, "Let us go to see Chief Woodpecker!" He told his wives to comb their hair and fix themselves up nicely. Kweeti had many sea-otter skins. Of these, they each took two apiece, six in all, and started off for Woodpecker's house. People saw them coming, and cried out, "Here comes a man with two women! He looks like a chief." Many men came out to meet them, — they did not recognize Kweeti, — and pulled up the canoe. From a little distance men called to him to come to the chief's house. Kweeti entered the house, and they all sat around. He sat in a high place, and every once in a while he would lean against one of his wives.

[1] Compare Boas, RBAE 31 : 576; Tlingit (Swanton, BBAE 59 : 84, "Raven teaches people their mode of life").

[2] Compare Nootka (Boas, Indianische Sagen, 99; RBAE 31: 915); Quinault (Farrand, JE 2 : 111).

[3] Compare Boas, RBAE 31 : 820–821.

Soon Woodpecker told one of his men to go up and open the roof a little, as he wanted to spit: "for," he said, "if this man is rich, he will be able to spit through the roof;[1] if he is poor, he will not be able to do so. I shall spit first." He took a little water and spit it clear through the roof. Then he said to Kweeti, "Now you spit, and see how far you can reach. If you can spit through the hole, you are a rich man." So Kweeti took a drink of water and spit right through the roof. Then Woodpecker said, "Now I know you are a chief." He wanted still another test, however; so he sent a boy to tell the laughing man to come in, — he wanted to make Kweeti laugh. The boy went out, and soon they heard the man laughing outside. Kweeti's two women began to laugh, but Kweeti himself did not even smile. At last, however, Kweeti's self-control gave way, and he started in to laugh and kick his legs. Then Woodpecker saw how sharp his shin-bone was, and recognized it as Kweeti's. He saw also, when Kweeti threw back his head and laughed, that a tooth was missing; and then he had no further doubts at all, he knew him to be his slave.[2] He was very angry, and said to Kweeti, "That's just what I thought, you were my slave." To the two women he said, "You had better go home to your father, this man is merely my slave."

Kweeti and the Wolves.[3]

Once there was a wolf who used always to hunt on the beach for hair-seals, whales, or anything at all. One day he strayed farther than usual, and came to a house where he found a man living all alone. His name was Kweeti. He came in and threw down a duck, saying, "Keep this, while I hunt some more!" Kweeti said, "Very well, you may leave it there. I am very sick." Toward dark, Wolf came in again, and said, "I'll stay here to-night and go home to-morrow." Kweeti agreed, showed him where to sleep, and gave him a big stone for a pillow. As soon as Wolf was asleep, Kweeti got up, and ,taking a big stone, threw it on Wolf's head and smashed it to pieces. Then he dug a hole under the bed and buried the wolf. Nobody knew of it. Still, Kweeti took precautions against discovery. He rubbed gray dust on his face to make it look pale, and put bad excrement near by to make it look like diarrhœa.

Next day another wolf came along, and asked Kweeti if he had seen the first wolf pass the day before. Kweeti replied that he had; "but he did not come in, he only left a duck here. He was afraid to

[1] Spitting, the test of a chief: Chinook (see Boas, BBAE 20 : 160), Nootka (Boas, RBAE 31: 919).

[2] For the Transformer's relation to Woodpecker, cf. Kwakiutl (Boas, RBAE 31 : 586), Fraser Delta (Boas, Indianische Sagen, 19), Thompson (Teit, JE 8 : 218).

[3] Compare Boas, RBAE 31 : 585 (No. 9).

come in, because I was so sick. You can see how pale I am and what diarrhœa I have." The wolf came in and looked. He said, though, that he thought the first wolf had come in on his way back because he had seen the tracks. He told Kweeti he would bring other wolves who would get him to try to find the first wolf with his magical power. To this Kweeti said, "Yes. I am a shaman, and I will do the best I can."

Kweeti put on his shaman's clothes and got ready. He threw the excrement outdoors and fixed everything. When the wolves came, they stood in two rows inside the house, with the two best runners on either side the door. Kweeti started in to sing and work. Soon he said to the wolves, "Stand back farther, so that I can see better!" He waved his hands before his face and kept up his song. Suddenly he sang, "I did kill the chief of the wolves," and with these words he jumped past them and ran out.[1] He had under his blanket a basket with combs and hair-oil in it. When the wolves pursued and almost caught him, he took a comb and stuck it in the beach.[2] This made a headland, over which the wolves had to climb. Each time they seemed on the point of overtaking him, he did the same thing, so that again and again they were delayed. This is what made all the promontories along the beach. Finally, when the wolves had all but caught him, Kweeti urinated and made Ozetta Lake.[3] The wolves could not get around this, and so Kweeti escaped. Of the hair-oil he made a river.[4]

Origin of the Sun.[5]

Once it was dark all over; but Kweeti knew what people kept the sun, and made up his mind to get it. He went to the place where they lived, and a little distance from the house he transformed himself into a male child. The daughter of the man who had the sun passed by that way, and saw a baby-boy playing on the ground. She asked him where he came from. Kweeti, however, did not say a word; all he did was to coo. The girl returned home, and told her people about the boy she had seen; "but," she said, "I could not find out where he came from." — "Go bring him in!" her father said, when he had heard the story, "maybe he comes from Tsisadati ('country far

[1] See Comox (Boas, Sagen 75), Kwakiutl (Boas, Sagen 150; JE 10 : 103; Rep. U. S. Nat. Mus. 1895 : 538, 725); Seshelt (Hill-Tout, JAI 34 : 57), Nootka (Boas, Sagen 98), Squamish (Hill-Tout, BAAS 70 : 543).

[2] Comparative notes in Bolte und Polívka, 2 : 140; Yukaghir (Bogoras, PaAM 20 : 9). See Boas, Kwakiutl Tales (CU 2 : 456), "Clothing becomes islands between Vancouver Island and Knights Inlet."

[3] Compare Boas, RBAE 31 : 652, "Raven creates rivers."

[4] The Magic Flight, cf. Chinook (Boas, BBAE 20 : 78), Quinault (Farrand, JE 2: 116 and footnote). The last incident was added by the narrator in answer to a question.

[5] Compare Boas, RBAE 31: 641 *et seq.*

away')." So the girl brought the boy in, and gave him something to eat. Then he walked around the house, and saw the box in which the sun was kept. It was open just a wee crack, through which a faint light came into the room. The man then spoke to Kweeti, asking him whether he had come from Tsisadati. Kweeti's only reply was "Tsss!" When, however, the man wanted to know whether Kweeti could eat mussels, he answered, "Yes, I can eat mussels;" whereupon the man said to him, "Come with us to-morrow and get mussels from the rocks in the ocean."

The next day they all set off in a canoe. When the boy was told to steer, he merely said, "Tsss!" and pointed to the big paddle. He took it; and, when he started in to row, the canoe went along so swiftly, that the people were delighted to have such a good paddler. They soon came to the mussel-rocks, and, taking their mussel-sticks, they disembarked, leaving Kweeti in the canoe to watch it. With him, in the canoe, they left the sun, which they had taken along to give them light when they gathered mussels, and told him to stay close to the rock. He only said, "Tsss!" There was a slight breeze, and Kweeti paddled slowly off with the paddle held edgewise. He told the little wind to blow harder; and at the same time he paddled and paddled, going constantly farther away from the rocks. The people called to him not to go away too far; but he kept drifting off, so it seemed.[1] Those he had left stranded, all stood on the rocks and cried; but Kweeti paddled on toward the shore, and carried the sun away with him.

When Kweeti came home, he opened the box farther in order to get more light. He saw that the sun and moon were both in the box. For a long time he pondered what to do with them. Finally he came to this conclusion: "When the sun first rises, it will be morning; the middle of the day will be noon; and the night will be when the sun goes down." Then he threw the sun up into the sky, so that all the people could see it. The moon he threw up as well, that the night might not be too dark. All this was Kweeti's work.

2. DUSKEAH.[2]

Duskeah used to tattoo children. She would drive the bone needle clear through the arm or chest, and so kill them. Kweeti came to her one day, and said, "My sister, I want you to tattoo my arm, but only the skin, not through the arm, or else I may die." She did it properly. "Now let me do it for you," Kweeti offered. He took the

[1] Compare Boas, RBAE 31 : 710.

[2] Compare Boas, RBAE 31 : 598 (No. 14), 762 *et seq.* Throughout this region, Cannibals, for the most part, are women (see, for instance, Tillamook [Boas, JAFL 11 : 32, 143], Quinault [Farrand, JE 2 : 114]).

bone needle and started to prick the skin. Then suddenly he jabbed it through her arm, between the bones. Duskeah screamed with pain, and died soon after.

Duskeah used to make a practice of carrying off children, gathering them together in one place, and then cooking them. She would put gum on their eyes, so they could not see anything of what was happening to them. The place where she cooked the children was at Yakalis Creek, up Quileute Run. All their things which have since become petrified may still be seen there.

On a certain day she had the stones all heated for cooking. The children were standing around the fire, but they could not see on account of the gum. One of the girls heated her hand in order to soften the gum and pry it open, so as to see. She saw Duskeah dancing. At the same time she kept singing, "The fire is getting hot." When, in her dance, she approached the girl, the latter pushed her into the fire. Duskeah burned up quickly, because she had so much gum and pitch about her. She was entirely covered with it. The girl now opened her eyes wide, melted the gum off all the children's eyes, and so saved them all. They all then went home to their parents.[1]

Once, as Raven was walking on the beach, he chanced to meet Devil-Fish. He asked Raven whether the woman who had been singing of him was at home, — Duskeah had been singing of the devil-fish. Raven replied that she was there. Devil-Fish then asked him to tell her to come over. Raven delivered the message, and said besides, "Devil-Fish talks ill of you." — "What does he say?" asked the woman. Raven refused to tell, but thought that perhaps when she got there, Devil-Fish would tell her himself. She combed her hair, and prepared to go and see him. When she arrived at Devil-Fish's house, she found him sitting by the door. She asked him whether he had been talking ill of her, — she had heard that he had. Devil-Fish merely told her to come into his house. She entered; and when he said to her, "Give me your hand," she did that as well. Thereupon Devil-Fish called to the tide to come in quickly. When the tide came in to where the woman was sitting, she said to Devil-Fish, "Hurry up and say what you want to!" Devil-Fish, however, never said a word. He kept hold of her blankets, so that she could not move. The tide rose to her waist, and still he did not let go. He kept her there until she was drowned. The reason Devil-Fish did this was because Duskeah had killed so many children.

[1] Compare Boas, BBAE 59: 296 (note 5).

3. KLĒĔTCĔLUS.[1]

Klēĕtcĕlus used to go about singing, and swinging a rope with a stick in the end of it. The burden of his song was, "I don't want to swing this very long." He was a transformer: some of the people he saw he changed into stone, some into birds, and some into still other things. In those days there were no clothes, but he gave his people cedar-bark clothes.

4. THE LAZY BOY WHO BECAME A WHALER.

(Told by Old John.)

Once there was a young man, called Sēxdāte, who was lazy and idle. On this account he would receive only the tail-part of dried salmon for his meals. His elder brother's wife used to give him the salmon, which he would put into a small basket that he had hidden under his blanket.

One day his brother and sister-in-law went up to Ozette, and left the young man at home. While they were away, some one saw a whale far out in the ocean, coming towards the shore. The people of the village came to the young man's house, and called, "Is your brother back yet?" for the elder brother was a good whaler. Sēxdāte did not answer, but just ran out. He saw the whale, and, going back into the house, seized his brother's whaling-outfit, and, with seven other men in the canoe, went out to catch the whale. When the whale approached the canoe, the young man told the others to get the outfit ready while he washed his face. The young man was very thin. As soon as the whale was near enough, Sēxdāte speared it. He so nearly killed it, that the whale did not even dive or swim on with the rope. Two other canoes then went out to help Sēxdāte. He told them to spear the head; and they did as they were told, after which they towed the whale ashore.

All the people went down to the beach to cut up the whale. Soon they saw a canoe coming from the north, and found that it was the elder brother coming home. When he landed, he came close to where the whale was, and spoke to some of the people. He asked who had killed the whale; and they told him it was his younger brother, who used to be so lazy.

Sēxdāte, in the mean time, went to the house and got his brother's bear-skin blanket. He put it on, and hid his own little blanket under it. Then he came back and sat down a short distance from the whale. After a little while he went to the tail of the whale, cut off a piece, and fastened it with a pack-strap. He called his sister-in-law, and told her to take it to the house. She said she thought it was too heavy.

[1] See note 1, p. 251.

Sēxdāte, however, said, "No, that is not too heavy," and he lifted it with one finger. He then proceeded to put it on her back. While he was adjusting the pack-strap, he told her to spread her feet apart. As soon as she did so, he let go of the strap, and the weight of the whale-meat crushed her to the ground. Sēxdāte then went to where he had left the bear-skin. He brought it to the dead woman, and, taking out the dried salmon, he said, "Here, take your old dried salmon and eat it! I have been saving it for you."

The elder brother never said a word all this time. Soon, however, Sēxdāte said to him, "My brother, do not grieve for your wife! I will get you two wives. I am going to be a rich man, and people will come to see me from all over the country, and bring me blankets and women." He also told the friends of the woman not to grieve. "I will make it right," he said, "and potlatch you every year."

When the people of the north heard about the whale that had been caught, they sent down five canoes with many blankets, and piled them high in order to buy the whale-meat.

On the following day another whale was sighted. The people called Sēxdāte, who immediately got his men ready. Four other canoes went out first, but they could not catch the whale. Then Sēxdāte went, and waited close by. When the whale came toward the canoe, Sēxdāte speared it and killed it at once. The people then built a signal-fire on the shore to call the others back. When they came and saw that Sēxdāte had killed the whale, they helped him tow it ashore.

People from far away heard about his prowess, and came with many blankets and girls for Sēxdāte. He, however, gave the girls to his brother. So Sēxdāte became very rich.

A few years after this, Sēxdāte built a large house, and all the people helped him with it. He invited people from all over the country to come to a potlatch. He gave a big one, and was a great man. This marks the origin of the potlatch.

5. THE ORIGIN OF THE ELKS.

A long time ago elks were men. One day they decided to give a potlatch and invite all the wolves, because they used to kill young elk whenever they strayed away from the house to play. The elks had a very large house; but they conferred together, and made up their minds to do without houses and simply live in the woods. They obtained much pitch-wood, which they proceeded to split up. Then many of them went about to call the wolves. It took them a month to get them. When the wolves came, they all went into the house. About one-half of the elks, however, staid outside; and when the wolves passed these, they tried to bite them. They had hurried to the potlatch because they wanted to eat the elks.

When they were all assembled, the chief of the elks said, "O wolves! we are going to have a big dance. You just sit still and watch, and we will play for you." So the wolves sat still, as they had been told; while the elks built two fires, one at each end of the house. The elks that were outside put pitch-wood all about the house, and piled it up high. When everything was ready, they called out and set fire to the pitch-wood. The house immediately caught fire and burned up quickly. There were two holes in the roof. The elks that were in the house jumped through these and escaped; the wolves, however, were all burned. Thousands of them were burned upon that occasion. The reason why there are any wolves at all now is that in every place in which the wolves had lived, two wolves had always staid at home. And the elks, now that their house was gone, went to live in the woods. They travelled about in herds, and acquired the habits they now have.

6. THE BUNGLING HOST.[1]

Once upon a time Raven went to Bear's house to get something to eat. After he had been there a little while, Bear went out and got two short maple-sticks. He built a fire, and stuck the sticks up close to the fire. Then he raised his foot, and the grease in it melted and ran down into the grease-pot. When it was full, he gave it to Raven to eat, and said, "Raven, what do you want, — dog-meat, or man-meat, or elk-meat?" Raven replied, "I never eat dog-meat or man-meat. I'll take elk-meat." — "All right," said Bear, and he took a big dish and filled it with elk-meat. Raven ate a little and then stopped, because, he said, he wanted to carry the rest home. Before leaving, he told Bear to come to his house on the morrow to get his plate, and then he, Raven, would give him plenty to eat. He went down the river in his canoe. As soon as he was out of sight, he went ashore and ate all the meat. There was only a small piece left in the pot. Then he went home.

Very early next morning Bear went to Raven's house. When he came, Raven built a fire, and then went out and got two short sticks, which he put in front of the fire. Raising his foot, he said to Bear, "What do you want, — dog-meat, man-meat, or elk-meat?" His foot was being burnt to the very bone, and still no grease came out. Seeing this, his wife said, "Now, old man, what are you going to do? Your foot is burning up." Bear watched it all, and laughed fit to die; then he went home and left them.[2]

Once upon a time Raven went to Kweed's (a kind of duck) house. Kweed built a fire, and they talked and laughed together. Finally

[1] Compare Boas, RBAE 31: 695.

[2] Compare Boas, RBAE 31: 694, BBAE 59: 294 (note 7).

he said to his wife, "What are we going to give Raven to eat? We had better get him some fish. You stay at the upper end of this driftwood, and I'll go to the lower." They went out, and Raven went along to see what would happen. Kweed's wife dived first, and brought up a big salmon. Her husband, however, was less successful, and obtained nothing. The woman said, "This is big enough, let us go home!" So they went to cook the salmon for Raven, and gave it to him to eat. He did not eat much before he stopped, and said, "I shall take this dish of salmon home; and you come to-morrow, and we'll have something to eat." As soon as he was out of sight, he went ashore and ate the salmon, all but a few little pieces. When he arrived home, he said to his wife, "Go down to the canoe and get that big plate. I do not know what Kweed meant; there is nothing in it, but he told me to take it home. When he comes to-morrow, though, I want you to do as Kweed's wife did, and catch salmon."

Kweed came the next morning, as Raven had told him. Raven built a fire for him, and then said to his wife, "Let us go out and get fresh fish for Kweed!" They all went out. Raven said to his wife, "You dive first." His wife tried to dive, but could not do it. Raven then tried, but he could not do it, either. They were getting chilled through, and were shivering. Kweed took his empty plate and went home laughing.[1]

Raven went to Kingfisher's house to get something to eat. When he came in, Kingfisher made a fire and prepared to give him a meal. First he untied the knot of hair on his head. Then he took a wooden kettle and filled it with water. Into this he put hot stones. Taking a single salmon-egg from his hair, he placed it in the kettle. He stirred it a bit, and lo! there was a pot full of salmon-eggs. He took the wooden tongs and stood them upright in the kettle, which was so full of eggs that the tongs actually remained standing. Raven ate some, but not very much. He said he would prefer to take the rest home with him. He told Kingfisher to come to his house the next morning, and then he would give him something to eat. Then he went away. Soon after he had left in his canoe, he went ashore and ate up all the salmon-eggs. When he reached home, he told his wife to go to the canoe and bring in the pot. "I cannot imagine what Kingfisher meant by telling me to take along a pot with nothing in it," he said. The woman went out. When she came back, she asked, "Well, what did you bring that pot for, since there was nothing in it?"

Next morning Kingfisher came. Raven built a fire, and did exactly the same things that Kingfisher had done the preceding day. He tied his hair, and got the kettle ready with water and hot stones.

[1] Compare Boas, RBAE 31: 699; also Nez Percé (MAFLS 11 : 164, 181), Osage (FM 7 : 13, 15), Shoshoni (JAFL 22 : 266), Thompson (MAFLS 11: 6).

Then he undid his hair and took out one salmon-egg, which he put into the kettle. The water boiled up; and this one egg boiled around in the water, but it failed to increase in quantity, as it had with Kingfisher. Then he put a stick into the water to see whether it would not stand, but of course it fell over. Kingfisher laughed and laughed, and finally said he would go home. So they brought his kettle down to the canoe, and he went home.[1]

7. THE ABALONE.

Once there was a man who went fishing for codfish. He got a bite, and tried to pull in the fish, which was very heavy. As he drew it out of the water, he saw that he had something big and round, which was no fish at all. It was a large abalone. He put it into his canoe, and killed it with his club. Then he wrapped his blanket around it and went home. His wife came out to meet him with a big basket in which to carry the fish that she thought he had caught. He told her that he had no fish, but that she should carry the blanket, and he would let her see what it contained when they got to the house.

Soon after this the man fell ill. He was sick for two years. People became frightened and left his house, so that he and his wife were soon all alone. One night the man began to sing. His song was given him by the abalone. It was a Tlokwalat[2] song, and told where the Tlokwalat came from. The words of the song were, —

"My blanket is covered with eagle-feathers."

He now broke the abalone shell into small pieces for nose-pendants and ear-rings, which he sold for blankets and *konewayietus*. Then he made a potlatch, to which he called all his people. He was the first Tlokwalat. He taught the people to remember his song, and told them where he obtained it. He was also the first man to cut his skin. With a small knife that he had, he used to cut it and let the blood run out.

8. RAVEN INVITES THE SUPERNATURAL BEINGS.

Once Raven gave a potlatch, and invited all the supernatural beings. They came and waited outside, while Raven prepared a good seat for his daughter inside the house. The guests danced as they came in, singing, "Kwā'te, kwā'te, kwā'te!" Some had blankets tied around their waists, some under their arms. When they had all come in, they went up and speared Raven's daughter. They covered her entire body and face with spears, so that she died.

[1] Compare Boas, RBAE 31: 696, 700.

[2] A sacred ceremonial.

9. THE THUNDER.

Once there was a man who wanted to go up to the home of Thunder, who lives in a cave in the Olympic Mountains. He prepared himself for the journey by washing every day. Finally he started to go up the river into the high mountains, and all along the way he bathed. Nevertheless, when he came close to Thunder's house, Thunder smelled him, and roared out loud. The man then knew that there was an evil smell about him; so he bathed, and tried to go again. This time Thunder lightened and thundered. He bathed again, and tried a third time. Now, at last, Thunder did not smell him; neither did he hear him, for the man made no noise. He approached the banks of the river where Thunder's daughters were accustomed to wash, and sat down and waited. It was not long before the girls came. When they say how young and handsome the man was, they called to him to come nearer. They asked him where he had come from; and he replied, "I come from where there are many people, I come from down below." When the girls heard this, they told him to stay with them, and not go back. "I will be your wife," the elder girl said. The young man consented; and the girls went home to tell their father, while he staid behind. When Thunder heard about the young man, he told them to bring him in. He was perfectly satisfied, he said, that either one of them should take him for a husband. The elder one said that she would like to marry him, and went out to bring him in. She cautioned him not to linger in the doorway, but to pass in very quickly, as otherwise he would be caught in the door, and be killed by its rapid shutting.[1] They came in together, he following close behind her. They had hardly gotten into the room before the door shut behind them. The young man was given a good seat in the house, and asked what he preferred for dinner, — hair-seal, or elk or whale meat. He chose whale-meat, which they gave him with a small pot of white-whale oil. After he had finished eating, his wife said to him, "Let us go out and walk around, and then have a talk! but always remember to go past the door as quickly as possible."

Thunder went hunting whale that day. The young man and his wife were out by the river, when the girl heard a noise, and said, "My father has caught a whale." A little later she heard a noise in the house. "That must be my father returning home," she said. They went in to see, and found her father there. He had left a large whale lying outside the door.

Thunder said to the young man, "Stay here with us for two years." He agreed to do so. After he had been there for one year, Thunder began to train him for whaling. He gave the young man his outfit, — a blanket with claws, and the other things that go with it. On all

[1] Compare Boas, RBAE 31: 797.

his trips the young man accompanied him. One day when they saw a whale, after going up close to it, Thunder told the young man to catch it on the back, while he himself would hold it close to the tail. The young man did as he was told, but was unable to lift the whale. Thunder, however, caught it near the tail, and Lightning lifted it up, and together they carried the whale to the house.

One day after the young man had been there four years instead of two, Thunder said to him, "Now you may go home if you want to. I myself will accompany you. As a parting gift, I will give you my outfit, and one big whale with which to feed your people when you get home." So the young man and Thunder went down to the beach together. They saw a whale close to the shore. Immediately Thunder seized his outfit, and, cutting a seat in the back of the whale, told the young man to get into it. Then he pushed the whale in the direction of the young man's home. "Be sure you jump off before the people see you!" he called after him, "and don't land where all the people are." So, in accordance with instructions, the young man landed at a little creek. Early next morning some people saw a whale lying on the beach. It looked as if it had been caught by some one, but they could not tell how it had been killed. Nevertheless they called to the others to get up, and bring knives to cut it up. Some of the people went to the creek to get water in which to boil the whale-meat. The young man kept silent, waiting for some member of his family to come. His family had not ceased to mourn for him. Finally his younger brother appeared. The young man called to him, and said, "I am alive yet, as you see. I come from Thunder's house, where I have been living all these years. This whale which you are cutting up, Thunder gave me for you: so don't be sad any more!" Delighted at the good news, the younger brother immediately went back to his father's house, and told them that his brother was alive. He reported everything that he had heard. The parents, however, were angry because he spoke of the brother, who they believed was dead. The young brother, nevertheless, insisted that what he had said was true. So finally they all went down to the beach to see the young man, and then only were they convinced. By now it was evening. They brought their newly-recovered son home, and wept over him in their delight. The other people did not know what the trouble was, because it was night. Early next morning, however, they called all the people to a potlatch to see the young man who had returned. As the people came into the house, he spoke to them, and told them not to mourn for him, as he was as well as ever.

He borrowed a whaling-outfit from his brothers in order that he might go whaling, and the very next morning he went out. They saw a whale approach the canoe, and the young man speared it. The

others came and helped tow it ashore. Thunder helped him to be a great whaler, and soon he became a great chief and very rich.

10. THE STAR HUSBANDS [1] (THE WAR ON THE SKY; THE ORIGIN OF FIRE).

Once upon a time some girls went berrying, and camped out over night. It was a clear night; and as they lay and looked up at the stars, one said, "I wish I had that red star for my husband!" Another said, "And I should like that blue one!" Soon they fell asleep. About midnight two men came and wakened these two girls, and told them to get up. They did so, and asked the men who they were. "We are those stars you were speaking of," one replied. "I am the one you wanted, and this is the one the other girl wanted. We have come to get you. Get your packs ready, and we will go." The girls did as they were told, and set off with the men. By morning they had reached the sky. The girl who had chosen the red star saw that her husband was a very old red-eyed man, while the blue star was handsome and young. The very sight of her ugly old husband made the girl sick at heart. She cried bitterly, and was utterly miserable. The people of the sky decided to let her go home. The other girl then said, "I will go with her, for I do not want to stay alone." She was fond of her husband; but still she told him he had better let her go, and show her the way back. So they sent them both home. When the girls finally returned, they were happy indeed. They sang all day long.

As a result of this escapade, the girls' people held a council, and decided to go to war with the sky people.[2] "Let us call all the people together," they said, "and plan for the expedition!" So all the birds and fishes and animals met, and talked it over. They finally agreed on this scheme: "Let us shoot an arrow into the sky, and then another into that, and so on until we have a chain and can climb up!"

They proceeded to carry out their plan. They cut down a large tree, split it, and made a huge bow and arrow. Then they called upon the strongest man, Kalatub, to string the bow. He, however, could not quite manage it. Bear was summoned next. He tried and tried, but could not do as well as Kalatub. After Bear they called Elephant (?). He almost did it, but not quite. Then they said, "Let Elk try it!" Elk was as unsuccessful as the rest. Thereupon Wren came in, all rolled up in his blanket. They made fun of him, and said, "You come and try, Wren!" He took off his blanket, and, seizing the bow, he bent it and bent it, and soon fitted the string on. Then he put on his blanket again and walked off.

[1] Compare Boas, BBAE 59: 309 (note 4).

[2] Compare Boas, RBAE 31: 864; BBAE 59: 288 (note 1).

The people now called Kalatub to shoot the first arrow into the sky. He tried and tried, but he could not pull the string. Elephant had his turn next, and failed as well; and so through all the animals. Then they called Wren again. He came in, and, taking the bow and arrow, sang his song, —

"I will shoot this arrow into the sky."

He did so: he shot the arrow right into the sky. Nobody could see it, however. They called on all the people with good eyes to look up, and see whether they could discover it. Snail finally espied it. "I see it," he said, "there it is!" Thereupon Fish-Hawk went over to him, and asked him to point it out. Osprey, however, simply took out the snail's eyes for himself.[1] None of the other animals were able to see it at all. They now called on Wren a third time, and bade him shoot a second arrow into the first. He did so, and then shot a third into the second, and so on until the arrows reached the ground.

Up these they climbed, and reached the sky. Here they pitched their tents, and built their camp-fires at night. Here, too, they held their war-dances. While these were in progress, Raven said to Skate (*Pakwad*), "You are too wide to fight, they will most certainly spear you." Skate answered, "All right! you try to spear me, and see!" Raven did try; but, just as he threw the spear, Skate turned aside, and the spear flew past him. "Now you see what I can do," Skate suggested. Each time he prepared to throw the spear, however, Raven jumped aside. Skate, nevertheless, kept going through the motions; and when he finally did throw it, he hit Raven in the wing.[2] The latter hopped about in pain, and begged Skate to pull the spear out. He did so, and soon after the dancing and playing ceased.

The earth people did not have sufficient fire with them, so they sent Tedod (a kind of red-breasted bird, not a robin) to get some from the sky people. It was very cold. Tedod merely entered their houses, and, sitting down by the fire, said, "How cold we are!" He kept sitting there until his breast was all red, and that is what accounts for his having a red breast to-day. They sent Beaver next. He dived into the water in order to get across to where the sky people lived. When he came up on that side, he found himself close to a fish-trap. The man who owned the trap came out just then with a scoop-net. Beaver pulled the line of the net, and the man caught him. He did not know what it was he had caught, and none of his people were any wiser. When he got him on the drying-poles, the man hit him on the head, and Beaver pretended to die. The man then

[1] Nootka (Boas, RBAE 31: 907), Quinault (Farrand, JE 2: 92).

[2] Compare Boas, RBAE 31: 812.

carried him home and laid him down close to the fire. He called all the people in to see him, but nobody knew what it was. So they left him lying there; but as soon as an opportunity presented itself, he got up and ran out with a piece of fire. He dived into the river, and came to a fish-trap. The sky people saw him, and yelled, "There is fire in the river! Perhaps it is that thing that we caught that has stolen our fire." [1]

The earth people were now quite ready to attack, but they first wanted to see whether the sky people were asleep. They despatched Skate on the errand. He went up to their house, and lay right next to their door. A man came out and urinated on Skate's back.[2] He went in again, and told the people, "I've been urinating on something out there, you had better take fire out to see what it is. They all looked at it, but none knew what it was. Finally they hit upon the notion that it might be one of the earth people. They wondered whether they had actually come up to fight. "At any rate," one man suggested, "let us kill this thing!" When Skate heard this, he lost no time in joining his own people. These immediately seized their weapons and started toward the sky people. They all now saw the fire. The sky people soon routed the others. Then they pursued them. The earth people made with all possible speed for the arrow-ladder. They were very nearly all down when the arrow-chain broke. The animals that were left behind became the constellations. Skate was among them.

II. THE SEAL-HUNTERS.

Once there were two young men who were great friends. They slept together, bathed together, and hunted hair-seals together. Each went out in his own canoe, and invariably each caught five seals. One day they started out together, as usual. One went out to open sea, and one kept to the shore. In this canoe, as in the other, there were always two men. The friend of the other (?) canoe-owner went ashore, while the other (?) man staid in the canoe. The man who had landed noticed hair-seal tracks on the beach. He followed them into the bushes, and found that they led to a big hole in the ground. This was the air-hole leading down to where the hair-seals lived under the ocean. Beautiful weeds and bushes grew all around the hole. The man knew it was the hair-seals' house. He looked in; but it was dark, and he could see nothing. So he went back to the man in the canoe, and told him, "I have found the hair-seals' house. I want you to help me make a long rope." As soon as they returned home,

[1] Lillooet (Teit, JAFL 25: 299), Fraser Delta (Boas, Sagen 42), Hill-Tout (BAAS '99: 65), Thompson (Teit, MAFLS 6: 56; JE 8: 329, 338), Sanpoil (Gould, MAFLS 11: 107).

[2] Compare Boas, RBAE 31: 659.

they went into the woods to get cedar-twigs for the rope. The man told his steersman to tell nobody what they were going to do. They made the rope in one day, and no one knew anything of it.

Next morning the two canoes went out, and separated as before. Those who had found the hair-seal hole brought their canoe up on land, and hid it among the bushes. When they came to the hole, the first man tied the rope under his arms, and told the other to let him down. The door of the hair-seal house was under water. When he came to the bottom, he saw that there were many hair-seals in the house. He caught two, and then he jerked the rope. The other man knew this was a signal to pull him up. When he came to the top, he told him, "I have caught two hair-seals. Let us double the rope, and see whether it will reach!" One strand he wanted for himself, and one for the seals. They found that it touched the bottom. So he went down again, and tied the loose end of the rope to one of the hair-seals. He was then pulled up, and together the two men pulled up the hair-seal. They repeated this process, and then carried both hair-seals to the canoe. Now they went out into the open ocean and speared the usual five hair-seals, after which they returned home. The other canoe came back with, of course, only five hair-seals. The next day the first canoe went to the hair-seal hole again. This time they carried a club with them. The one man went down into the hole and clubbed the hair-seals to death. They pulled them up, put them into the canoe, and went home with them. They did not care to hunt for any more that day. The man in the second canoe managed to spear seven this time.

On the third day they went again; and this time the second canoe followed the first one at a distance, to see how they contrived to catch so many seals. He saw the tracks on the beach, and followed them up through the woods until he came to the other canoe. Here he left his partner, and followed the tracks farther. He came to the men sitting by the opening of the hole. "Now I know how you catch so many hair-seals," he said. The other man replied, "You may be my partner, if you wish. After this we will always go for hair-seals together, and catch as many as we want, and divide." The first man then told the other to go down and get seven seals. He did as he was told, and together they carried them to the canoe. Then they returned home. When they divided their catch, the first man took the extra seal, because he had found the place and so was entitled to claim more.

That day the original partner of the second man took sick and died. The latter, however, did not get another partner, for he now knew where he could get the hair-seals without much work. He and the first man and his partner went to the hair-seal hole again on the

following day. They all worked together. The partner of the first man staid in the canoe while he went down into the hole, and the third man staid above. After a time this one called down, and asked the man below whether he had killed all he wanted and tied them on. When he answered, "Yes," the man above cut the rope, and said, "Now you stay and catch all the hair-seals you want," for he was jealous of the other man. He then pulled up the seals and went to the canoe, where he found the man they had left there fast asleep. He took his knife from his bag and cut his throat, killing him. He dug a hole and buried him. Never again, though, did he return to this place for hair-seals.

The man in the hole staid with the seals for a year. He learned their language, and was able to converse with them. As soon as he could make himself understood, he told the seals that his one-time friend made a practice of killing seals, and warned them to look out for him. They, in return, told him one day to put on one of their blankets, and they would teach him how to travel through the water.[1] He quickly learned, and immediately set out in search of the man who had left him stranded in the seal-hole.

One day a canoe with two men in it came along. The seal — that is, the man with the seal blanket — saw it, and recognized the man who had cut the rope. He climbed out on a rock, and, when the canoe came close, dived down and climbed up alongside it. The man did not see him as he dived and came up again. This time the man caught sight of him, and tried to spear him. The seal, however, put up his hand and caught the harpoon, and ran off with it. The man pulled the rope and tried to club him, but the seal towed them far away out to sea until they could barely see the shore. Finally the steersman said, "Let us cut the rope and go back!" They tried to, but were unsuccessful.[2] When the seal had taken them quite a distance farther, he slackened the rope, and, coming up to the side of the canoe, spoke to the man. He asked him whether he was not the man who had cut the rope in the hair-seal hole. "I am a hair-seal now." Then he upset the canoe and swam back. The man was drowned. When the man-seal returned, he called the seal tribe together, and informed them that he had drowned the man of whom he had told them. Then he gave them back their outfit, and promised never to hunt hair-seals any more.

12. THE WIFE OF THE DEAD WARRIOR.

Once there was a war, and a man of the enemy's tribe was killed. They cut off his head and stuck it on a pole. The women saw the

[1] Compare Boas, RBAE 31: 822. The stories are only distantly related.

[2] See Farrand, JE 2 : 102, 112; Boas, Sagen 119, 191, 203.

head, which was very handsome. One of them said, "You were a good man. I hear you wanted me for your wife before you died." That night a man came to the woman's house. He wakened her, and told her to get up. She did as she was bidden, and asked, "Who are you?" The man replied, "I am the man you spoke to to-day;" and she in turn, "Are you alive again? I'll go with you. I'm glad you are alive." The man told the woman to get ready, and he would take her away. As they would have to cross the ocean, he instructed her to get wooden needles and make a canoe of skin.

When they set off, there was no wind. It was so calm, they got across that night, and landed at a good beach. "We will go to the prairie where I used to live," the man told the woman, "and there we will build a house and live." He spoke to her of the three brothers he used to have when he was alive, and showed her where his younger brother lived on the opposite side of the prairie. The man and his wife lived here together for a long time. They made many blankets out of *tcĭcûbēh* (a kind of grass).

The woman was nearly ready for a child when the man died again. Before passing away, however, he told her to take his second brother for her husband after he was gone. The woman buried him, and many blankets with him. She lived on alone for a time, and mourned him very deeply, crying every day. The dead man's brothers noticed smoke coming from this direction. They came over to see whether there was anybody living there. They heard the woman crying, and one of the brothers looked through the hole to see who it was. She espied him, and called him in. She told him how she had come there with his brother who had been killed; how she had spoken to his head on the pole; and how she was going to have a baby, and that he was to take care of her. She told the man to go and bring his brothers over, and that she would give them half the blankets, and him half; and he, in turn, should be sure to take care of the child and of her, and take them both to his home. So the man went home and told his brothers what the woman had said about their oldest brother, how he had died, and about the baby soon to be born. When they had heard the story, they all went over and staid with the woman for a time. Then they took the widow to their house, and took good care of her. Soon after she gave birth to a baby-boy.

13. THE ORIGIN OF NORTH WIND AND SOUTH WIND.

Once there was a fine young man who had a very good-looking mother and a rather ugly father. One day he said to his father, "Let us go out to hunt ducks!" The father consented, and they set out together. They killed many ducks with their bows and arrows. One, however, they could not get, try as they would. He would

come up first on one side of the canoe, then on the other, but they could never reach him. Suddenly a fog fell, and with it there came a slight breeze. Now, of course, they lost the duck entirely. The fog lasted a long time, but the ocean was very calm. When it cleared a little, they found that the beach was not far away. "Let us land and find out where we are!" said the father to his son. So they beached their canoe and started to look around. They saw a large house near by. To this the man sent his son to reconnoitre and find out what he could. He looked in through a crack and saw a woman, a nice woman, all alone. The woman observed him, and asked him in. She wanted to know where he had come from. "I and my father were hunting ducks, and are lost," the young man informed her. "Go get your father, and I will give you something to eat," she offered. So the young man went to his father and told him that there was but one woman in the entire house, and that she had asked them in. "She is a nice woman, with long hair and many bracelets," he added. The two of them now went up to the house. The woman then made this proposal to the young man: "Stay here, and I will be your wife. Then, when it clears up, I will go to your home." The young man agreed.

They staid there a long time. The boy and his wife loved each other dearly. She took excellent care of both her husband and his father. The latter always went to get fire-wood, and allowed his son to remain in the house. It was his custom to follow the same trail every day. Once, however, he chanced to take a different path, and, going farther into the woods than usual, came across a stone hammer and a wedge used for splitting wood. He examined the wedge closely, and thought to himself, "That resembles my wedge." In fact, he was almost positive that it actually was his. Still he did not mention it when he returned to the house. On the following day he took yet another trail, and looked about until he found another wedge and hammer. There was now hardly a doubt in his mind but that these tools were all his own. This led him to wonder whether the house he was living in might not be his own, and the woman in it his wife. He determined to find out. He returned home immediately, and ordered his son to go and bathe. The boy and his wife went at once. While they were gone, the man built a fire; and when they came in, he kept putting on more wood. The boy lay down on the bed, and the woman sat close to the fire with her legs apart. The man put a big stick on top of the fire, and kicked it, as if by accident, against the woman's legs. She jumped, and in so doing spread her legs still farther, so that the man could see her privates. He recognized them at once as his wife's. Then, indeed, he became incensed to find that it was his wife who had been living with his son.

The man was sick, and sat with a downcast look, and the woman too. Neither spoke a word. Finally the woman looked up, and said to the old man, "You go to the south, for you are bad, and people will call you South-Wind. My son will go to the north, and he will be North-Wind, for he is good and brings fine weather." This explains the origin of those winds.

Before leaving, the man told his wife to go into the woods, "and people will call you the hemlock-knot (*Ł!lē'ilă*)."

14. RAVEN AND DEER.[1]

Once Raven was talking to Deer, and said, "You ought to cry." — "Why should I cry?" queried Deer. "You ought to cry for the people of long ago," was the answer. So Deer went out and cried. Raven, following, said, "Go sit by the edge of the high bluff; and when you hear some one coming, don't look back, for that may be the people you are crying for." Deer did as he was told, while Raven kept stealthily following him. He came up close, and suddenly pushed Deer over the edge of the bluff. She fell on the rocks below, and was killed.

Raven then returned home, and spoke to his wife in the Quinault language, which she did not understand. He kept on talking to her, but she had not the faintest idea of what he meant. Finally he said, "I have been trying to make you understand Quinault. What I want is a mussel-shell knife and a pack-strap. I have caught a deer in my trap." She got the knife and strap for him, and together they went to skin the deer. When they started in to work, the dead deer spoke. "Don't take the entrails!" she said, "just throw them away." They followed instructions, and then packed the meat in the canoe, filling it.

When they returned home and had landed the canoe, Raven said to his wife, "Take the breast of milk to the house and cook it. When we have eaten that, we will take all the rest of the meat up the river to my daughter." — "I never knew you had a daughter," said his wife. "Oh, yes!" replied Raven, "I had another wife before you." So she cooked the breast. Some of it she gave to Deer's children. Raven and Deer used to live in the same house. One of the children cried. "That is my mother's breast," he said, "I taste it." Raven, however, tried to console him. "Don't cry! your mother will soon come home," he told them.

After they had eaten, Raven and his wife went down to the river to take the meat to Raven's daughter. He took his bow and arrow with him. They had barely started down the river, when suddenly Raven cried, "There come some people to fight with us!" He handed

[1] Compare Boas, RBAE 31: 703.

his wife the paddle, and told her to row the canoe toward shore, but on no account was she to look back. Then he took his bow and shot an arrow past her head to frighten her. He kept it up until he had no more arrows left. She never once looked back. He now ordered her to gather together all the arrows that were in the water, and put them in the canoe. She proceeded to obey. As she picked them up, she chanced to look at one, and noticed that it was exactly like her husband's. "Why, this is like your arrow!" she told him. "All people have arrows just like mine," he said. "Go on, and don't look back!" They had by now reached the shore. "Jump out and run into the bushes, and be sure not to look back!" Raven called to her. "If they stop following, I will call you," and he kept shooting past her as she ran. The woman hid in the bushes. As soon as she was out of sight, Raven took out his knife, and, cutting up the meat, began to eat it. When he was full, he excreted and then ate again, and then again excreted, and so on until he had eaten the meat all up. When it was all gone, he walked all over the beach to make tracks. Then he called to his wife that the men had given up and had gone away. The woman came out from hiding, and saw nothing but excrement in the canoe; the meat, of course, was all gone. "Those men took all the meat," Raven told her; "you see, it is all gone." — "But why have you excreted so much in the canoe?" asked the woman. "I had such a hard fight against those men," was Raven's reply. Then they went home again.[1]

15. THE CHILDREN OF THE DOG.[2]

There was once a girl who, while she was working on a mat, kept her dog constantly beside her. "You ought to drive that dog away," her mother said. "He smells. Don't keep him so close to you!" The girl, however, paid no attention to her. When night came, the dog even went to the girl's bed, and slept with her in the shape of a man; and whenever the girl had anything to eat, she gave some of it to the dog. This went on for a long time, but neither her mother nor her brothers knew anything about it. The girl became pregnant, but she never told anybody; nor did they notice anything, until one day she gave birth to eight fine puppies: that is, they looked like dogs; but when the girl heard them cry, she knew they were boys. The girl's family were very much ashamed, and decided to leave her and desert the place. They put out all the fires; but one old woman, her grandmother, taking pity on her, put some fire in a mussel-shell and set it in the fireplace. Then they all went off, and left her there alone. Even the dog had run away somewhere.

The girl took care of the pups, and bathed them every day. They

[1] Compare Boas, RBAE 31 : 705.

[2] Compare Teit, JAFL 30 : 463.

had no food of any sort, but still they grew up quickly. One night, however, when the tide was low, she took pitch-wood and went to dig clams. She cooked them, gave some to the pups, and ate some herself as well. Another time she went out again, and on that occasion she heard drum-beating and singing in the house. The song was, —

"My mother is still out there digging clams."

One of the younger ones kept going out to see whether she was still there. When they saw her light coming toward the house, they put their dog-blankets on again, and lay down by the fire just like dogs. Next morning the woman cooked the clams as before, and said not a word to the pups. When night came, she got more pitch-wood ready, and went out again to dig clams. When she had almost filled her clam-basket, she heard dancing again. So, sticking her pitch-wood up in the sand, she took her clam-digger and went up to the house. She looked through a hole in the side of the house, and saw eight large boys dancing around the fire. She was delighted to find they were not really dogs. As soon as she saw them, she beat against the side of the house, and called to them that they ought to be boys, for they had shamed her. The boys stood abashed and hung their heads. They could not get their dog-blankets, as their mother stood over them. She took them all, and, cutting off the heads and feet, sewed them together to make a fine blanket.

Early the next morning the boys got up. Their mother told them to go bathe, and grow up quickly and be good boys: "for I am all alone here now, except for you." By this time an old woman who had been left behind had died. So the boys bathed every morning. One day the oldest one said, "Mother, make me a bow and arrow, that I may hunt birds!" The mother did so, and the boys shot many birds. One of them shot a rabbit. He skinned it, and of the sinews he made cord. He made a large bow, and a fine arrow with a bone point. When they grew a little older, they went about shooting deer. Each one had a pack of deer-meat. The sinews they saved to make cord. Soon they each made a large bow of yew-wood and went hunting elks. They shot many of them. Their mother helped them dry the meat. They kept the sinews, and saved what meat they wanted. The skins they cut up to make rope. One day they went hunting for the large bull-elk. They saw huge fresh elk-tracks, and, following them, shortly overtook the elk. All at the same time they shot off their arrows, and killed it instantaneously. Two of the boys went to summon their mother to dry the meat. The antlers and skins they saved. The antlers proved to be thick enough for a harpoon. They carried everything home. Now they worked on a hair-seal harpoon, and made an entire outfit. They immediately put it to the test,

and caught two hair-seals. The skin they saved for buoys for a whaling-outfit.

By this time they were grown men. They had caught many hair-seals, and now proceeded to make ready their whaling-outfit. An old canoe which the mother's father had left at the house — the good one he had taken with him — they repaired. They made a spear, but, not knowing much about whales, they made it of only one piece. Then they set out. The oldest brother was the spearsman; the second, the steersman. They found, when they tried to kill the whale, that the harpoon would not reach; so they decided they must have one of two or three lengths. One boy went home to make the spear. He built a large fire, and soon had it done. He put in three lengths. Now they all went out again. This time, when the whale came toward the canoe, they caught it, for now the harpoon was long enough. "Throw another spear at its head, so that it will not sink!" some one suggested. They did so, killed the whale, and towed it ashore. After this they caught a whale whenever they went out. The whole beach where they lived was covered with whale-bones.

The people who had gone away saw smoke rising from the place they had deserted. Crow came over to see what it meant. She was surprised to see all the whale-bones. When the woman saw her, she said, "Now you see what has happened to me and my boys! but don't say anything to my people when you go back; for we can live without them, my boys are whalers." Crow went back, and took along some whale-meat, which she gave her child. The child ate it, and in eating choked. Raven asked what the trouble was; and Crow replied, "She is eating dry clams." Raven stuck his finger in the child's mouth and pulled out a big clump of whale-meat. Then Crow told him. Raven immediately went to see the boys. He took only a little whale-meat, because he intended to come back and live there.[1] On his return home, Raven told all the people that the pups were grown men and great whalers, and that they all ought to go back to live in their former home. They acted on his advice. When they arrived there, they found the boys cutting up the whales. The boys, however, refused to stay, now that these people, who had formerly deserted them, had come back. They told their mother they were going to live with their father, and she could stay with hers. So they left her, and she cried for her sons.

16. THE SHARK.

There was once a shark who wanted to marry a human girl. He went to her house one night; and the girl woke up when he came in,

[1] Compare Boas, RBAE 31: 788.

but neither said a word. The next night he came again. This time the girl saw him come in, for there was moonlight. "I will come again," the Shark now informed her, "I am the man who was here before." When he came the third night, the girl noticed that he came from the beach. "I want to take you this time," he said to her. "My house is very near by." The girl consented to go. Before they went, however, she said to the girl who had been sleeping with her, and who had been awake all this time, though she said never a word, "Don't tell anybody until after we are safely gone!" Then they departed.

They went into the water, the man leading the girl by the hand. She was frightened, and said, "I shall drown when the water gets to my neck." She wanted to go no farther. The man, however, reassured her. "We shall be in the house directly," he said. Then they both went under, and arrived at Shark's house. It was a very large house indeed. They went to the young Shark's bed, and he put his wife in there. The girl could see no one in the entire house but her husband. She could see the fires clearly enough, but no people. When they brought her food, she could neither see who brought it, nor who took it away. The food was visible, but no person. At last, one morning after she had been there a long time, she did finally see the people in the house. She saw who brought the food, and all her husband's relatives and friends. Then she gave birth to a baby, a boy. All the people in Shark's house had short kelp on their faces, on their arms, and on their bodies. The woman soon began to grow some on her body, too. The boy as well, when he grew bigger, had short kelp on his body and face.

The Sharks were always fishing for porpoises and other sea-animals. One day they said, "Let us take this woman to see her friends! We will go with her and take food, dried seals, porpoises, and other things." So they got ready to go. By this time the girl who had been bed-fellow of Shark's wife told her people how the latter had been taken away by a young man, who had carried her to the water and had gone under with her. The people thought, of course, that she had been drowned, and mourned her greatly. One night the girl's mother went out on the beach. She was still crying for her daughter, when she heard something coming toward the beach. She looked around, and saw many porpoises, salmon, and hair-seals coming toward the shore. She stopped crying, and went home to tell her husband. She bade him tell the people to come and get the things. He called them all, and they carried up the food. Before going in, the mother looked back once more, and saw a woman come out of the ocean. She was leading a good-sized boy, and making straight for her house. She said to her husband, "I see a woman approaching, she comes from the

water directly toward us. I think she is our daughter." So the girl came to her home, and talked to her father and mother. She told them to go down to the beach and look after her friends who had come; they had brought her to see them. So everybody went down to the beach, the girl and boy with them. When they came there, no one was in sight. The woman, however, spoke to Shark in the shark language. She picked up something from the ground, and pulled it; but her people could see nothing, she was pulling the canoe for the Shark people. She told her father and mother to prepare to receive a large number of guests. She kept talking and laughing with the Shark people constantly. According to her instructions, they arranged seats in the house for a host of people. When the woman said that the Shark men wanted to wash their faces, and water was brought, she gave it first to her husband, then it was mysteriously moved from place to place, and still no man could be seen. The people began to wonder. Nevertheless they cooked much food, for the woman had said there were many people there. They placed the food on mats at the various seats. The woman sat at one end of the house, talking and laughing. She told them that these invisible people would bring them salmon, hair-seals, and other things, at regular intervals from then on. The people now noticed that the salmon was gone from the pots, but they did not see who had eaten it.

Next morning these people came again, and again the woman gave them food to eat, and, just as before, the pots emptied themselves. Then the woman's father said, "Don't come here again; for you are no longer a woman, but something else, and I do not want to see you again. Tell your friends to give us salmon, but not to come again." So all the Shark people went home, but the human people did not see them go.

17. WAR BETWEEN THE QUILEUTE AND OZETTE.

Once there was a war between the Quileute and the Ozette (Eyŭ'-elāt). One Quileute man lost all his brothers. He retired to a hill on the northern side of the mouth of the Quileute, and wept there. It was full moon, and the nights were very clear. One night he saw something in the river, with many animals swimming around it. At sight of this, the man stopped crying, and, taking off his blanket, jumped into the river and swam toward it. He swam right over seals, otters, and other animals, until he reached the thing in the centre. He grasped it, and straightway became unconscious. The water then rose; and when it sank, it left him on dry land close to some bushes. When he came to, he had in his hand a long bone sword for fighting. The name of the thing in the water was "Tsikatso."[1] The man

[1] *Tsikatso* is a sea-monster, the sight of which causes death.

wrapped his sword in a blanket, and retired to the woods. He bathed every day; but every time he saw an animal, it fell dead, on account of his being the owner of the supernatural sword. One day he went out to the seashore, and all the seals basking on rocks that he chanced to look at fell dead. So the man went back into the woods once more, and again bathed every day. The next time he set out for the shore, he first hid his sword in the woods. He saw quite a number of hair-seals on the rocks; but this time they did not die, as he had come without his sword. Then only did he venture to return home. The people he saw were entirely unaffected by him.

Once more he returned to the woods. This time he intended to make a sword that would be an exact copy of the magic one. When he had completed it, he came back to the beach, and, drawing near to some hair-seals on rocks, showed it to them, with the immediate result that they all dropped dead. Then he went home and told the people to take home the seals he had found. They set out to do as he said. When they came to the spot he mentioned, they saw how many hair-seals had been killed. They built a fire preparatory to cooking some of the meat. "Let that old woman eat first!" he advised. "If she lives, then all is well. If she dies, let no one else eat any, for I killed them with this sword I found. After this we shall go to war again." Then the old woman ate of the hair-seal meat, and, as she showed no ill effects, they took the meat home. The man told them to be sure to get all the meat in before the Ozette came again.

There was a young man in Ozette whose mother was Quileute. He used to warn the Quileutes every time the Ozette were on the war-path. By the time the seals were all put away, the Ozette young man came to inform the people that the Ozette were coming to fight in two days, and that they had better get ready for them. "We intend to go up and attack the Ozette ourselves," the people told him. So he returned with all possible speed, and notified the Ozette that the Quileute were contemplating an attack the very next day. He advised his people to fight on the beach, and let the Quileute fight from their canoes.

On the following morning the Quileute set out. The young man carried his sword under his blanket, so that his people might not see it. He told them that when they saw the Ozette, they should look out for the half-Quileute man who would wear on his head an eagle's tail on a long stick.

The Ozette held a war-dance, and then prepared to receive the Quileute who were watching for the young man with the eagle-feathers. When they saw him enter the house, the Quileute man gave orders to his people to lie down in the canoe and cover their heads, while he alone remained standing. Then only did he show his sword. He

waved it round his head, crying, "This is the sword of Tsikatso, and I am going to use it on you." The Ozette looked and died. The half-Quileute, hearing no more noise outside, looked out and saw the sword, and he, too, died. One slave among the Quileute peeked through a hole in a blanket, and he died as well. Then the young man wrapped his sword in a blanket, and called to his people to get up. All got up save one, this slave. All the Ozette, however, were dead, — all but two old men who had staid in the house. These went up to notify their Neah Bay relatives, the Makah, who were sore afraid. The Quileute now started for home. The man sang of how he had killed all the Ozette, including the young man, his relative. For him he wept.

18. WAR BETWEEN THE QUILEUTE AND OZETTE.

Once again there was a war between the Ozette and the Quileute. The Ozette had killed a chief of the Quileute. There was a Quileute man by the name of Watswad, who had a sister who looked exactly like him in every feature, even to a mole, which each had on the identical spot on the cheek. When they were dressed alike, you could not tell them apart. An Ozette chief, LaLadeyuk, sent word that if Watswad would give him his sister for a wife, the Ozette would stop fighting. "Let me go instead of my sister!" the young man begged. The people consented. So Watswad put on his sister's dress, and they took him to Ozette, while his sister staid at home. At that time the only knives they had were sharpened mussel-shells. Five of these he concealed under his blanket. His dress he fastened firmly around his waist with a leather strap, so that the Ozette man could not possibly tear it off. Just before they reached their destination, Watswad told his people, "If I kill him, I shall be back in four days; if I am not back by the fifth day, you will know that he has killed me. Watch for me at the first point above Quileute at low tide. If I come with the head of the Ozette man, I shall run zigzag toward the bushes; if I do not have it, I shall run straight."

When they arrived at Ozette with the young man, they called the people together, and told them that they had brought the girl for LaLadeyuk. Watswad, they said, was afraid, and had staid at home. The Ozette came down to the beach, and, pulling the canoe up on dry land, said to the Quileute, "Stay here for a few days! Don't be in a hurry to go back!" They brought the girl into the house, and admired her good looks. Watswad managed to escape notice for a moment; so, going out, he took a mussel-shell and cut his skin, to make blood run down from his crotch. When the people saw the blood, they did not doubt that this was surely a girl. Even when an old Quileute woman who was there said, "That girl looks like Watswad

to me, see how big her legs are!" the people only said, "No, that is his sister."

That night they made up a bed for this supposed girl. The man did not want to sleep with her, because he thought she was menstruating; so they slept with their heads toward each other. The old woman slept with her feet toward the girl's feet. In the middle of the night the Ozette man went to sleep with Watswad; but the latter said, "Go back! I am menstruating. You must look out for yourself." He then tried to play with him, but Watswad was too strong. From now on he slept soundly, and Watswad saw that it would be easy to kill him. Next morning he told the Quileute to go back home. The Ozette wanted to keep them, but they insisted they had to go.

The morning after this they cooked a few roots, and pounded them to make them soft. Watswad worked quickly, like a man; and again the old woman thought, "That is surely Watswad, he does not work like a woman."

The third night, when they all went to bed, Watswad arranged the pillow carefully for the man. After a while he spoke out loud; but, as the Ozette did not hear him, he knew he was asleep. Then Watswad opened the door softly. He cut off his dress and went back to bed again. When he saw that the man was still sleeping soundly, he took a mussel-shell and cut his throat. His throat made a noise as it was cut; and the old woman, who was not asleep, heard it, and said, "I hear a noise. I told you that was Watswad." He used up four mussel-shells in cutting off the head. As he was about to carry the head away, his wife kicked the Ozette man, saying, "Your boy is urinating in the bed." The man, of course, did not move. The old woman said, "I think so too." She told the Ozette man to get up; and when he did not answer, she got up and touched him. When she found his head gone, she cried out and aroused everybody.[1]

In the confusion, Watswad had run off. He was a very fast runner. The Ozette sent their fastest runner after him; but they soon found that the chase was hopeless, and gave up. They fought no more, either, for their strong man had been killed.

When, early the next morning, the Quileute saw a young man coming toward them on a zigzag run, they cried, "Here comes Watswad with the head of the Ozette chief!" and all rejoiced and were glad. In those days the Quileute who lived on James Island could see a long ways off. Watswad came singing, "I am the fastest runner of all, and Wolf comes next."

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[1] Compare Boas, RBAE 31: 847.

PLAINS OJIBWA TALES.

BY ALANSON SKINNER.

INTRODUCTION.

THE accompanying tales were collected from the Plains Ojibwa (Bûngi) Indians residing on the Long Plains Reserve, Manitoba, during June and July, 1913. They were obtained from Dauphin Myran, Joe Countois, Piziki, Joe Pasoin, and, above all, from Ogimáu-winini. They represent the folk-lore of one of the Western bands of Ojibwa in contact with the Plains peoples, and themselves in a transitional stage between plains and forest culture.[1] One of the tales was collected at Odanah, Wis.; another one at Manitowoc, Wis.; and the provenience of these tales is indicated in the text.

The stories are published by permission of the American Museum of Natural History, under whose auspices the expedition was made.

I. TALES OF THE CULTURE-HERO.

(1) *Nänibozhu and the Shut-Eyed Dance.*[2]

Once Nänibozhu was travelling, and he thought he would try to fool the birds that fly. He met a goose: "*Nicim*, I've brought a fine dance to you. It's called Shut-Eye Dancing." All the birds came to his call, and during the dance he sang, "Let the fat ones all come together! Whoever opens his eyes, or even winks, will have red eyes, and he'll never be able to shut them again."

When they danced by, he grabbed them and wrung their necks. When he killed one, he would shove it under the ashes. Meantime some one was stealing his birds, breaking off their legs, and putting them back. There was one bird that peeped and saw; and when he heard the noise, he cried, "Nänibozhu is killing us!" and all fled, but only a few were left to flee. After this, Nänibozhu lay down to sleep, and told his anus to warn him if any one came. In the morning he looked, and found that the geese were all gone. He was angry at his anus, so he burned it to punish it; and it cried, "*Tciii, t-c-il*" — "Oh, now you're squealing! Why didn't you tell me when some one was stealing my birds?" He started off then, but the bushes scratched his anus till it itched. He found some meat on the bushes when he

[1] See "The Cultural Position of the Plains Ojibway," by Alanson Skinner (AA 16: 314–318).

[2] See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 1] : 101, 169, 409).

turned around, and he ate this. The birds laughed, "Oh, Nänibozhu is eating his scabs!"

(2) *Nänibozhu and the Cranberries.*[1]

He went on to the river. He saw some berries: so he dived with his mouth open, but only got a mouthful of mud. He looked again, and tried, and this time he got another bite of mud. He thought a while, looked up, and saw some berries hanging on the top of the bank. He reached up and plucked some, and they tasted fine: so he said, "The Indians shall call you cranberry, and they will all always like you."

(*a*) *Nänibozhu as Duped Diver.*[2]

Nänibozhu was travelling along, when he came to a large river. When he arrived at the brink, he saw that the water looked very beautiful and red: so he thought he would plunge in. The water, however, was very shallow: so when he dived, he scraped his face on the sharp stones at the bottom. He got up stunned and bleeding, holding his head with his hands, and trying to see out of his swollen eyes. As he looked up on the bank, he saw bushes filled with red cranberries hanging over the edge, and it was the reflection of this fruit that made the water so red and tempting. So he came out, and started out again.

(3) *Nänibozhu and the Winged Startlers.*[3]

He went on. Soon he saw some partridges, and he asked them (they were little ones on their nest), "What's your name?" — "Pinä." — "What is your other name? Every one has two names." — "Kuskungese (startling), that's my name." Nänibozhu didn't believe him. "You're not that kind." He turned about and defecated upon them.

(4) *Nänibozhu and the Buzzard.*[4]

He saw a fine bird as he walked; it was Wina^{n}ge' the buzzard he saw. "Brother, can't you take me way up there?" — "Yes, I can." So he took Nänibozhu up. Finally the bird got tired, but Nänibozhu wanted to go on up. Then the bird turned, and down Nänibozhu fell. Nänibozhu wished he might fall in a soft place, saying, "I made the world." He did fall in a soft place.

[1] See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 1]: 117, 179); for other references, see Boas, BBAE 59 : 306).

[2] See BBAE 59 : 306 (note 1).

[3] See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 1] : 41, 187); for other references, see Boas, BBAE 59 : 293 (note 2).

[4] See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 1]: 133).

He went along, and saw a river with a great gorge. So he went back, and said, "If any one promises me a fine young girl, I'll jump it." The Partridges came, and saw what he was up to: so when he returned a second time, when at the edge, the Partridges sneaked up to him. "If some one would give me Ukimawas, I would jump it." He hesitated until the fourth time, when up rose the Partridges with a "whooo!" and Nänibozhu fell over the edge in fright, but fell in soft sand.

(*a*) *Nänibozhu and the Buzzard.*[1]

Then he looked up, got up, and climbed the hill. Then he turned himself into a dead moose. All the birds came to eat. He opened his eyes from time to time. Finally Buzzard came, and all the birds left. The bird could only find flesh at Moose's anus, but feared it might be Nänibozhu, and held back; then he pecked cautiously, then he got busy; and Nänibozhu caught him and came to life, and walked off with one bird hanging with flapping wings. Nänibozhu had him two days. "Oh, I might kill my brother!" he thought. So he looked at him, and found the hair all worn off his head. "Now I'm even with you!" he cried, and added, "You were the finest bird I ever saw, but now you'll be the most disgusting and evil-smelling bird. There'll be no quills on your head forever, you'll be called 'Wisnä^{n}ge',' and you'll eat carrion." That is the end.

(*b*) *Wenibozo and the Buzzard.*

(Collected at Odanah, Wis.)

Wenibozo, having seen all the earth and the water, wished to explore the air: so he begged the Buzzard to take him aloft. Buzzard agreed, on condition that Wenibozo would make himself very small, which was done.

Then Buzzard took his rider so high in the sky, that he felt dizzy and faint, and fell asleep. Buzzard then meanly placed his slumbering friend on the edge of a precipice, so that Wenibozo would fall off the moment he awoke; but somehow Wenibozo saved himself, and was furious when he discovered the trick that had been played on him.

In order to be revenged, Wenibozo turned himself into a dead bull, and lay where Buzzard would see him. Sure enough, Buzzard came and pecked out Wenibozo's eyes; but the hero did not stir until Buzzard thrust his head up Wenibozo's rectum. Thereupon Wenibozo contracted his muscles; and Buzzard, in his struggles to get loose, pulled all the feathers from his head, which has been bare ever since.

[1] See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 1] : 137).

(5) *Nänibozhu and Rabbit.*

Nänibozhu was travelling one day, when he saw a tiny tent of grass: so he peeped in, and saw a little rabbit. "Hau, little rabbit, I'll kill you now!" said he, and he drew his knife; but the rabbit ran between his legs. In trying to hit him, Nänibozhu split the end of his own mentula. "Well, well," said he, "all men shall be like this forever."

(6) *Nänibozhu and the Wolves.*[1]

Nänibozhu was travelling along, when he came to a family of Wolves, and he decided to live with them. He called the eldest Wolf his younger brother.[2] When it became winter, he suffered very much from the cold: so one night he said to the old Wolf, "My younger brother (*nise*), I am very cold." They were all sleeping together in a snow-bank: so the old Wolf said to one of his sons, "Throw your tail over your uncle!" The young Wolf obeyed; and Nänibozhu was soon warm enough, and fell asleep. Soon, however. Nänibozhu became too warm, and perspired exceedingly, until he awoke. "That confounded old tail!" he cried, throwing it to one side, "it's too warm for me!" After that he felt more comfortable, and fell asleep once more, only to awake colder than ever. "O my younger brother!" he cried, "I am perishing with the cold." Wolf awoke, and again ordered his son to throw his tail over Nänibozhu. "Oh! I was covering him, but he pushed my tail away," said the young Wolf. "Oh, well! it makes no difference," replied his father, "cover him again." Nänibozhu now felt comfortable once more, and soon fell asleep, only to awake in a little while, all hot and sweaty. "That confounded old tail is too hot for me!" he cried, pushing it away impatiently, and fell asleep again. In a short time he was awake once more, and nearly frozen. "O my younger brother! I am perishing with the cold." So the old Wolf awoke, and ordered his son to cover Nänibozhu with his tail. "Oh! I was covering him," replied the son, "but he thrust my tail away." — "That is of no consequence," retorted his father, "cover him again." So the young Wolf obeyed.

A third time Nänibozhu awoke, hot and sweaty. "That confounded old tail is too hot for me!" he cried, shoving it off, and fell asleep, only to awake half dead with cold. "O my younger brother! this cold is making an end of me," he cried; and the old Wolf woke up, and ordered his son to cover Nänibozhu with his tail. "But I have been doing it!" cried the young Wolf, "and he only thrusts it away." — "That is a matter of no importance," ordered the elder Wolf, "cover him again." So the younger Wolf obeyed, and they slept in peace till morning.

[1] See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 1]: 73, 235, 373).

[2] Wolf-Brother, some say "uncle."

In the morning, when they arose, Nänibozhu informed his younger brother the Wolf that he was about to depart. "But you must give me one of your sons for a companion." — "Oh, you may have him, *do'zim!*" [1] So Nänibozhu took the young Wolf with whom he had slept for his chum, and they hunted together.

(7) *The Death of the Wolf.*[2]

One night Nänibozhu had a dream. So in the morning he called his nephew, and said to him, "I have had a vision concerning you. You must never try to go across the water. You must not try to cross even a very small brook. Do not even attempt to jump across any water, however narrow and shallow it may be." The young Wolf remembered Nänibozhu's words very well for a time; but one day, when he was pursuing some elk, they bounded across a narrow rivulet, and the young Wolf leaped after them, forgetting his uncle's injunction. Straightway the brook became a broad river; and he fell in the centre, and was dragged down by the Micikenebikuk, the great horned snakes.

In the mean time Nänibozhu waited in his tent for his nephew to return; and when he did not come back, Nänibozhu wondered and wondered what had detained him. "It must be that he has tried to cross a stream," thought Nänibozhu to himself. So at last he went out to search for the young Wolf. He tracked him until he found where the youth had started the elk, and he followed their trail until he came to the great river at last. Then Nänibozhu knew what had happened, and he determined to be revenged.

There was a certain place on the river-bank where the horned snakes were wont to come out and sun themselves. So Nänibozhu went to this spot, and there turned himself into an old dry stump. When the sun came out warm, the big snakes crept out; but one of them saw the stump. "Oh, that must be Nänibozhu!" he whispered to the others; and they all crawled back to their den.

The next day they came out once more, and again they spied the stump. "Oh, Nänibozhu must be there yet!" they cried, and scuttled off to their lair.

On the third day there were some who said, "Pshaw! that stump has been there always, it was there before we came to the place;" but there were others who argued, "No, that stump is Nänibozhu, it has only stood there a few days." — "We can remember it when we first came," said the others. "Well, if it is there to-morrow, we shall believe it was always there," said the rest.

[1] *Dozim*, "nephew;" that is, brother's son.

[2] See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 1]: 89, 251, 389).

The next day the stump was still there, and some of the snakes came out and saw it. They went back at once and told the others; and so they all squirmed out on the sand-bank, and basked in the sun until they fell asleep. Then Nänibozhu came to life, and, taking his bow, he slipped in among the sleeping snakes and shot the largest three. Then he fled as fast as he could, while the rest of the snakes plunged into the river. The rest of the snakes gathered basswood-bark, and stretched strings all over the world for Nänibozhu to stumble over, and thus warn them of his whereabouts.

(8) *Nänibozhu slays Toad-Woman.*[1]

By and by Nänibozhu, finding that he was not pursued, came sneaking back. As he drew near the place where he shot the snakes, he met an old woman carrying a load of basswood (*wikop*) bark on her back. She was singing to herself, —

"Nänäbuc[2] okĭpimaun"
("Nänäbuc fired [at the snakes]")

"Grandma (*noko*), what are you carrying on your back?" asked Nänibozhu. "Oh!" cried the old lady in terror, "you must be Nänibozhu!" — "Oh, no! grandma, I am not Nänibozhu," the hero replied. "If Nänibozhu were here, he would kill you. What is that you have on your back for?" — "Oh," replied the old crone, "they're going to stretch this basswood all over the world to try to find Nänibozhu."

"Why are you singing?" asked Nänibozhu. "Why, this Nänibozhu has shot some manitous with his arrows," the old woman replied, "and they want me to try to cure them; that's why I'm singing 'Nänäbuc' okĭtcimaun!' When I've done that, I'll take a hold of the ends of the arrows with my teeth and pull them out."

So Nänibozhu began to repeat the song, —

"Nänäbuc' okĭtcimaun!"—

until he had learned it well. Then he killed the old lady and skinned her, and crawled into her skin himself. Then he made his way directly to the snake village, and went in, all doubled up and tottering. There were some children playing there; and as soon as they saw him, they began to shout, "O granny, granny! they've been waiting, waiting, waiting, here for you."

"O my little grandchildren! lead me there," begged Nänibozhu. "I am so old, and my eyes are so sore, I cannot see very well." So the

[1] See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 1]: 145, 261, 399).

[2] Observe the similarity of the abbreviation Nänäbuc' to the Menominee regular form of the name of the culture-hero, Mä'näbus.

little boys took him by the hand and led him to a seat where a very, very old hag was staying; and she was none other than Omuhaki, the toad.

Nänibozhu stumbled by her. "Oh, where are you going? that is the wrong way," she cried. So a young man was called. "Grandma, I've come for you," he said. "Oh, then you lead me!" said Nänibozhu. "I can't see, I've cried so much." So the youth took him by the hand, and conducted him to a great tent.

When they got there, he saw his nephew's skin stretched for the door-covering, and he burst into tears. Then, when he got inside, they offered him food; and what they gave him to eat was his son's legs and feet, so he wept the more. When the meal was over, Nänibozhu prepared to make his medicine. He informed all those who had gathered there that it was necessary for him to be all alone with the patients while he attempted their cure. So the other snakes went out. Then Nänibozhu began to sing, —

"Nänäbuc' okĭpimaun!"

He pretended to pull the arrows out, but he really went up to each of the chiefs, and shoved the arrows in until he died.

Then he got up and went back to old lady Toad's tent. "*Nih e'!* all of our chiefs are dead!" he cried. The old woman stared at Nänibozhu as he entered. "Why do you do that?" he asked. "Oh, I really believe you are Nänibozhu!" she exclaimed. "Oh, for that matter, I think you are right!" replied Nänibozhu; and he stripped off his disguise, and killed the old lady then and there. Then he snatched up his nephew's skin and fled at top speed, jumping over the basswood strings that had been spread to betray him. Of each one he inquired, "Are there any more of you ahead?" and each would reply, "Yes," until he came to the last one, which answered, "No." Then Nänibozhu took hold of the last string and pulled it.

"Oh! *ihe'!* Nänibozhu is pulling our string!" cried all the manitous, and they sent the water rising after him. In the mean time Nänibozhu fled at top speed, but the flood gained upon him at every stride. As he fled, he saw a large old woodchuck digging away in the side of a hill.

"O my younger brother! our lives are in danger, unless you save me," he cried. So Woodchuck began to tunnel into the hill, with the hero at his heels. But Woodchuck sent the earth flying out behind, and filled the eyes of Nänibozhu.

"Oh, hold on, my little brother!" cried he, "you are blinding me." — "What did you say?" asked Woodchuck without stopping. "You are blinding me!" cried Nänibozhu. "Eh, what?" asked Woodchuck without turning or pausing. "I say, you are throwing

dirt in my eyes!" — "Oh, yes! that's true," answered Woodchuck, never ceasing. "Confound you, you big vulva!" roared Nänibozhu in a rage, and he kicked Woodchuck to death.

Now Nänibozhu was at the mercy of the water, so again he fled before the flood. The waves were almost at his heels, when he came to a tall pine-tree and climbed to its top, with the deluge mounting behind him.

"Oh, extend yourself, my little brother!" he begged of the tree, and it shot up to double its former height. The water, however, kept pace with the tree: so Nänibozhu begged it to extend again, and again the tree increased itself by once its former height. Again the water rose; and once more Nänibozhu besought the tree to extend itself, and it became four times its former height. Now it could do no more, and the water rose to the hero's feet. Then all at once Nänibozhu felt an overwhelming desire to defecate, and he did so. Still the water rose, and at last it was up to his chin. Then Nänibozhu felt something drifting against his mouth. He put up his hand and pushed it away. It was his own excrement.

Nänibozhu had succeeded in saving four animals, which he kept on the tree with him. They were a beaver, an otter, a loon, and a muskrat. So he asked the otter to dive down and fetch him up a little earth from the bottom, that he might make land for them to live upon. The otter obediently went down; but after a long time it came up, quite dead, and unsuccessful. Then Nänibozhu took the otter in his hands and blew upon it, and it came to life. Next he asked the beaver to fetch him some dirt, but it too was unsuccessful: so Nänibozhu brought it to life. Then he asked the loon, which also failed; but he brought it to life. Then Nänibozhu determined to try the muskrat; and it dived, and was gone a long time. When it came up, it was quite dead; but Nänibozhu found the least little bit of soil in its paws. He blew on the muskrat and brought it to life; then he took the dirt, but it was hardly enough.

"O my younger brother! I am afraid you will have to go again," he cried. Muskrat was unwilling, however; but Nänibozhu exclaimed, "Oh, do not be afraid, my little brother! I can make you alive again."

The muskrat dived, and soon came up again drowned, with just a little mud in its paws. Then Nänibozhu restored the muskrat, and took the earth, and made the poor animal dive again. When the muskrat had dived four times, then there was enough earth for Nänibozhu to work with. He threw the dirt about until the world started to grow.

Then he picked up the wolf's hide and blew upon it, and brought his nephew to life. "Now, I am going to send you to run around the world to see how big it is," he said. The young Wolf set out; and

when he got back, he had been gone so long that he was middle-aged. Still Nänibozhu was not satisfied. "No, it is not big enough yet, you'll have to try again," he ordered. This time, when the Wolf returned, he was very old, and he was only able to totter to his uncle's feet; and there he fell down, and expired of sheer old age. But Nänibozhu made him alive and young again.

"Hau, nephew! Now you shall be called Maiingan, a wolf, by the people," and Nänibozhu let him go.

Then Nänibozhu went away, I do not know where; but I saw the wolf running.[1]

(9) *Nänibozhu and the Tree-Holders.*[2]

Once, when Nänibozhu was travelling, he met a virginia deer. The deer was frightened, and started to run away; but Nänibozhu called to it. "Hold on, *nicim*, my younger brother! I want to tell you something. They're killing each other where I came from. They're acting like this," he added, coming up close to the deer, which had stopped to hear the news, and drawing his bow. "Just this way they accomplish it, my younger brother." With these words Nänibozhu let go of his bowstring; and the arrow pierced the deer, which started and fell dead. He whipped his knife from his sheath. "Oh!" laughed he, "there was no one doing it at all."

So he butchered the deer and cooked it all, turning the meat with a stick. Although he was exceedingly hungry, Nänibozhu determined not to eat a bit of the meat until it was all prepared. However, from time to time he could not resist the temptation to run through his lips the turning-stick, which was covered with juice. This made him very angry with himself; and each time he did it he would slap his mouth, and cry out, "You are awfully hungry!"

When he was all ready, he made a birch-bark dish to use, and poured the gravy into it. He went to a tree that had been blown down near by and hid the dish beneath it; then he went back, cut himself a piece of venison, and sat down to eat. Just then he noticed a strange noise — "kip, kip!" — that annoyed him. He took the food from his mouth and set it down, while he searched for the source of his discomfort. Two branches on a tree near by were rubbing together in the breeze, thus causing the noise: so Nänibozhu climbed up and tried to pull them apart. As he was tugging, his hand slipped in between them, and he was firmly caught by the wrist. Nänibozhu tugged and pulled, but he could not get loose.

In the mean time a pack of wolves were hunting in the neighborhood, and presently they came by that way. When they saw Nänibozhu

[1] Narrated by Dauphin Myran, assisted by Ne'nawigabo.

[2] See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 1] : 117, 159).

hanging there in the tree, they said to one another, "Oh, there's Nänibozhu! he must have meat." So they came up and found the venison, which they ate to the last morsel, excepting the head. As they were famished, Nänibozhu, in hopes of saving his broth, called after them, "*He*, brothers! It's no use looking under the trees."—"Oh! he must have something else hidden there," said the wolves to one another. So they came back, and snuffed hungrily around until they found and ate all the soup and grease. Then they scampered off.

As soon as they were out of sight, Nänibozhu pulled loose with the greatest of ease, and came down from the tree; but there was nothing left of the deer excepting its head, which the wolves had overlooked. In order to get at the brains the better, Nänibozhu turned himself into a little garter-snake, and began to eat them through the opening at the base of the skull. He put his head inside; and so intense was his satisfaction, that presently he forgot himself and became a human being again. Of course, the deer's skull was stuck over his head, and, try his hardest, he could not get it off. In this condition he could not see anything, but he determined to find his way to the river. As he stumbled along, he bumped into a tree.

"What are you?" he asked, and the tree replied. "How far are you from the river?" was his next question. "O my elder brother! I am very near," the tree replied. So Nänibozhu stumbled on until he came to the water, and walked in.

"How deep in am I?" he asked the water; and he would have asked again, but just then he stepped off the bottom and went down. He came up again in a minute, and floated, struggling, downstream.

Some little boys at play on the river-bank saw the deer's antlers drifting by, and threw stones at them. They hit the skull and split it, and released Nänibozhu, who popped up his head. The little chaps were frightened when they saw this happen. Nänibozhu came out of the water and went to Winnipeg.

(10) *Nänibozhu is fooled by the Rushes.*[1]

Once, when Nänibozhu was walking along, he heard the noise of a great dance going on. "Oh, I must go to that!" thought he. So he hurried on until he saw a great crowd dancing, and he rushed to join them.

All day long they danced furiously, and all night long they stamped and bent without cessation. When dawn arrived, Nänibozhu was worn out, and heartily wished the dance was over. When the sun rose, however, he discovered that he had not been dancing with people at all; for he found himself standing in the midst of a field of bulrushes, whose gyrations in the breeze had resembled Indians dancing.

[1] See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 1] : 45, 181).

(11) *Nänibozhu and the Windigo.*[1]

One time Nänibozhu was out walking, when he met a Windigo (cannibal), who glared hungrily at him and ordered him to go and fetch a nice straight spit. Nänibozhu was dreadfully frightened, for he knew that the Windigo wanted the spit for no other purpose than that of roasting him: so he cut the most crooked one he could find. He brought it back to the Windigo, who was angry, and, after scolding him, sent him to cut another. Nänibozhu, weeping bitterly, went back, and wasted as much time as possible in finding a still more crooked stick, and brought it to the cannibal. This time the Windigo was furious, and, in great rage, sent him back again to secure a straight one. The Windigo fell asleep.

Just as before, Nänibozhu procured a wretched bent spit, and started to bring it back, when he met Weasel. "O younger brother!" he cried, "you must help me kill this Windigo. You run up his anus and bite his heart." This the weasel did, and the cannibal woke up. "Oh!" he cried, "I am not feeling well." Then to Nänibozhu, "Where's that spit?" When he saw it, he was provoked. "Oh, that is useless! Go and get me a straight one!"

This time Nänibozhu did get a fine straight spit, and returned with it to the Windigo; but in the mean time Weasel had been biting the cannibal's heart, so he died before he could use it on Nänibozhu.

Then Nänibozhu called Weasel to him. "Now I shall reward you, my younger brother," he said, so he made the weasel very white. Then he took an eagle-feather and tied it to the weasel's tail, which accounts for the black tip.

(12) *End of Nänibozhu.*

It is said that Nänibozhu met a manitou, and asked him for the gift of immortality: so the manitou turned him into a stone.[2]

(13) *Origin of the Nibiked.*[3]

A man came to Nänibozhu when he was a ghost. "*Nicim*," said Nänibozhu, "I've wanted to see you for a long time." Nänibozhu shook an old rattle. "The Indians shall always use this," said he.

He had also an old brass kettle about half full of water. He gave the man the clairvoyant bones, which he swallowed. As soon as he had done this, he could hear the rattle, which he could not do before.

[1] Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 1] : 197).

[2] The Menominee have a story in which Mä'näbus turns a man into a stone because he had the temerity to ask to live forever.

[3] A myth was collected from the Menominee, where Mä'näbus secures certain rites accounting for the origin of the Je'sako, the Menominee doctor's cult corresponding to the Nibiked.

He was then told by Nänibozhu to drink the water in the kettle from where he stood, and he was astonished to find that he could suck it up from a distance.

"You are young," said Nänibozhu, "don't try to cure people until you have a son. When he becomes a man, you may start in."

(14) *Nänibozhu turns a Man to Stone.*

The Ojibwa say that once Nänibozhu was at home when he beat on a water-drum. Four men heard it, and travelled towards the sound. They went on for eight days, but still it seemed to be as far away as ever. All at once they came to it, and received various medicines from Nänibozhu. These medicines were very strong. He told them, "That's why I was drumming, to call you." He then promised to grant the four anything they should ask for.

Three of the men asked to live until their hair was white. The fourth begged for eternal life; then Nänibozhu turned him into a stone of the sort used in the sweat-lodge.

(15) *Nänibozhu deceives the Buffaloes.*

Nänibozhu tied knives to two trees, and caused them to fight. A couple of buffaloes came over to see what was up, but fled when they saw Nänibozhu.

"Come back!" he called, "I won't hurt you. These two men are fighting because of an argument as to which of you two is the fatter. Wait till I smell you and see."

The buffaloes allowed him to come close enough to examine them, when he stabbed the cow and killed her.

2. THE MAGIC FLIGHT.[1]

Once a man and his wife and their two little boys lived in the forest. Every day, while the husband was gone, his wife submitted to the embraces of a man who lived in a tree near by. She would comb her hair, paint her face, and knock on the tree, then he would come out. One day her husband returned unexpectedly and caught them. He slew the man, and cut off his wife's head. Then he gave his oldest son four things, — an awl, a needle, a bit of thread, and a knife. He told him, "If that head follows you, throw away these things. Throw the awl first, and say, 'Big mountains with ravines must rise up!' Then throw away the needle, and say, 'There will be thorns!' Then throw away the thread, and say, 'Let there be horned snakes!' Then throw the knife, and say, 'Let it be a big river!' If I am killed, the sky will be red at sunset."

[1] For references, see Boas, BBAE 59 : 304 (note 1); Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 2] : 405).

Then the father went off, and the boys fled. The body followed the man, but the head chased the boys.

The boys fled, the eldest carrying the other on his back. Presently the head began to draw near; and they heard it cry, "Hold on, hold on! my dear son, I am going to nurse your little brother!"

The boy then threw away the awl, and a great mountain arose; but the head found a cleft, and rolled through. When it caught up again, the boy threw away his needle, saying, "Be thou a thorn-bush!" The hair of the head caught there and held it back; but it begged a worm to cut its hair, and it escaped. It said to the worm, "If you help me, you may marry me!" — "How?" asked the worm. "Oh, per foramen magnum!"

The worm took its pay; and the head followed, and nearly caught up with the boys. Then the boy threw away his thread, and it became a horned snake. The head rolled up to it and bounced around, begging the snake to let it by. "If you do, you may marry me." — "How?" asked the horned snake. "Oh, per foramen magnum."

The snake agreed, and, raising itself, let it by. Presently the head nearly caught up again with the fugitives. So the eldest boy threw away his knife, and called for a river. The head could not get across; but there was a pelican there, and it begged the pelican to help it. "If you do so, you may marry me." — "How?" — "Oh, per foramen magnum!" — "All right! but there's a seat on the back of my neck; don't touch it as I ferry you over." However, the head disobeyed, so the pelican dumped it in the river. The eldest boy threw a stone at it and broke it open.

That evening the sky was red, so the children knew their father had been killed.[1]

3. RACCOON AND CRAWFISH.[2]

A raccoon lay by the water's edge, playing dead. All the crawfish came out and felt him all over. Suddenly he sprang up and devoured them. When he was all finished, he found two little ones, so small that he had overlooked them. The larger one was carrying the other on its back. When they saw him, they began to weep, and say, —

"Asipûn änosinäm!"
("Raccoon, me too!")

"Oh, no!" he replied, "you are too small."

[1] The narrator said that there was more to this story, but that all that he could remember was that the wolves took care of the younger brother after the older one had lost him. The rest of the tale is no doubt the regular lost wolf-brother story of the Algonkin.

[2] See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 2] : 729).

4. FIRST-BORN (MUTCIKIWIS).[1]

First-Born (*mutcikiwis*) and his seven brothers, who were all good hunters, went hunting one day; and when they came home, they saw a pile of wood at the door, and saw some one else there. First-Born said, "One of us is wanted. A woman is doing this." So First-Born said, "I will stay at home to-morrow all day;" but nobody came. The others came home, but there was no woman there. The next brother staid the next day, but no one came; then the next one, and no one came; then the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh staid, but the woman did not return. Then the youngest brother staid at home. As soon as all were gone, a pack of wood fell down, and a woman walked in and sat down.

In the evening First-Born came home first. He said, "*Ninimitokatukosiuk änn h.*" He was angry, wishing that the woman had come to him. He continued to go hunting, but he would sneak back to the place where the woman was gathering wood. He saw that every time she motioned to a tree with her fist, the tree would fall to pieces. First-Born watched her the next day. He shot and killed her; and she went up in the air, as she was a *manitu penäsi.*

First-Born came home last that evening. He said, "Where is my sister-in-law *änn h?*" The youngest brother was downhearted. First-Born knew by his manitou power that his brother would follow his wife. He asked him to be careful, as the undertaking was dangerous.

The youth went out, and saw tracks. He had two arrows. One of them he shot up into the air. In the evening the arrow dropped along a trail, and there was a tepee in which an old woman was sitting. "Nosis, come in!" The old woman had a thimble. She put it on the fire (and put one grain of rice into it [2]). The youth was disappointed. The old woman said, "Nosis, don't feel that way! No one can empty my kettle." He ate until he had enough. When he could eat no more, the kettle was empty. The old woman knew who her guest was. She gave him dew-claws of the moose, and said, "You are going to a difficult place. Your wife passed yesterday. To-morrow night you will come to my sister, she will help you."

In the morning he shot his second arrow, and followed it. In the evening it fell, and he found a camp in which a still older woman was sitting. She gave him to eat. "You are going to a difficult place. Your wife went there the day before yesterday." She gave him two buffalo-horns. "You will meet my sister to-morrow evening."

The same thing happened as on the day before. He shot an arrow, and it fell in the evening. He met a very old woman, who said,

[1] See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 2]: 133).

[2] Supplemented from Jones's version.

"Sit down, grandchild!" She prepared food for him in a tiny kettle, which he was unable to empty. She said, "Your wife passed three days ago in the morning. I am next to the last sister whom you will pass. Be careful! No one ever returns who follows this woman." She gave him the two short ribs of a buffalo.

On the following day he shot an arrow and followed it. In the evening he came to a very, very old woman, who said, "Sit down, sit down!" He did not sleep that night. In the morning she said, "Four days ago your wife went back. What did the first grandmother give you?" — "Moose-claws." — "Use them first as you go up the mountain. What did you get next?" — "Horns." — "Use them when you have used up the claws. Be careful with them! What did you get next?" — "Ribs." — "The first three gifts will take you quite a ways; then you will climb up hand over hand by means of the ribs; then you will become a squirrel and jump up on a knife mountain. It is a bad place to which you are going. No one has ever returned. At the foot of the mountains you will see skeletons of men. That is her doing. When you reach the sharp top, do not look back. You will see a camp of tents away off, and in the largest tent your wife stays. When you go in, you will see eight women all in a row. Your wife is next to the door. Go in and sit down by her. Then she will say, 'What are you sitting here for? Your wife is over there!' She will say that three times. Then you will feel them move. Take hold of your wife, and cling to her. When you come to, they will all be standing at the edge of that mountain. Hold her tighter than ever; and when you come to, you will be back in the tent."

So he started off. All happened as the old woman had told. When they were back in the tent, his father-in-law said, "There must be some one related to him. Take him home! There are seven brothers; he is the eighth." The youth was very glad. The old man said, "Each girl shall give him two quills, so that he can go as fast as you." They started all together. All at once he recognized the spot where he and his brothers had lived. They all landed together. Then he went ahead to the camp, leaving the girls behind. He saw nothing but ashes, tracks of animals, birds, bears, rabbits, squirrels, and gophers leading to the tent. He put his head inside and called his brothers. He said, "I have come home!" The brothers replied, "That is what these animals say to fool us," and they threw ashes in his eyes. He spoke again, and the same thing happened. First-Born, however, said, "It has never happened that the same words were repeated twice." He opened his eyes with his fingers, for they were swollen from weeping, and he saw his youngest brother. He cried, "Our poor brother has come home!" He cleaned the tent

and set it in order. Then the youngest brother went out, after telling his brothers that he had married the youngest girl. He brought in the next elder one, and gave her to his next elder brother. First-Born said, "*Ann!* it is queer that the youngest brothers get married first." After this he called the other sisters in order, and gave them to his brothers in the order of age. Finally the eldest girl came in with a sounding-thimble dress. She sat down with First-Born. Then First-Born took his war-club and hit a mound near the door, crying, "I'll kill a bear!" He killed one, and pulled it into the tent. He said, "That is the way to do when you are going to get married, '*aannh!*'"

5. TURTLE'S WAR-PARTY.[1]

Once upon a time Snapping-Turtle (*mikana'k*) thought he would go to war. So he turned to the north, and began to sing,[2] —

"Hawene kewetciwaki n'dje andopaneya'?"

("Who will go with me to hunt the enemy?")

Presently up came Owl (*koko'koho*). "I will go!" he cried. "What will you do if we meet the enemy?" asked Turtle. Owl hovered noiselessly about for a moment, and then pounced down to the earth. "Oh, you are no good! You would be shot at once!" cried Turtle, dismissing him.

Then Turtle faced the east, and began to sing, —

"Hawene kewetciwake n'dje andopaneya'?"

In a short time Raven appeared. "I will go!" he cried. "What can you do if we meet the enemy?" asked Turtle. Raven circled, and swooped down out of the sky. "Oh, you won't do!" declared Turtle. "You would be shot in an instant."

So he turned to the south, and began to sing, —

"Hawene kewetciwake n'dje andopaneya'?"

Instantly Kekek (a species of hawk) came dashing up. "I will go!" he volunteered. "What would you be able to do if we should meet the enemy?" asked Turtle. The hawk flew high into the heavens, and pounced down with great speed. "Oh, you are no good!" cried Turtle. "You are too slow, you would be shot at once."

So Turtle turned his face to the west, and sang, —

"Hawene kewetciwake n'dje andopaneya'?"

By and by Mûskudesê (a small species of tortoise) came crawling up. "I will go!" he offered. "What would you be able to do if we should

[1] See Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 2] : 113, 339; Radin, G. S. Can. 48 : 61).

[2] For the calling of animals, compare RBAE 31: 850.

meet the enemy?" asked Turtle. Straightway the little thing began thrusting its head and neck in and out of its shell, snapping and drawing back. "Oh, yes! that's fine! If you are hit with a tomahawk, you will never be hurt!" cried Turtle, delighted. So he called to him a whole army of little tortoises for soldiers and led them away.

At night the warriors arrived at the camp of the enemy. They hid in the brush and held council until early dawn, when they rushed to the attack. Fortunately for the Indians, an old woman had arisen very early and gone out to ease herself. As she was arranging her dress, she heard a scuffling and a scratching in the leaves, and, looking up, she saw the army bearing down upon her. Hastily fixing her clothes, she snatched up one of the foremost tortoises and ran home, shouting, "Get your bags, get your bags! The Turtles are upon us!"

All the people sprang from their beds, snatched up their bags, ran out, and captured the whole army. While they were busy catching the warriors, old Snapping-Turtle ran back around another way into the village, and entered one of the tents. There he saw a large wooden bowl turned upside down, and under it he crawled. Meantime the Indians carried the other turtles home, and began to cook and eat them. A little boy was sent to get the wooden bowl; and when he lifted it up, lo and behold! there was Snapping-Turtle, and nobody could guess where he came from.

When Turtle was captured, all the elders were called to counsel how to kill him.[1] "Oh, throw him into the fire!" said one. "Better not!" retorted Turtle, "I'll throw the brands out on you." — "Oh, perhaps that's so!" said the counsellors. "Let us boil him!" — "Better not," cried Turtle, "I'll spatter the hot water all over you." — "Let us take an axe and chop him up!" suggested another. — "Oh, you cannot do that!" said Turtle. "Your women will have no axes to use; they will break on my back."

Just then a little boy who was standing at the door said, "Oh, I know what to do with him! Throw him into the river." Whereupon Turtle began to feign terror, and wail, "Oh, don't! that's what I'm afraid of." — "Oh, then that's what we shall do to you! Now we know!" cried the Indians in triumph. So they grabbed him by the tail and legs, and dragged him, kicking and struggling, down to the river, where they threw him in, just as he desired.

There were two young girls undergoing their puberty-fast together in a little lodge out in the woods. That night Snapping-Turtle crawled out of the water and went there. He peeped into the lodge; and there he saw the girls lying, one on each side, sound asleep. So he drew his knife and crawled in. He cut off the head of the first one, and then the other; then he scalped them, and went back to the river.

[1] See BBAE 59: 305 (note 2).

Early in the morning Turtle crawled on a big rock that stood in the water, and by and by the people heard him singing his war-song, —

"Niwawa tigatiwa!"
("My legs are half crooked!")

The mother of the two girls he had killed took her comb and went out to dress their hair; but when she arrived at their lodge, she found them murdered, with the heads lying one on each side of the door. She dropped the door-covering, and rushed home to tell her husband. "And that's the one who did it, [the one] who is singing over there!" she cried.

Then all the Indians got together a big war-party, and went down to the river, where they could see Turtle sitting defiantly on the rock and singing. It happened that Otter was then married into the tribe, and he volunteered to go and avenge the girls. So he led all the people to the brink, took off all his clothes, and dived in and swam. Snapping-Turtle saw what was happening, so he flapped into the water and swam to meet Otter. When Otter swam by over him, he reached up and bit his testicles. At once Otter screamed, "*Heuh—e!* Snapping-Turtle is biting me!" — "Where?" shouted the crowd. "*Niyan!*" yelled Otter. He should have shouted "*Ninakan*, my testicles!" but he was ashamed, because some of his wife's relatives were in the multitude. "Oh, where did you say?" — "Oh, it's *ninakan* (*ninago*^{n})!" he shrieked at last. "He won't let me go till the Thunderers come." [1]

The Indians tried to deceive Turtle. They got a tambourine drum, and began to beat it in imitation of the Thunderers. "Oh, no!" cried Turtle, "you can't fool me, that's only a drum." So the Indians were obliged to get some one to run and call the Thunderers; [2] and as soon as Snapping-Turtle heard them, he let go. Poor Otter was badly hurt: so, when he got out of the water, he wrapped himself in a blanket, and called his wife's sister to sew him up.

6. VAGINA DENTATA.

There was once a pretty girl who got married, but her husband soon died. After an interval she married again; but again her spouse, and after him another man, died. The brother of the third man began to wonder how this could be: so he asked the girl what the trouble was, but she was unable to tell him. At last the youth married

[1] This identical incident is found in the Menominee version. Do we owe to the Indians the popular superstition that the snapping-tortoise will never release anything it has bitten until it thunders? See also the note in Jones, PAES 7 (pt. 2): 346.

[2] I have reason to believe that a portion of the story has here been omitted. The Menominee version makes the Indians try three times unsuccessfully before calling the Thunderers; and in Bûngi stories, as well as those of the Menominee, things go by fours. See Jones, PAES 7 (pt. 2) : 347.

her to see if he could find out. He did not embrace her for quite a while, for he was afraid; but he lay awake thinking about it. One night, however, he dreamed of his dead brother, who told him that if he embraced the girl he would die. Next day, when the youth was hunting, he found a long, thin, black stone, which he took home and hid. That night he pretended that he was going to embrace his wife, but instead he thrust the stone into her. At once he heard a gritting, scratching noise, and his wife straightway refused his attentions.

The next day, when it became light, he looked at the stone, and found some teeth upon it. Upon examination, they turned out to be snakes' teeth. He told the old people, who killed the girl, and found a large snake inside of her.

7. WAR-CLUB OWNER (WÄMISKOPOGÄMAGÛN).

(Collected at Manitowoc, Wis.)

There were two brothers. The elder one was named War-Club Owner (*wämiskopogämagûn*). They lived not far from a powerful witch, who killed all children as fast as they were born. War-Club Owner smuggled away his younger brother as soon as he was born, in order to give him a chance to grow up; for the witch had killed their parents. The lad soon grew up to be a man, and hunted all the time. The elder brother staid behind to watch the camp and prepare the game. Meantime the young man began to wish he was married, and wondered if there were any Indians near by. It was summer; and as he hunted, he daily passed a certain little lake by which his trail ran. Each day he heard two young girls laugh, "Ti hi! There goes War-Club Owner's little brother!" Each time he tried to see them, but failed, for these girls were really two little frogs. One day he sneaked up to them, and caught both. He put them under his shirt, and carried them all day on his hunt. Every evening War-Club Owner used to wait on him when he returned. The younger brother had his own wooden bowl from which he ate. War-Club Owner would fill this with food and offer it to his younger brother. Then the younger brother would take off his moccasins, and War-Club Owner would hang them out to dry.

The youth hid his two girls secretly; and when night fell, they went to bed, and the younger brother put one frog by each ear, as though he had two wives. He then listened to them. They both spoke to him softly, as he lay there. The elder sister would say one thing, the other another, and he was terribly puzzled whom to obey. The elder one lay next the wall; the younger one, on the outside; and it was the latter whom he loved most and to whom he listened. This made the elder sister jealous. She said, "What do you wish

our husband to bring home from his hunt to-night? Let us tell him now!" — "Yes! What do you want?" — "Oh, a deer's shoulder for roasting. — And you?" — "Oh, I should like the side of a fawn!" cried the other. "Oh, that is very hard for me to do," said the youth. "I cannot do it, for the reason that this cook here, my elder brother, is to have what I bring; and when I get a deer, I dress it and take it whole to him. He butchers it, and all I get from him is what he puts in my dish." — "Unless you can get it from him, it will be of no use." — "I think I can manage it, though, by asking him to cook those parts and put them in my dish for me." — "All right!" said the younger girl; "you know I like it, because I like to get fat from the bones."

In the morning the younger brother asked his elder brother for these parts. After breakfast the youth gathered up robes, and hid his two little wives in the midst of his bedding. When he ate, the girls ate too, but they were hidden. In the evening the younger brother came back, and War-Club Owner gave him supper. After supper they all went to bed. The two women talked again to War-Club Owner's brother, and he paid more attention to the younger one. Therefore the elder sister became very jealous; and all at once she crawled over her husband, and wanted to fight her little sister. She also beat her husband; and when she was once across, she pulled her sister's hair. "What is the matter with you, that you talk so much to my sister and never to me? I'll whip both of you!" — "Why, I cannot pay attention to both of you at once, for you both talk at once; and, anyway, your sister has a sweeter voice, and I love her most."

At last they were fighting dreadfully, hopping over him back and forth. "Keep still!" said the husband, "or my brother will hear you and throw you out."

In the morning they had breakfast, and the youth wrapped up his two little wives in his blankets. Then War-Club Owner swept up, and began to shake the robes: out fell the two little frogs. "Haa! the dirty little frogs that are in my brother's blankets! How nasty! I suppose they have been soiling his blankets!" He grabbed both by the legs to throw them out. As he threw the one, she cried, "Stop! brother-in-law." War-Club Owner understood her, and said, "Oh, is it you who would be sister-in-law to me? Never! I hate you little frogs who have urinated on my little brother's blankets." He threw them away down the hunting-trail which his brother followed. They lay there dead.

When the young man returned, he found them, and said, "Oh, my! why should he do that to me, — kill both of my wives?" He went in and threw down his game. War-Club Owner acted in the same

manner as usual. The youth took off his moccasins, and War-Club Owner dished up the food, and hung up his moccasins. The youth refused to eat, and lay down and covered face and head, weeping and mourning over his two wives. The cook, his brother, heard him sob, and noticed that he did not eat.

"Brother, why don't you eat?" There was no answer. War-Club Owner returned again. "Rise, brother, and eat! It cannot be that you are weeping for those two dirty little frogs that I threw away because they were soiling your blankets! Rise! Be a man! O brother! aren't you ashamed to have had those two frogs for wives? Nobody does that! That's why I got rid of them. But if you really want a wife, I'll help you get a human one. Rise and eat! There is a good woman over yonder, where some people live, and I will help you if you will obey me. It will take quite a while to get there."

So the younger brother rose and ate, and War-Club Owner told him to hunt diligently to get meat, and skin for courting-clothes. The next morning War-Club Owner began to scrape and tan three deer-skins, and soon finished them. He dyed them black, and made a suit and leggings for his little brother, and three pairs of moccasins. The brother then prepared meat enough for three days. He gave all to his brother, and said, "Go! Your trip will take three days, and you will find a village of Indians in which your bride dwells." Then War-Club Owner further advised his younger brother, "You will sleep out two nights, and on the third day you will arrive. When you get to the edge of the village, you will see four men grinding corn with mortars and pestles. When you come up, they will say, 'Stop and have a mouthful of our flour!' Pay no attention to them, do not take a grain of it, or they will overcome you and exchange their power for yours, and you will be overcome."

All this came to pass, and the youth saw that the four men were hunch-backs. One of them offered him a little meal. He disregarded his brother's warning, and took it. Instantly the hunch-back seized him by the neck, slapped him, and broke his back. "Here, you! take my place!" he cried.

The hunch-back was now the image of the youth, and started out. War-Club Owner, who was observing all this from his home through his magic power, started right out on a run, and soon arrived at the place. He saw the four hunch-backs. "Oh, it is too bad! It is awful!" he cried. "You know I warned you, and yet you did it." He scolded his brother; and as he did so, another hunch-back offered him meal. War-Club Owner pushed away the proffered meal, and spilled it. "You hunch-backs have ruined my brother!" he roared. War-Club Owner started off and caught the false brother, and carried him back to the four hunch-backs. "Take your own place right there!"

he cried. Then he took his own brother, laid him face down, jumped on his back, and walked up and down until he had straightened him out. "Go, now, where I sent you before, and do as I told you. I warn you again, be more careful in obeying me! I took you away into the wilderness when you were tiny, in order to keep you away from these evil powers, and now you were caught! Now look out!"

The youth set out again, and, while going, he noticed a stump cut off. When he saw it, he knew it to be human work, and felt anxious. He kicked it over to see how long it had been cut. "Oh, I am near to them, and I will hurry!" he thought. In the afternoon he arrived at the village. He saw many round lodges. He went up quietly and went in, but he found no one there. He went to several lodges, and found them all empty. All had been inhabited, but were now deserted. At last he found a little log-house elevated on stakes above ground. Its door was tied securely. It looked fresh; so he gathered logs and piled them up until he could climb up far enough to reach the door. He could not undo the door; therefore he took his knife and cut the strings. There he saw a beautiful girl seated inside. He looked at her, and she was dead, and arrayed in a beautiful dress covered with silver brooches. The youth stared and stared, and finally spoke to her for some time; but she neither moved nor answered. So he took her in his arms and carried her down.

He took her to the nearest lodge, and placed her as though sitting on the bed-scaffold. He built a fire, and used part of the lodge for fuel. He cooked a delicious meal with broth. Having finished, he offered her food as though she were living, and then he ate; but the woman neither moved nor spoke. At night he laid her down and covered her tenderly, and slept beside her. On the next morning he arose and set up the woman, cooked, and offered her food. Then he carried her off towards home. His brother War-Club Owner was now at home. He saw the youth in his sleep, and observed what he was doing with the corpse. "*Paxpiniswûg!* He is in love with a corpse!" he cried. Her relatives will find that the girl's body has been stolen, and they will follow him and make trouble." Then War-Club Owner beat his drum, and sang all night, trying to restore the girl to life. The second night the youth made camp, and offered food to the girl. To his great delight, when he held food before her face, she bit off a tiny piece. During the night she suddenly spoke to him: "Why, you have restored me to life!" The youth was almost transported with joy. "Oh, how happy I am now! and how glad I am that I no longer am married to those two little frogs!" In the morning the woman said, "Let us try hard to get to your home!" —"Are you able to go?" — "Why, yes, I am alive now, and can easily do so." They hurried, and finally reached home before sunset.

The youth said, "Remain outside, and let me go in alone first." He entered. "You have arrived," said War-Club Owner. "Yes, and I have brought a woman." — "Where is she?" — "Outside." So War-Club Owner went out, and said, "Well, my new sister, come in!"

She was very lovely and well dressed; and they soon learned that she was the daughter of a chief of a famous and powerful family. The girl had an elder sister and a brother, who had gone hunting, and had deserted the village. War-Club Owner still cared for the camp, and helped his sister-in-law to keep their home, while the youth hunted, as usual. War-Club Owner loved his sister-in-law and respected her; he would not let her get wood or water. One day when the sister-in-law was making moccasins and quill-work, and patching moccasins, in came a very tall man. He entered, and sat down by the woman. All at once he said to the woman, "Come on, now!" She paid no attention. "Go away!" — "No, come on! you must come!" He locked his arm with hers and dragged her away. At the door War-Club Owner cried, "He! what are you doing? Stop!" War-Club Owner took hold of her and held her back. "Let her alone!" he shouted; but the big man was too strong, and pulled her, until the girl nearly came apart; then War-Club Owner let go, and the stranger carried her off. He was an evil power, who did nothing but steal other men's wives, taking them to his lodge. When the youth came home, and missed his wife, he felt dreadfully, and asked his brother where she was. "Oh, she has been stolen from us; and I did the best I could, but I was overcome. He took her home by the hunch-back's trail. I shall try to get her back, and maybe I shall succeed." — "Well, I'll go too!" — "Oh, no! you have no power at all. What can you do? You will be overcome at once." — "Oh, no! she is my wife, and it is right for me to protect and defend her." — "All right, if you think you can! but you know how you are. You will not obey me, and you will only get into trouble again."

This made the youth so angry, that he started out alone; but War-Club Owner warned him once more about hunch-backs. "Well, if you will go, I shall stay here and keep house."

The youth came to four hunch-backs, who cried, "He! War-Club Owner's brother is on his way after his wife." They offered him some meal, and he accepted it at once, and was again overcome by them. The hunch-back who duped him then went off in the youth's shape. War-Club Owner saw it all from his lodge, and started out. "We see War-Club Owner coming after his sister-in-law," cried the cripples. War-Club Owner was displeased when he saw his brother. "Why on earth did you make such a fool of yourself a second time? Now go home!" and War-Club Owner straightened him out. "You cannot obey, you are weak. You are no good."

The younger brother did as he was ordered. "If you obey me, you will surely get her back," called the other. War-Club Owner set out for the tall man's hut. He found a spring close to the lodge, where the women usually went to get water. War-Club Owner hid close by the spring to watch for his sister-in-law, to attract her attention or to meet her on the path. While War-Club Owner was there, she chanced to come to the spring, and he stole up to meet her. "Oh, I am glad to see you! It will come out fine if you will only listen to me. I have come to get you, and remember what I am now going to say. You were dead, but I brought you to the enjoyment of life again, and we shall even be better to you than we were. But now you are in miserable captivity among this man's other wives. Now, this is how you can easily get away. Go to draw water, and in dipping it up you will see a little white-hair snake. Take it and wrap it up, and hide it on your person, and go back and ask your captor to let you louse him. You will get out your hair-snake and thrust it into his ear, and it will go in of itself. I am the one who will appear to be a hair-snake. Keep fumbling with his head meanwhile. All at once he will say to you and his other women, 'Oh, I have a headache!' Then you say to the others, 'Let us make a sweat-bath for him, and cure him!' They will agree. Order some to get three or four stones and heat them, and some to build a bough structure for the bath; and make it tight. He will want more and more; and when he asks for it, put bear-oil on him and the stones, and he will burn; then hold him down till he is in ashes. Then go in and stir the ashes, and find me as a hair-snake. Take me and carry me to the spring and leave me."

All this she did faithfully, as she was told. The stolen wife sent the others to get their captor into a bath-house and make him sweat. Then the wife said, "Pour water on stones to heat him and remove the ache." At last she put on the oil, and it began to scald him on his body, and from the stones it blazed up, and they held down the flap of the lodge. "He he! what are all you dogs doing? You are killing me!"

The woman answered, "What can we do? We are only trying to relieve you. You talk nonsense. You asked for this, now take it!"

Afterwards the girl found the hair-snake in the ashes.

War-Club Owner had said that the captor's bones would be left, and ordered the girl to pulverize them, so that he could not come to life. She obeyed, and War-Club Owner was delighted. "It has freed all these women. Now they may all go to their homes and husbands whence they were stolen, and you shall come home with me. This villain has killed the husbands of some of these women, and their bones bleach on the earth. Now we will go to the hunch-backs and straighten them, and send them home; they too were tortured by this scamp, with his great power."

War-Club Owner went there, and cured the hunch-backs, so that they were restored to youthful shape and looks.

"Now stand here, and let me show you my power!" he ordered. He turned to the women and called them up too. Then War-Club Owner took his large and powerful bow and flint-tipped arrows. "Before you go, I want to show you my power, who I am, and what I can do. It is I who have released you all. Here about us lie the bones of these women's husbands!" He cried, and shot into the air. "Watch!" he cried; and as the arrow fell, he yelled, "He! All of you stand up, or it will fall on you!" The bones came together again and became men. "Now all of you take your wives and go home to your places." He cried, and they all shook hands with one another and with War-Club Owner. Then he said, "Rather do you owe your thanks to my sister-in-law; she was the cause of all this, through me. All of you thank her."

Meantime the poor brother was hunting, and had prepared a large supply of provisions. After they had been home for a while, War-Club Owner ordered the youth to take his wife and go and visit her parents, as they must have returned and the trail was open. They only took a little luggage. When they arrived, she knew the place, and led her husband to the lodge where her parents lived, and they entered. All were there.

"Do you know me, mother?" — "Oh, yes!" — "I have returned to life, and War-Club Owner did it. This is his brother, my husband."

Her parents were very glad, and they staid there. The parents were so glad, that they made them sit in the place of honor. On the second day, War-Club Owner looked from home, and saw all that went on.

"Now I will show my power to my father-in-law and mother-in-law. They shall have in their rawhide boxes all this meat that I have been preparing so long. Let all this go to my mother-in-law in her sleep! Let it go to her lodge through the smoke-hole, and arrange itself around them!" The instant he said this, the meat left silently; but it so crowded the old man, that he was awakened, and exclaimed. His wife rebuked him; but, when she felt the same, she arose and looked, made a fire, saw all these gifts, and said, "Old man, keep still! Our lodge is stocked with the best of meat. Be happy! Don't complain!"

Their son-in-law was there too; so the old man said, "Our son-in-law War-Club Owner sent this here. We take it thankfully." Next night the old man took garters, fancy garments, red sashes, and mats, and commanded them to go to War-Club Owner as a return present; and it was so. The old lady sent woven bags filled with wild rice and sweet corn, and sugar in *mococks*. The old man had another daughter;

and so they decided to give her to War-Club Owner, and said to their daughter, "Take your sister to War-Club Owner to be his wife."

Now it was well with War-Club Owner. The old people said he was good, and deserved all these benefits. When their daughter returned, she took the girl. The youth made her wait outside, took his own wife in, and said to War-Club Owner, "We have brought you a wife, and she is here."

War-Club Owner was so pleased, that he sprang, and fell half way to the door, and went out and cried, "Come in! I accept you gladly."

New York, N.Y.

ROOSTAM, THE GAME-COCK.[1]

BY J. F. SCHELTEMA.

THE Malays of the Padang Highlands in Sumatra are born cock-fighters. But for a main of game-fowls, arranged to take place near the beautiful lake of Maninju, sweet, pretty Raïssa would be at home instead of on the road between Matoor and Pasar Lawang.

It is early, between eight and ten, the hour specified in native speech as most propitious for spreading out the rice in the hull to dry. The people of the Lowlands, truly, would call it late, seeing that they observe much earlier hours for going to market and the transaction of business because the sun makes them. In the cool Highlands, however, there is no such fear of the burning Eye of Day.

The road leads through coffee-gardens and here and there a primitive sugar-plantation with the old-fashioned mill, worked by hand or by a yoke of oxen. Farther away the watered rice-fields are watched over by giant mountains in the hazy distance. Everywhere, in the valleys and on the hills, mother earth lifts up her opulence to the favoring light of heaven, which descends in the glory of a new-born tropical day.

It is not considered proper for young girls to attend market-places, where conversation is held of such meaning, where people are encountered of such an adventurous disposition as ought to be met only by men and old women who know something of the world and its ugly snares. But Raïssa, though the child of a well-to-do mother, yea, living in a house with gables pointed upward like horns, the exclusive privilege of the free-born Malay, — Raïssa is all for new ideas. She has been a pupil of the native school at Matoor, where six *gurus*, appointed by the Dutch Government, instruct some two hundred children, among whom are already fifteen girls. Female emancipation is beginning to spread around the lake of Maninju! And Raïssa has still another excuse, quite sufficient in her opinion if maidenly coyness may come to the rescue of old-time institutions: Raïssa is in love.

Behold her, then, brown but comely, her dark red scarf, embroidered with gold, folded over her head after the manner of the daughters of the land; her eyes, black and bright, brighter yet by the effect of a blue powder rubbed into the lower lids, haughtily looking down upon the other women, who trot to the market loaded with baskets of

[1] All rights reserved by author.

merchandise. Raïssa is proud; proud of her mother's standing in her village; proud of her fine clothes, of the gold bracelets on her wrists, of the gold rings in her ears, while everybody knows that at home she keeps even more golden treasure, to be admired at every feast, — gold pins to keep her hair smooth and a gold diadem, the envy of all her friends. Raïssa is a girl of consequence and proud of it indeed, very proud, but most proud in the affection of Roostam, surnamed the Game-Cock.

Roostam, a dare-devil sort of a young fellow, did not get that nickname for nothing. Apart from his natural proclivity to cock-fighting as a Sumatran Malay and, more particularly, as a scion of the family which has held the record for the raising of game-fowl in the whole country from time immemorial, his maternal uncle, Haji Yusoof, being the greatest authority on everything connected with the sport, far and near in the Highlands and in the Lowlands too, Roostam himself is the veriest game-cock among men. Though generous and kind-hearted, his friends and acquaintances know him to be quick at taking offence. He does not suffer any one to slight his interests or, worse still, his pretensions. He is a free-born man, a stickler for the Malay code of etiquette; his young, hot blood rebels against even the thought of compromise; his kris lives next door to his ire.

When the old women of the village found out that a match between Roostam and Raïssa was a foregone conclusion, they warned their daughters and grand-daughters against him with all their might, calling him a scapegrace, a dangerous wild bull in the herd, who sooner or later would get himself and all his kin into trouble, and the girls assented with faces suggestive of sour grapes for secretly they admired Roostam as the flower of chivalry and manly excellence, and they hated Raïssa, whose success with him exasperated them. The old men, too, thinking of their own youth or what they made themselves believe that their own youth had been, cherished Roostam's exploits in their hearts and yarned about the vigor of past ages revived in his person.

Especially Haji Yusoof, who had travelled, improving his knowledge by the pilgrimage to Mecca, and through that feat, together with his unequalled experience in the matter of game-fowl, had become a personage of influence, extended his protection to Roostam, as indeed he should, being the lad's maternal uncle. The fundamental principle of all social institutions on the West Coast of Sumatra is the succession by inheritance according to the rules of a strict matrilineal descent. The Malay family, in the narrower sense of the word, consists there of the mother with her offspring. The father does not belong to it; his relationship to his brothers and sisters is of far more consequence than his relationship to his wife and children. And since he is not a member

of the social group they constitute, he cannot be its head. The duties and privileges attached to that position devolve upon the eldest brother of his wife, the eldest maternal uncle of his children, called their *mammak*.

On her way to Pasar Lawang, Raïssa passes a trail which leads her through a coffee-plantation to the place where she knows that a cock-fight is on. True, the Government has prohibited that kind of sport, but then Sumatra is, like the rest of the Dutch East Indies, a country of ordinances not enforced and regulations not attended to. Wherever the police raise a cry about cock-fighting, something more lies behind it than the cock-fighting itself, — a native vendetta or a native quarrel of some sort, or simply a native desire to worry the Dutch officials. Since, however, the written law must be respected, at any rate by the minions of the law, if not in fact at least in outward appearance, the cock-fights are removed from the market-places to more secluded nooks and corners, an arrangement quite satisfactory to the said minions, who indulge in the national pastime without further reserve, as every one else does, and engage their game-fowls to be pitted either by their own hands or by proxy. So it happened in the case of a native police-officer, by common consent called *murei*, which is the name of a bird with an unmelodious, unpleasant squeak. The nickname was aptly bestowed as Malay nicknames always are. A stranger in the land, a man from Bencoolen, thrown upon the country by the influence of an official who put him on the police force in consideration of personal services, Murei had established his reputation as a sneak, not to be trusted on any account and a braggart withal. He found pleasure in lifting his voice against the breed of game-fowls that were the glory of Roostam and Roostam's *mammak*, Haji Yusoof. The battle now in progress was planned to cure him of his pluming himself as the possessor of a cock, brought all the way from Padang, which, he boasted, could kill in single combat all the game-cocks between the lake of Maninju and the lake of Singkarah. This morning that valorous bird was to step forward against Roostam's favorite.

Feeling much interested, Raïssa has eagerly watched the preparation for the odd fights that are to follow the main as far as game-fowls from Matoor may take part. She has witnessed the infinite care bestowed on the separation of the fat cocks from the middling and the middling from the lean before their being cooped and, after the necessary purging of the fat ones, before their being put to their diet. She has followed the sparring exercises, the providing of the spears with muffs, the minute, periodical examination of the feathers, the beak, the eyes, to see if the fowls are in good health. And then, three days before the battle, at the auspicious hour set for the removal

of the fighters to the scene of their future great deeds, she attended the last probing of their temper and listened to the animated debates, the endless discussions as to whether they were game or not and which one was most game and how the chances stood, and so forth, and so forth.

Meanwhile Roostam had trained his cock with the utmost assiduity under the guidance of his *mammak*, Haji Yusoof. All that time of anxious care he hardly allowed Raïssa to come near him; but as it concerned a matter of so much moment, she bore him no ill will for being neglected. Sharing his enthusiasm she resigned herself and her unescorted walk to Pasar Lawang, inconsistent with the habitual reserve of a maiden of her rank and station, has no other purpose than to learn the issue of the battle immediately after its having been fought for, surely, the very first thing its promoters will do is to send word to the market-place where the itinerant tradesmen are awaiting the news to spread it through the whole district as far as Bukit Tinggi. It would be a calamity indeed if a game-cock of Haji Yusoof's breed, in Roostam's hands, lost against a Padang cock in the hands of a man from Bencoolen, and Murei at that. Raïssa's excitement running higher and higher, her expectations are, however, of the very best.

Hearing steps behind her and some one calling her by her name, she turns round to see Roostam's *mammak* coming up, extremely venerable in his regulation dress of a *haji*,[1] with a tuft of sparse white hair under his chin. He reads the question in her eyes and tells her that, at the time he left the pit, they were still at the preliminaries. Raïssa thinks it strange that Roostam's *mammak* has not waited for the end; yet she ventures no direct inquiry. But soon she understands that something is amiss, when informed of Murei's determination to stay away himself and be represented by one of his underlings. Haji Yusoof does not say so but Raïssa feels that he suspects foul play and, being of the elect, declines to get mixed up in the affray which is likely to follow. Haji Yusoof holds an office of responsibility as the chief of the kampong Lawang and, therefore, though of all cock-fights his heart goes out to this special one, he deems it desirable, with a view to possible consequences of possible happenings, that he be able to say: I was not in it.

Solicitous to please Roostam's *mammak* as women, brown or white, are always eager to please whenever it can further some ultimate purpose, Raïssa lets Haji Yusoof pass before her and walks behind him to Pasar Lawang.

The venerable-looking Haji Yusoof is a great talker as indeed all Sumatra Malays are, but now he keeps silent and, having reached his

[1] One who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca.

dwelling, where he bids Raïssa enter with him for a chat with his womenfolk, he goes straight up to where his *ketitiran* hangs in its cage, suspended from a roof-beam, and takes it down, putting it beside him. The natives are very fond of pigeons, in particular of some kinds that live wild in the woods, as the *ketitiran* and the *punei*, which are caught and tamed and then become the constant companions of their owners. Haji Yusoof's *ketitiran* is a famous one, reputed to bring extraordinary luck. As a matter of fact, Haji Yusoof prospers exceedingly in a worldly sense, harvesting from many rice-fields.

Very soon quite a number of callers drop in, anxious to hear about the cock-fight which, for some reason or other, they are not able to attend; anxious also to let their own fowl profit by Haji Yusoof's advice. They have made it a habit on Monday, the market day at Kampong Lawang, to consult Haji Yusoof in that way when visiting the *pasar* for their weekly purchases. People travel even from Bukit Tinggi and Padang Panjang, yea, from Bua and Solok, to avail themselves of his skill in dealing with the maladies and disorders that fowl, especially game-fowl, are heir to.

On the main battle, now raging between the cocks of Roostam and his opponent, Haji Yusoof has not much to say, and his visitors perceive very soon that the subject is better dismissed in his presence. But he readily imparts his superior wisdom in the treatment of such ailments among poultry as indigestion, costiveness, diarrhœa, fever, asthma, gout, consumption, inflammation of the eye, obstruction of the nostrils, melancholy or moping, rheumatism or lifts, with useful hints about moulting, loss of feathers, vermin, etc., thrown in. A man from Bua has brought with him an old rheumatic rooster and the younger females of Haji Yusoof's household derive great amusement from the spectacle of this bird, once a game-cock of some renown, strutting round, lifting its legs high and putting them down with care, stiff in limbs and joints, as if it were marching to the sound of the solemn march sometimes heard at Bukit Tinggi when the soldiers, in garrison at Fort de Kock, turn out for a military funeral.

After treating this patient, Haji Yusoof examines the sick-looking eyes, nostrils and mouth of a hen with ruffled feathers, that is suffering from roup, breathing laboriously, and he advises to give her plenty of fresh air, to grease her swollen head every morning before sunrise, to hide her from the moon. Thereupon a bad case of pip claims his attention and he warns against unclean food and muddy water, and prescribes a dose of pepper, administered with coconut-oil or, if that proves insufficient, the cutting off, as a last resort, of the tip of the tongue. Almost forgetting the cock-fight in his endeavors to sustain his reputation as a breeder and physician of poultry, he expatiates upon a remedy against the gapes, somewhat heroic but recommended by long experience. . . .

Raïssa, impatient to learn the result of the battle, slips out to the *pasar* proper (i.e., the place where the *pakan* or market is held), cunningly calculating that, as soon as anything positive becomes known, it will be proclaimed there first of all. Picking her way to the enclosure of peace, a spot marked off by flat stones standing on end, where formerly the elders used to meet in council and to preside over the bull-fights, cock-fights and other such amusements before the Government stepped in to forbid them, — picking her way between the little booths whose owners deal in the produce of the land and articles of daily use in Malay households, she meets many acquaintances, mostly old women for the reason already referred to. If anything, the marriageable girls of the Padang Highlands are even more shy about showing themselves in public than those of other Malay lands. Little girls, however, run about in plenty and several of them, children of poor mothers who squat at the roadside with the fruit of their gardens for sale, offer *kopi daoen* to the thirsty, a concoction of the leaves of the coffee-shrub. Too poor to drink real coffee while tending the richest of coffee-plantations, they have to leave the berries and beans alone after picking them for export oversea.

Raïssa does not worry about such things when she finds herself in the *pasar*, which is no less a delight to the native fair ones than are the pretentious shops of Rijswijk and Noordwijk at Batavia to their sisters of the ruling race. Raïssa worries about Roostam, the Game-Cock, though, for all that, she cannot help admiring the printed cotton goods temptingly displayed by merchants from Padang, trashy stuff, imported from Europe as a cheap substitute for the fine but expensive *bajus* and *sarongs* and *slendangs* of silk and gold lace, the pride of the Highland damsels in days of yore, finery altogether out of the financial reach of the present generation, save of a few who carry them as heirlooms.

A few strangers stroll about, their respective habitats being indicated by their raiment in a country where, if not the material, at least the cut, with purely local variations, has remained stationary from the time when Parapatih Sabateng of Body Chiniago and Kiahy Tumanggangan of Kota Pilihan, in the picturesque valley of Priangan Padang Panjang, laid the foundation of the Malay institutions as they continue up to this day, notwithstanding sharp conflicts between western innovations and the *hadat*, the ancient, unwritten law. The men of Agam, who frown at the naked legs of their brethren that hail from the XIII Kotas, can be recognized by their long inexpressibles, and Raïssa notices even one or two visitors in Acheh-trousers, very wide and loose from the hips down. They make her think of a fellow who lately has courted Roostam's company, at night for he avoids the light of day, gossip marking him as a deserter from the Dutch army in close

touch with the malcontents that are opposing the regular troops in Korinchy, and sent in quest of able men for reinforcement of the marauding bands in the North. As to the women who throng the market at Lawang, the strangers among them are still more easily distinguishable, and those of the XIII Kotas, accustomed to arrange their hair in braids, heartily despise the *kondeh*, the more or less elaborate knot adopted by all the rest. The children, most of them with noses in sad need of wiping, wear their hair — boys (under the age of the head-covering) as well as girls — in most comical little plaits, five for the free-born and four for the common raff.

As noon approaches with the sun high up in the sky, Raïssa can hardly master her agitation. Where she passes, the old women eye her maliciously and whisper of Roostam's girl possessing a *pusar*, a birth-mark — they know it for certain — which will make him who marries her or even aspires to her hand, unlucky in all his dealings. Signs and marks on women, horses and pigeons, portending good luck or bad luck to husbands or owners, are an ever welcome theme for discussion.

"Look at her," says one of the hags, "look at her as she goes there, proud of her finery. I am sorry for Roostam!"

"And the old man, Roostam's *mammak*," says another, "who ought to know and yet encourages his passion for this ill-omened daughter of calamity!"

"What is the will of Haji Yusoof against the will of the young game-cock?"

"And why then does he carry his head so high, wise in forebodings and *pusars* and *krimans*,[1] if he cannot stay the evil that comes to his own?"

"Hide thy envy as closely as the wrinkles of age hide thy good looks," some one chimes in, making all the bystanders laugh.

The gossips look up. It is the *dubalang*, one of the elders of the village, who continues:

"It is coming to a fine pass indeed when the *orang banyak* (the plebs) give the *orang patoob* (the upper ten) a free ride on their tongues."

"Next thing," remarks a waggish youth, "they will find fault with all the good things the Company [2] promises and does not do."

This speech meets with applause from the lad's friends among those who are gathering round, but the more advised look grave and the *dubalang* answers:

"Thou, wait till thy turn of speaking arrives with thy tooth of discernment!"

[1] Marks and signs of good and bad luck.

[2] In speaking of the present Government, the natives still have the East India Company in mind.

Meanwhile at the cockpit, in a sheltered nook off the road, excitement began to run high. For the main battle, in which the game-cock of Roostam was to be pitted against the game-cock of Murei, the latter had failed to appear. The crowd waited with murmuring and growing discontent until at last a messenger from Murei arrived with his bird and the information that he withdrew his patronage. He had bethought himself of the Government prohibition against cock-fighting and, suddenly mindful of his duty as a police-officer, declined to countenance the game. Not to disappoint the many then and there assembled to witness the battle, he had nevertheless condescended to send his rooster, permitting them to let it take part as previously arranged, with only this proviso that it was to fight not under his name but under the name of his *wakil* (substitute), accompanied by quite a number of followers, most of them no free-born Malays, strangers to the country, adventurers of evil repute, a sorry pack.

At this stage of the proceedings, Haji Yusoof, suspecting foul play, left the battleground, not however before giving a piece of advice to Roostam, with a parting glance at Roostam's game-cock, which looked somewhat depressed as if it had been tampered with. The wings and the tail, to be sure, were not cut shorter than they ought to have been and the joints appeared all right, but the animal's general weariness suggested the idea of poison. Knowing the youngster's temper, Haji Yusoof did not speak of it but the thought had occurred to Roostam himself and did not dispose him to calm reasoning when Murei's *wakil*, after Haji Yusoof's departure, proposed with the utmost impudence that the handling of his fowl be left to the contending party.

Meeting, of course, the strongest opposition, this absurd proposal gave rise to a lengthy discussion and the bystanders, later on, in the light of subsequent events, freely expressed their opinion that such an intermezzo was the real purpose of the claim put forward because it would be helpful in giving the drug, administered to Roostam's bird, the necessary time to operate. It soon became evident to every one that something was wrong with the Highland favorite. Roostam's friends declared openly that his fowl had been doctored, and tried to persuade him to retire from the main, while others goaded him to the extremity of his pride in their reluctance to lose the chance of a contest between the distasteful Murei and the young hero of the district, for the fight between the roosters was essentially a fight between their owners and the interests they represented.

Roostam was worked up to a dangerous pitch of excitement and this dark young fellow with his fierce eyes, supple and strong, quick and nimble in his movements, fully deserved the nickname that had been given to him, among men no less keen on proving his mettle in

any combat offered to him, than a game-cock in condition among poultry.

But his bird, alas! the pride of all the countryside, was clearly *not* in condition and when, at length, after wearisome exceptions, Murei's *wakil* consented to the birds being weighed, preparatory to the great encounter, no coaxing or urging, no spurring prevailed upon the animal to show fight. Then it was also discovered that Murei's game-cock had been gaffed in a fashion strictly prohibited by the regulations as highly unfair to the opposite party, which engendered a new dispute between the backers of Roostam and the backers of Murei, the latter pretending that Roostam had lost because his cock refused battle, the former insisting upon the fact that Murei's cock would have been debarred anyway. The umpire, a man from Matoor, decided in favor of Roostam, whereupon Murei's men withdrew, every one of them declining to stay for the games which were to follow the main, after having demanded in vain that the case be referred to another umpire, chosen on the spot from those present.

The withdrawal of the Murei crew caused no sorrow and, while Roostam nursed his cock without saying a word but white with rage under his brown skin, the owners of the other birds that were to compete, prepared them for the odd fights. Taking turns, each cocker, fowl in hand, went to his station to set his bird, sharply eyeing his adversary for no one is allowed to assist in the fight after it has been declared on, either to encourage or to discourage, save to avail himself of the privilege to relieve a rooster which has landed on its back.

The stirring sensations of the game made those who experienced them almost forget what had happened to the champion, defender of the country's honor against all comers. Closely pressing round, squatting after the manner of the land, they grew highly agitated over the gallant behavior of two cocks that proved very evenly matched and took a long time to decide between victory and defeat. The birds renewed the attack vigorously after every separation, viciously slashing round with their armed spurs, flying up with ruffled feathers, struggling to get behind each other for a final assault in the rear. Some of the most admiring ascribed their endurance to the fact of their having been breasted according to the highest requirements of the art; others, critically inclined, considered it an effect of bad heeling. Anyhow, the victory was hotly contested; no more odds were accepted; the timorous hedged their bets — everybody had money on, this way or that, in the majority of cases more than he could afford to lose and the gamblers hung in suspense.

Roostam himself, with a scowl on his face and his sick pet in his lap, was being carried away by the general emotion when, raising

his eyes at the sound of nearing footsteps, he suddenly jumped to his feet. Murei, his enemy, stood before him, surrounded by the men who a few moments before were so disagreeably noisy as the backers of that despised trickster's Lowland cock. The boys set to watch the approaches to the pit, had left their posts to gratify their curiosity and thus it happened that Murei with his gang found the road open and safe. The crowd hardly took notice of him in the growing agitation of the fight. Murei was a policeman but what of that? Had he not pitted a cock himself, even for the main battle, the very same morning?

Roostam, however, felt that Murei meant business, that he intended either to profit by the law being transgressed so as to gain an advantage in their personal feud, or simply to avenge himself for the barring out of his bird, the victory having been adjudged to the Highlands, notwithstanding his treacherous ruse. But if Roostam's feathered champion refused battle, Roostam did not and growled in defiance:

"You in uniform? In the uniform of the Company? Don't you know that the Company does not countenance cock-fighting?"

"I know it and that is why I am here: to stop this game and to arrest you, my fine game-cock."

The incriminated sports thought first that he jested but he proved to be in dead earnest and, while some began stealing away, the others jeered him:

"Come! Come now! And how about that bird of yours, pitted by your *wakil?*"

"A liar who says so! Where is my bird? Where is my *wakil?*"

"Do you pretend to deny that the fellows you are this moment hiding behind, came here this morning, sent by you to pit your Padang crower against my Highland beauty?" asked Roostam with glittering eyes.

"These men are the men I sent this morning to report all about your cock-fight to *me* and they will be used as witnesses against *you.*"

"Lying witnesses and you a lying son of a Bencoolen. . . ." Roostam advanced:

"Step out from behind your spies, you cur, and take me if you want me!"

An old man, seeing that all the trouble was only between Roostam and Murei, and desirous to compromise, took the young fellow by the sleeve of his jacket and whispered to him:

"We will settle with Murei. You skip!"

Roostam shook him off:

"I will settle for myself. Let him come and take me!"

Murei still delayed executing his threat though he repeated that, being in the Company's service, he had to stop the cock-fight.

A voice replied by quoting an old Malay adage, playing upon Murei's name to signify that his reference to the Company's orders was counted by those present as an empty tale, not worth any consideration.

And another spoke up:

"Well, you have stopped the fight, what do you want more?"

"I want my prisoner, the principal of the fight."

"Come and take me!" said Roostam again. "Come and take me if you dare!"

They all taunted Murei, who urged his men to arrest Roostam:

"Come, Murei, bird of the delectable voice, come and take him!" Nobody stirred.

"Skip!" repeated the old man.

"Well," continued Roostam, "if you won't come to me, I'll go to you, you scurvy dog, and spit in your face!"

Quick as lightning, Roostam, the Game-Cock, unsheathed his kris and leaped upon his enemy, spitting in the hateful face, while he sent the cold, blue steel right to the man's heart. Then he turned round to Murei's underlings, who had jumped back, beginning to cry *amok*, and he said, disappearing in the jungle:

"Now take me!"

Raïssa, waiting in the market-place of Lawang, is getting nervous under the strain of the cock-fight lasting so provokingly long. The sun has already sunk half way down the sky and still no tidings. Surely there must be something amiss and she remembers the Government injunctions against the sport, but then is not Murei, the police-officer, one of the principals?

She has sought the shade of a booth kept by a dealer in woman's apparel, who stands haggling with an old dame, a sharp customer. He reminds her of days long past, when his stock in trade consisted of hand-woven goods, of silk and gold brocade, while now there is no money even to buy the cheap, poor, imitation fabrics from over the sea at prices he lays under the obligation to cut down to the ridiculous:

"My grandfather," he says, "amassed wealth in this trade, and my father was able to keep it, but I shall be bankrupt ere long, selling below cost, and yet to live I have to sell."

"So it is with all of us," groans the crone. "What we had, is far behind us and what we have, is less than nothing. I offer thee what I said for this piece of goods."

"Plague on the Company that takes and talks fine and never makes any return! If thou must have this piece of goods for thy granddaughter, who is going to be married as thou sayest, I cannot deny thee, but thou art working my ruin."

"I think that I might have the same stuff even for less, of certain dealers I know at Bukit Tinggi and Payacombo."

"I take the Prophet for a witness that thou laborest under a misapprehension! Though the white merchants of Padang have their agents everywhere in the land to undersell us, whose business it has been to supply this commodity from father to son, for innumerable generations, yet none of them is able to beat my prices. And let it not be rumored about that I agreed to the sum thou hast named, for everybody would come and solicit the same kindness and rob me of my goods! Indeed, it is robbery to exact such dealings! Nevertheless, most venerable mother, this being intended for thy granddaughter, who is to marry. . . . . ."

The philanthropist's eloquence is checked by the passing of a boy, who cries something which creates great consternation all over the market. The merchants leave their merchandise and gather in groups with their customers. In the confusion of voices Raïssa distinguishes that the cock-fighters have been surprised and that Roostam, refusing to be taken prisoner, has killed Murei. She hurries to the house of Haji Yusoof. He, if any one, will know whether Roostam has made good his escape.

Haji Yusoof's house is closed. The curious, who rightly suppose with Raïssa that Roostam's *mammak* will have the first and best information as to his course and plans after the scrape at the cockpit, are refused admission. Haji Yusoof, so an attendant tells them, cannot be disturbed in his mid-day nap; he has been sleeping since noon; the report, current in the market-place, has not yet reached him; Haji Yusoof knows nothing.

The curious understand. Roostam's *mammak*, to be sure, will see his nephew out of this trouble without openly showing his hand. And they approve. Roostam, the Game-Cock, doing ten times better than winning the main in the cockpit, has rid them of Murei, the odious, punishing him for going so far in his boastful pretensions as to set a vile Padang rooster against the game-fowl of the Highlands. Roostam rises high in their esteem and no one entertains for a moment the idea of his being apprehended for the deed. They agree that Haji Yusoof lies under an obligation to keep him concealed in the *rimbu gedang* (the great jungle as distinguished from the *rimbu ketèk*, the little jungle), until the affair is forgotten or he can be spirited away.

Raïssa, being on terms of intimacy with the women of Haji Yusoof's household, has slipped in and found Roostam's *mammak* wide awake, considering ways and means. She asks him, with a failing heart, what he intends to do in this most serious affair, and he answers:

"Nothing but deliver Roostam to the *commandoor* [1] as soon as he is caught."

[1] The local appellation of the *contrôleur*, the official who in the Civil Service ranks next to the *assistant-resident*.

Raïssa, greatly agitated, stands aghast at this answer of Roostam's *mammak*.

"But so far he is not caught," adds the *haji*.

"And will he be caught?"

Haji Yusoof looks her straight in the eyes and then, affecting the speech he has heard at Mecca, as he is accustomed to do on grave occasions, waives further questions with pious commonplace:

"The secrets of the future are with the Most High, the Most Merciful and Compassionate."

Raïssa's short interview with Haji Yusoof has made it clear to her that Roostam will not be handed over to the retribution of the rigorous and withal strangely complicated law of the white men. On that score she is satisfied. His safety, however, requires also that he be shielded from the vengeance of Murei's clique and if he has to leave for a while, she wants to see him before he goes and say good-by. Therefore she resolves not to return to Matoor for the time being, but to stay at Haji Yusoof's house where doubtless ere long his hiding-place will be known.

Keenly watchful on the steps that lead to the door of Haji Yusoof's dwelling, which is built on piles, according to the custom of the land; on the alert to intercept the expected messenger from the fugitive to his *mammak*, Raïssa hears some one whispering her name. The voice comes from behind a rice-shed and there she perceives a boy, ten or eleven years old, who bids her follow the path from the village to the little market-place near the lake and wait at the pillar set by the triangulation service. There he will meet her again, by Roostam's command, and he urges her to set out at once, warning her not to ask or answer any questions concerning the Game-Cock's whereabouts. He himself has been charged to inform Haji Yusoof.

The boy is known to Raïssa as one of the first disciples of a *faqir* recently arrived in the neighborhood to open a school and teach religion. Obeying him, she observes punctiliously the directions given her in the name of Roostam and reaches the triangulation pillar to the left of the road where it slopes down to the beach in sharp descent. To avoid the risk of meeting curious acquaintances in the little market-place on the right, she sits down among the high ferns that cover the hill-top overlooking the sheet of water deep down, the lovely lake of Maninju.

It is now late in the afternoon but somehow or other the clouds that roll on from the South with the heat of day to veil its loveliness after the sun has smiled upon it and taken possession in passionate embrace, — somehow or other the clouds are tardy in gathering on the hills. Silent and tranquil the lake lies as it lay when the ardent

lover withdrew, its surface shining like a polished shield of bronze engraved in strange design, long strips and whirls of water-weeds framing the reflections of the blue sky and the steep, wooded banks. The islands of Moko Moko, near the mouth of the Batang Antokan, the eastern ridges that run out to Tanjong Padang, rest dreamily in the last splendor of glorious light and when at last the clouds do come, throwing a belt of white round waving green, invading the plain to the North, they leave a gleamy dimness trailing over the trees, over the houses of Baju and Anam Kota half hidden among the *klapah*-plantations. And still they come, airy flakes before a curtain of mist. Where the lake has been, in the depth below, nothing but hazy waves of vapor, rising higher and higher, hiding even the fire-mountains far away, the giants that lift their heads to guard the broad valleys from sea to sea.

The view of Lake Maninju from this spot, from the triangulation pillar, is perhaps still more striking than from the little pavilion, built expressly for a belvedere on the top of one of the steep hills that close it in, but Raïssa is not in a mood to enjoy the beauty of her surroundings. She waits and waits and does not notice how the people to the right of the road, between their buying and selling, point their fingers at her: the girl of Roostam, the girl of the Game-Cock who has killed Murei—they know the whole story.

A kindly old woman, who is selling salt, takes pity on her and invites her to the bamboo shed she occupies, saying that for somebody's sake she ought not to expose herself too much:

"The greater the danger, the greater must be the caution and where they find the loving bird, there they will look for its mate."

Then the old woman begins to complain of the stress of the times, a general complaint. Is she not compelled, at her age, to gain her living by fetching salt from Bukit Tinggi and carry it all the way to the lake of Maninju? And still she has occasion to call herself lucky because she is able to keep body and soul together by saving others the trouble of journeying many miles to the Government salt-store for a week's provision or sometimes less.

Raïssa turns but an inattentive ear to the mournful tale of the mumbling crone who, when darkness falls, gathers her baskets together and leaves for home. The little market-place lies deserted now. Beneath, the enshrouded lake; overhead, the glimmering of the stars. Fear and weariness oppress the lonely girl as the night creeps on. At last she hears a stealthy step approaching. It is the boy, Roostam's messenger to Haji Yusoof, who instructed her to bide further developments at the triangulation pillar.

Raïssa arises and follows him in the gloom along a trail that leads them through wood and underbrush to a *teratak*, a clearing with an

enclosure for coralling the cattle of the village near by. Two or three other boys are lying around a large fire, lighted to keep the tigers off; seemingly fast asleep, they take no notice of the new-comers. Her guide precedes her to a rudely constructed hut, the door and windows of which are wide open, and there, having entered, she finds four persons together, three men and a woman. In the glare of the fire outside, she recognizes one of the men as Roostam. Nobody greets her and she, too, says not a word as she squats down beside the woman, Roostam's mother, who sits muttering incantations. Roostam's mother, the sister of Haji Yusoof, prides herself no less than he does upon their descent from a fighting family, true to the *hadat*, a family very conspicuous in the Padri War, the last effort of the Malays of the Padang Highlands to regain their independence; and Roostam's mother possesses many a secret descended through centuries from eldest daughter to eldest daughter, many a charm of the highest value on trying occasions. She is a fierce sort of a woman. Fierceness runs in the blood of her clan and Roostam's spirit shows plainly the truth of the saying that, in breeding, it is the hen as much as the cock which determines the temper of the chick.

At arm's length before her on the ground stands a cage with a pigeon in it. Raïssa knows it by the embroidered covering; it is Haji Yusoof's and she infers that the old man must be near, the *mammak* watching over his charge.

The incantations give way to prayer, several *ayats* of the Qurân being recited in succession by an unfamiliar voice, while the others respond in a drone: "Amin! Amin!"

Raïssa surmises the leader to be the *faqir*, the new religious teacher, which explains how one of the youths of the school just opened came to act as her guide. And when the second stranger, after prayer has ceased, speaks to Roostam of the joys of the holy war against the infidels, she recognizes him as the deserter from the Dutch army who, though donning Acheh-trousers, affects the Batavia-lock over the ear and a pronounced Batavia-accent, *ae*-ing his *a*'s.

It becomes evident to Raïssa that they are inciting Roostam, the Game-Cock, to battle. The deserter, who arrived from Korinchy, she remembers, is on his way to Acheh, propagating the good cause, and Roostam, being in trouble, seems perfectly willing to extricate himself by a course altogether in his line: war to the knife against the white men that send fellows like Murei to harass and annoy the real lords of the soil — plague on the cur and his employers!

And the *faqir* promises success: the Moslemin are destined to rule in this life the nations of the earth as in the life to come they are destined for everlasting bliss.

And Roostam's mother dwells upon the traditions of the family,

upon the exploits of its members at Bonjol, where the *mammak* of his *mammak* was killed on the side of the Padri under Tuanku Imam, valorous warriors who sacrificed their lives for their country and whose death has not been avenged.

Shall her son, with such blood in his veins, be afraid because the white men have guns, big guns, and repeating-rifles and dynamite bombs, fighting from afar? Why not lure them to the mountains and tackle them hand to hand, the unbelievers? . . . . . .

"The killers of the weak and unprotected," continues the deserter, eye-witness of the horrors at Kampong Pulau Tengah in Korinchy. "Shall strong and able youths sit still and hush their voices and play girls' games when such things are going on?"

Roostam's eyes sparkle while they goad him:

"I am not afraid of blood," he says slowly.

"And blood is thirsting for blood," says his mother.

"And the blood of the infidel opens the gates of Paradise to the faithful," says the *faqir*.

Raïssa lifts her head, trembling, wishing to speak in her turn, but Roostam's mother sees the movement and shrieks in her face:

"What art thou doing here, thou with the mark that brought bad luck to my son? Art thou not content with his bird, our bird, refusing to fight a Padang bird? Is it to deliver him now to Murei's evil-eyed gang that thou hast come hither, thou daughter of ill-repute? Out with thee!"

She threatens to strike the girl, but Roostam jumps to his feet.

"None of this!" he cries.

"If thou stayest or goest where I can go with thee, I will give thee something that undoes the spell of all marks and signs," begs Raïssa, pulling a ring from her finger.

Roostam looks at her and the deserter says tauntingly:

"Another game-cock that shows the white feather!"

Roostam feels the sting and sits down again.

"Don't gibe him," entreats Raïssa in despair. "It is my grandmother's ring, a ring of virtue."

"Can it confound the bloodhounds of the white men now on his track? Can it make him invisible?" asks the deserter, whose mysterious strength lies in the last-named accomplishment. "If not, what is the good of his staying here?"

"It undoes all spells," Raïssa rejoins doggedly.

"Keep thy ring!" yells the old woman. "Has he not enough sorrow by virtue of thy mark? Go! Go!"

Roostam does not move and by this token Raïssa knows that all is over. She arises and goes, but returns and addresses him once more:

"Thou wilt leave us and do dangerous things. I, the girl with

the mark, shall wait for thee here, trusting in the power of this ring on my finger, and pray that, if unhappily the spell comes to nought and thou fallest, male blood-relations may be near to wash thy corpse, and female blood-relations to strew flowers on thy grave."

Then she steps out into the night, while the *faqir* again falls to praying:

"On the hearts of His followers that are slain in the holy war, the most Exalted sits extended as on His throne. . . ."

"Amin! Amin!"

Raïssa, full of anguish, has not gone far in the utter darkness which precedes dawn, when she is terrified by an apparition. Phantom-like, it stands upright near a projecting rock beside the road, shrouded in white, awe-inspiring, an image of the angel of death. She holds her breath in terror, but soon recognizes in that spectre Roostam's *mammak*, Haji Yusoof. Having left his house to pass the night in watching the trail which leads to the place where his nephew lies in hiding, he has donned for this occasion the white dress used by him and other fervent Moslemin in praying, the dress come down to them from the "white time" so called, the time of the Padri, whose uprising was an outcome of the doings of the Wahhabites, the purifiers of the faith. It seems but proper that Haji Yusoof should have chosen those garments for his watch has been a continuous communion with the Invisible Great Watcher in the Night. At the approach of day, between the dawn of the elephants and the dawn of man, he has composed himself to the regulation early morning prayer with its necessary gestures. So it is that Raïssa sees him standing, ghost-like, in her path. Drawing near, she hears him, raising his voice to curse the infidels, the strivers against the behests of the Most Gracious, whom he invokes, for Roostam's sake, the true-believer being nearest to God when he treads down God's enemies. And, confusing the articles of Moslim faith with the traditions of Menangkabau, he prays on, imploring assistance and mercy for those who seek shelter with the Lord and refuge in the *hadat*, calling down destruction on the heads of the usurpers, who darken the lustre of the purified through consecration, of the elect of earth and heaven, set apart for highest honor by anointment and the sprinkling of water, all the fragrance of all flowers not equalling the fragrance of King Adityawarnan. . . .

From the holy Qurân he has wandered to the holy inscriptions on the stones of the holy graves at Batu Beragoong and Pagar Ruyong where the old Hindu rulers of the land lie buried.

Raïssa listens, glad to have a friend near her in the jungle, which is peopled at night with shetans, jinn and all kinds of evil sprites. It is

almost an hour now, the space of time required for the cooking of three allowances of rice, since she has left Roostam in the company of his mother and his wicked counsellors; and the dawn of man, the dawn proper, has already streaked the eastern sky with its delicate hues when Haji Yusoof notices her.

He makes a movement which gives her courage to address him:

"Roostam wants to fight the Company," she says.

"Young men should do what old men think."

"But. . . . . ."

"Now leave me, for prayer is better than idle talk."

Behind her, in a cattle-pen, Raïssa hears the little bells of the oxen that are getting up to their work and, alone with her grief, she turns away and takes the path to Matoor, to her mother's house.

SRY NAGASARY.[1]

BY J. F. SCHELTEMA.

ONCE upon a time there was a man, named Kyahy Taboos, who lived in a village near the mouth of a river that flowed from the blue mountains in the interior of one of the Sunda Islands toward the sea. He had four sons: Bagal, a wood-carver; Sompoq, a merchant; Paning, a jeweller; and Mashmool who, being the last-born and favorite, was allowed to follow his natural bent toward music and poetry instead of learning a more useful and profitable trade than that of a merry-andrew as the elder brothers contemptuously called him when discussing his gifts of entertainment. Though brought up in a very religious way and considering themselves of the elect and knowing that the teachings of Batara Guru, the great god, urged man to good-will and kindliness in his dealings with all his fellow-creatures, and especially to love and charity in his relations with his kindred, envy had taken possession of their hearts because their father indulged Mashmool upon whom therefore they looked with eyes of hatred.

So when Kyahy Taboos had been summoned by the gods to receive the amount of his due, Bagal, speaking also for Sompoq and Paning even on the day of their father's burial, said to Mashmool with a lying tongue:

"How dost thou purpose to provide thy share in our means of subsistence? Our father has left us little more than this house in which we live. Thy brother Sompoq buys and sells merchandise at a profit; thy brother Paning is a worker in gold and silver, and a dealer in precious stones, and whatever passes through his hands leaves also substantial gain behind; I am thoroughly acquainted with the nature and qualities of the different kinds of wood and proficient, for the good of our common household, in turning *kayu mahar* into shafts for lances and spears, and into sheaths for krisses, using *kayu kamuning* for the upper parts where the steel touches first in sending the weapon home, improving by skilful carving the design of *kayu pelèt* to enhance the mysterious play of its black and red-brown spots on its luminous grain, a premonition of deeds of darkness and blood, — but thou, what canst thou do to earn thy rice and salt?"

"I am a musician," answered Mashmool, dignified and self-conscious for all his modesty: "I can recite in fitting language what has

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been preserved in our chronicles of ancient wisdom and what they record of high mettle and tender devotion, of virtue and purity in mortals emulating the gods."

"And who cares?" asked Sompoq.

"No one sufficiently to untie his purse-string for accomplishments of the sort," remarked Paning.

"Nor is it incumbent on us to encourage idlers," continued Bagal.

These words were hard to hear and since his brothers persisted in their abusive speech, finding fault with everything he did or left undone, Mashmool resolved to part from them. When he made known his intention to travel and see the wide world and seek his fortune in distant lands, they laid their heads together, discussing how to defraud him of his portion of their father's inheritance, at least how to put him off with a most inadequate payment in cash. But the generous Mashmool, whose mind was not set on worldly considerations, never thought of a settlement; trustful because upright himself, he deemed it quite regular that his brothers should remain in undivided possession of their father's patrimony until his return, an arrangement perfectly agreeable to them. And so, at his departure, with his *suling*[1] under his arm to try his luck as a wandering minstrel, his brothers' farewell with ostentatious wishes for his success in crossing the seven seas and roaming the seven empires, was of the most affectionate description, — touching enough, in fact, to make him search his innocent heart when under way, as to whether perhaps he had done the sons of his father an injustice by doubting their brotherly love. But he walked on.

After Mashmool had gone, the trade of the wicked brothers in their respective occupations began to fall off. It seemed that with him prosperity had turned its back on them. At first they thought that Mashmool, incensed by his treatment at their hands, had sought the assistance of some wizard to obtain revenge through the agency of malevolent spirits, ever prone to mischief and rancorous tricks. To foil these demons they attached strips of white cloth to the roof-corners and other conspicuous parts of their dwelling, a potent means to draw the attention of well-disposed deities to the sinister work of the servants of Evil in the abode of godly men, for so the trio considered themselves, being scrupulously strict in the observance of the ceremonial duties prescribed by their creed, — very godly indeed, provided that godliness did not interfere with their greed.

Their astonishment knew no bounds at noticing, when the pieces of white cloth had been fluttering in the wind for a while, that the host of malignant fiends who had chased off their customers, persisted in pursuing them with ill luck. The men with well-tempered lance and

[1] A flute made of bamboo, with four or sometimes six holes.

spear points to be mounted on strong, flexible shafts, and with beautifully damascened krisses to be further embellished with sheaths of a correct pattern and artistically carved hafts, still passed their door with averted heads to intrust the delicate work to one of Bagal's competitors. The women going to market still avoided the booths of Sompoq and Paning whatever pains they took to attract both matrons and virgins by a cunning display of silk and gold brocade, of ear-rings and bangles and necklaces, jewelry fit for princesses and queens, beyond price yet dirt-cheap if the fair ones only would venture a bid. Putting the blame on the minor deities who neglected to protect Batara Guru's own, Mashmool's brothers never suspected the real cause of the adverse circumstances they had to struggle against, namely, their hardness in their dealings, their rapacity which did not even stop short at cheating and turned people away from them.

One night, after having spent the evening with Sompoq and Paning in their habitual grumbling at the incomprehensible attitude of the rulers of the universe inflicting hardships on the deserving, Bagal had a dream. He fancied himself carving out of wood, and he took special note that it was *kayu nagasary*, the image of an *apsara*, one of the hand-maidens of Indra, that amuse the god by dancing before his throne on Mount Mandara; and when the image was ready, it took life and showered gold on its maker. Marvelling at his vision and not being able to make out its meaning, Bagal told Sompoq and Paning, who did not understand any better than he. They resolved therefore to refer the matter to a saintly hermit with a great reputation for the interpretation of dreams. Charging his usual price for the accustomed offerings to the divine guardians of the secrets of the past, present and future, and keeping them moreover in long suspense while engaged in pressing those lords of the recondite for precise information, the saintly hermit made at last known as Batara Guru's, the upper god's manifest will, revealed by the aforesaid sapient beings after the completion of the sacrifice, that Bagal should do, consciously in his waking state, that which his soul had been made to do without the co-operation of the body. Rich reward would be the result.

So Bagal carved a life-sized image of an *apsara* and it was a fine piece of sculpture and he called it Sry Nagasary after the name of the wood suggested by his dream. Sompoq and Paning, desirous of participating in the promised rich reward, which they construed to mean abundant wealth, clothed the puppet with silk and brocade, and adorned it with jewelry. Bagal, loath to share his good fortune, told them repeatedly that this was not in the dream but as they insisted and were two to his one, he had to acquiesce, pretending with a sour face that he conferred the solicited favor upon them out of the fulness of his brotherly affection. And this display of fraternal disinterestedness be-

came the more fervent the less inclination Sry Nagasary evinced to realize the hopes excited by the saintly hermit's words. Her presence, remarked the brothers to one another, brought no change in their condition, and if they did not know what to think of a world that refused to acknowledge their superior virtue, or of a heaven full of gods whom they lost no opportunity to wheedle into the belief of their obedient piety but who, nevertheless, suffered their neighbors to treat them according to their works rather than according to their professions, neither could they conceive why the saintly hermit had deluded them by a false interpretation of the dream, making them the laughing-stock of the village for the affair had become known and every one ridiculed the credulity of Kyahy Taboos's sons, who expected a wooden image, dressed and bedecked with jewels like a woman of quality, to restore the credit and standing which they had lost by their grasping dishonesty.

When they complained to the saintly hermit and sought redress, they received his assurance that his interpretation of the dream was right.

"You should break yourselves of the bad habit of blaming others for your own faults," he added. "The truth of the *apsara's* failure to gratify your wishes is a long distance beside your surmise. To exercise her functions in discharge of the task assigned to her, she needs not only a human shape, since she is now dwelling among mortals; and clothes for decency's sake, since she is earthly on earth; and garnishment of her beauty, since even a celestial female will strive with might and main to please men — but also music to guide her dancing. Oh that you had not driven away your younger brother, the musician!"

They were surprised and pained by the reproof implied in the saintly hermit's remark and replied somewhat hotly, though he was a holy man, that Mashmool had gone of his own accord. And with respect to his excellence in music, he did not possess a monopoly of the art. If it were not for their sure knowledge of its being an empty, almost sinful pastime, they could no doubt learn to play any instrument as well and better than he. . . .

"Hearts absorbed in the contemplation of the divine will cannot be corrupted by the arts that soothe and recreate," rejoined the saintly hermit, a faint smile enlivening his emaciated countenance.

Then he dismissed the brothers who, returning home, had a serious argument, evoked by this utterance as a sequel to his fuller explanation of his interpretation of the dream. Considering and reconsidering, it now appeared entirely clear to them: the rich reward for their righteousness, at last acknowledged by Batara Guru, was to arrive through the *apsara* dancing to their music; and all their religious scruples anent the propriety of that frivolous diversion vanished the moment they saw their advantage in it.

Bagal commenced practising the *rabab*,[1] Sompoq the *gendang*[2] and Paning the *katram*[3] in order to form a complete orchestra, by far more sonorous and melodious, more adequate to accompany a celestial dancer, they flattered themselves, than Mashmool's feeble efforts with a simple bamboo flute ever could be. After persistent and strenuous toil they noticed slight movements in the puppet. It began to quake and quiver; with their progress in the production of a concordant combination from the sounds they generated, to change its posture and position at the measure of the tune to which they strove to do justice. The achievement put an end to the scoffing of their neighbors who, compelled by curiosity, sought their company for ocular evidence of their prodigious command over a wooden image into which they had blown life, causing it to go through its paces as if it were a real dancing-girl.

The neighbors were, of course, made to pay for the privilege. Sry Nagasary's monetary value expelled from the minds of the brothers all doubts of her divine mission to recompense them for their holiness, tardily but now fitly recognized by Batara Guru. This was the rich reward foretold by the saintly hermit, which flowed more and more richly as their proficiency in handling their musical instruments increased, to wit, their mechanical proficiency, always short of the artistic touch born from an inspiration intrinsically foreign to their coarse-grained temperament. And this was the reason, but they knew it not, why Sry Nagasary, instead of budding into life, remained a marionette with lips always sealed; set, truly, in machine-like motion by their music such as it was, but stark again the instant it ceased.

Even though they prospered, thanks to the *apsara's* offices, the brothers began to mistrust her lack of animation unless specially roused to activity. Constitutionally suspicious and spiteful, they also mistrusted one another, each meditating in his mind how he could become her sole possessor, secure for himself alone the rich reward by releasing the aerial nymph from her wooden prison and marrying her. Surely, Batara Guru had decreed her transmigration into an earthly shape for the highest good. And was not the highest good attainable in this case that the rich reward should go to the most meritorious, the most godly of the three as each of them believed himself to be?

For ways and means the saintly hermit could be consulted. So once more they went up to him; not together, however, but separately and secretly, in fear of being caught at their knavish game, turning on

[1] A primitive violin or, rather, a small violoncello, because when played, it is not held up but down, resting on the ground.

[2] A sort of drum, made of a piece of *nangka* wood and hollowed out, both sides being covered with a goat-skin or sheep-skin.

[3] Cymbals.

their heels at every few steps to keep their father's spirit off their track for Kyahy Taboos, angered in the narrow valley of death at their intent to cheat one another, might contrive to cross it with calamitous result. The saintly hermit showed not the least surprise at their coming and gave each the same answer to his request for advice, again faintly smiling as Bagal, Sompoq and Paning, to conceal their base motives, feigned an ardent solicitude for the ultimate fate of the wooden *apsara*, whose incarnation they said that they wished to compass for her own weal, namely, to insure her happiness in union with Batara Guru's chosen one.

"To fulfil her destiny and yours, according to Batara Guru's will," declared the saintly hermit, "your *apsara* needs a human soul to conclude in its human stage the divine labor enjoined on her. Whoever, with a clean heart and clean hands, gives his soul to her in token of his true love, shall have hers."

Having spoken these words to Bagal, Sompoq and Paning successively, the saintly hermit declined to tell them anything more.

They spent their days and nights in pondering the queer, puzzling recommendation that they should give their souls to Sry Nagasary. Uncertain how to act upon it and avoiding one another because burning with envy, they endeavored to despoil destiny of its secrets by communicating with soothsayers, whose divinations at the cost of incessant offerings on numberless altars to numberless gods, brought them not a step farther. When they met to join in their musical performances, necessary to induce the *apsara* to dance, it was no pleasure to them, rather a vexation, to observe her growing skill, which attracted to their house people from far and near, and made the treasure in their coffers swell. They got their gold and silver too dear, prospering at the expense of their tranquillity of mind for each of the three was constantly scheming how to defraud the others of that source of income and finally of lasting comfort to its exclusive possessor. Since they had to share their good fortune, it made them utterly miserable.

Meanwhile the fame of the dancing image had spread to distant lands. Mashmool, the youngest brother, heard it spoken of on his travels and also somewhat homesick notwithstanding his unpleasant experience, he resolved to go and see for himself. After many new adventures and subsisting on his minstrelsy during his journey back as he had done all the time, he arrived at last, tired and footsore, in his native village. It was evening and nobody recognized him because he had become taller of stature while his features, too, had undergone a change reflecting a wider knowledge of the world, a riper insight which nevertheless abided by the guileless sincerity of his candid nature.

To reach his home he had either to cross the river in a boat or to skirt it upstream for quite a distance to pass over a bridge and return by the opposite bank. Standing near the water's edge, he looked at the rising ground on the other side, purple in the rays of the setting sun. Behind the first bend where, giving way to cultivated ground, the tangled mangroves ceased to fringe the stream, lay the house of his desire. In the growing darkness he saw many lights glimmering between the palms that masked its landing-place. Many more lights floated onward with the flood. They belonged to *sampans* and larger craft, *koleks* and *jukoongs*, all making for the luminous headland. Mashmool inquired of a man, just embarked and ready to push off, what was going on that the whole village, and strangers too, it seemed, were speeding toward the semblance of some palace of a thousand torches, transplanted from a fairy tale to reality.

"Whence comest thou?" asked the man. "Even the people that live beyond the stars know of Sry Nagasary and of her dancing every market day. Jump in if thou hast a wish to behold the marvellous lady, a runaway from Indra's paradise."

Eyeing Mashmool more closely as he did jump in, his flute in his hand and his violin under his arm, a Sumatra *rabab* he had learned to play when associating with the Rawas brethren of his guild, the man continued, voicing the misgivings naturally awakened by a strolling minstrel's appearance:

"That is, supposing thou possessest the wherewithal to satisfy the craving for lucre which dishonors the sons of Kyahy Taboos who exhibit the *apsara*. Thou, companion of the road, canst pander to their infamy with cash? If not, thy going up is bootless and unavailing fatigue."

"Verily, thy words lack wisdom," retorted Mashmool, pointing to his instruments. "Shall music be barred where dancing sways the night?"

"Thou speakest truth," assented the man, beginning to paddle. "And oh for the dancing there would be with the youngest son of Kyahy Taboos leading instead of Bagal, who draws his bow across the copper strings as if he were sawing wood, while Sompoq and Paning bang the drum and clank the cymbals like irate husbandmen in their rice-fields shooing off the birds. But Mashmool, where does he wander and what has happened to him since his shameless brothers turned him out?"

Mashmool had his reasons not yet to reveal his identity. His answers to the friendly but garrulous boatman's questions about the country he hailed from, his musical training, the object of his visit and so forth, were short and evasive. Aided by the tide, which was setting in, they soon rounded the point near the landing-place, beached

the boat and joined the crowd that sought admittance to the spacious hall where the performance was to be given. Originally open on three sides, it had been closed by means of screens of split bamboo between the pillars to prevent impecunious or penurious curiosity procuring gratification without pecuniary sacrifice. Over the outer gate, truly, was an inscription in large characters, a motto from the sacred books of ancient lore, extending a cordial welcome to friends, acquaintances and every one else who chose to enter, but Bagal, guarding the door, assisted by Sompoq and Paning, construed that greeting in a fashion which made their guests comment with wry faces upon words soft as butter proceeding from demons of avarice lurking in their hearts.

When Mashmool entered, paying them the gate-money, the brothers never suspected their father's preferred son they had wronged, in the travel-worn stranger questing admission. They took him for a wandering musician attracted by the renown of their marvellous pre-eminence in his art, which forced even inanimate objects to sympathetic obedience, and saluted him with the obligatory phrase in addressing visitors from foreign parts:

"Our gain is great, O bestower of favors! that thy voyage has not been impeded by the perils of the road."

"The gain is mine, O you on whom Batara Guru showers his blessings! and it is your favor I seek," answered Mashmool in a low tone not to let his voice betray him.

Thereupon Bagal ordered the servants to spread mats for the spectators to sit upon with due regard to their rank and station, lining three sides of the space, also covered with matting, which was reserved for the performing puppet. He himself with Sompoq and Paning took place on the fourth side, muttering prayers while in the middle incense was burned as an indispensable preliminary to the exhibition. Then, getting up from their crouched position, they pushed the wooden doll forward, Sry Nagasary, in the regulation dress of a dancing-girl: from her hips down she was clothed in a *kahin*, a garment of brocade wound round her middle and kept securely attached by the weight of its own graceful folds; her body was wrapped in the *kembèn*, a narrow strip of silk, encircling her upward to the armpits and held tight by passing the ends under its loops; a *pending*, that is, a golden girdle, fastened more firmly both *kahin* and *kembèn;* a *slendang* or scarf, stuck to right and left between the *pending* and her waist, completed her costume with a string of *melaty*[1] hanging down from her neck, and the *kerabu*,[2] bracelets and finger-rings which were the special admiration of her female beholders.

[1] A white, strongly odorous flower of the genus *Jasminum*.

[2] An ornament which consists of a small bar, inserted into the hole made for that purpose in the lobe of the ear and held in place by a small disk on the inside while on the outside a stud of gold or silver, often embossed with diamonds or other precious stones, is screwed on to it.

These could be heard but not seen behind the slatted shutters and screens of split bamboo through the interstices of which they watched over the heads of their squatted men-folk what was bechancing the aerial nymph despatched from heaven for their amusement. Their excited whispers subsided into a long-drawn "Ah!" as they perceived the first signs of animation in her hands and arms and visage, yellow with *boreh*,[1] when the three brothers, each coaxing his instrument into laborious discipline without minding the other two, began to attack the dancing music proper after an equally cacophonous prelude. Bagal, keeping his bow between his fingers as if manipulating a saw, to repeat the boatman's simile, worked the strings in an unsteady, painful manner of which his *rabab* complained loudly in screechy, chiding accents, like those of a testy old woman. Sompoq thwacked the drum, altogether independent of his lead, and Paning belabored the cymbals quasi-derisively of that shrill scolding, its strident sound going through interminable, monotonous, ill-executed variations of the attempted tune, wrangling with the jeering response of the *gendang's* bing-bang and the *katram's* click-clack, until at last by sheer reiteration of the invitation to dance, it persuaded Sry Nagasary to perform her *sembah*, the salutation expressive of her readiness to commence.

It was hailed with exclamations of unbounded, though, owing to the awe attending her astounding feats, of suppressed enthusiasm. While, with clumsy movements like those of an automaton, she took hold of her scarf, disengaging it from her girdle to raise it to her shoulders, putting it round her neck with the ends hanging down to her knees, Bagal, as leader of the orchestra, redoubled his vigor. Without prejudice on behalf of key or melody or harmony, he dispensed his fortes in an audaciously liberal style, goading Sompoq and Paning to surpass his energetic zeal with vicious fortissimos on *their* instruments, the three producing a combination of dissonants which gave an alarming foretaste of the futurist music that enraptures ultra-modern audiences in our Temples of Symphony and Philharmonic Halls.

Sry Nagasary made the best of it. Dancing slowly and mechanically, she warmed up to her divine art — that is, to a certain extent, to the extent permitted by the character of her accompaniment. Her stolid face, indeed, smeared with *boreh*, had nothing human, still less anything indicative of her heavenly extraction, yet, first the women and then the men remarked that her eyes, as she glided round, languidly lifting and twisting her arms and hands and fingers, began to move in her head. They moved sleepily, though, like the eyes of one acting under the impulse of a dream. . . . But lo! her hair — it had

[1] A preparation of curcuma and cocos oil, used at ceremonial functions to anoint and color the parts of the body which remain bare.

become real hair and in it was stuck a leaf of the *waringin*-tree,[1] just as if she were a common dancing-girl, performing in the street and desirous to attract lovers. . . .

Encouraged by these familiar associations, the chief of the village, who attended *ex officio*, got up and took Sry Nagasary's scarf from her clumsily fumbling hands. Thereupon, followed by the tottering doll, he approached with the mincing steps prescribed by native etiquette his superior, the *demang* or chief of the district, also present, to squat down opposite the latter and to offer it as an invitation to the first dance *à deux*, an honor pertaining to the guest highest in rank. Again according to native etiquette there was a protracted contest of courtesy between the two officials, the one insisting with due deference, the other politely refusing to accept the scarf until at last he yielded and, begging to be excused on account of his age while handing it back to the wooden lady, produced a silver coin, tendering the money to her as the price of his exemption from a precedence incompatible with his hoary dignity.

"The proper thing to do," muttered the bystanders who watched Sry Nagasary clutching the coin with an awkward gesture and sliding by fits and starts, unconscious of her actions, toward a copper vessel in front of Bagal, into which she let it fall. The chinking sound of its striking the rim and bottom, displeased the women behind the shutters and screens. "An unmannerly dancing-girl," they whispered to one another, commenting upon this trick which, like the ostentatious display of a *waringin*-leaf, is a common one among the artists of the streets, who take good care to make the tangible evidence of approval, extracted from a male admirer, ring in its receptacle to stimulate the generosity of his rivals.

Moving away from the collection-bowl, Sry Nagasary halted before the village chief, whose turn had now come either to dance with her or to open his purse. He chose the former course, seconded by two of his elders, one to his right, the other to his left. Squirming about, contorting their limbs, encircling the unsightly image of a celestial virgin at the measureless measure of a wildly unharmonious orchestra, they presented a sight extravagantly weird and lugubrious in their *chassé-croisé* with the grotesque *apsara*, descended from Indra's court for the delectation of mortals. Although some of the onlookers enlivened the scene by clapping their thighs in time with the drum and cymbals, genially and affably to show the appreciation obligatory on well-bred neighbors, the pause, announced by an unearthly yelp of Bagal's *rabab*, was welcomed as a relief even by the most curious.

Sry Nagasary relapsed at once into her original state of superlative woodenness. Never before, however, had she done so well, danced

[1] The ficus *Benjaminea*.

in such a life-like style as that night. The three brothers took, of course, all the credit of her progress in pose and attitude and elegant carriage to themselves. But those of the company who had not been wholly absorbed in the spectacle because distracted by their close observation of the stranger in their midst, the wandering minstrel half hid in a corner with his eyes riveted on the dancing doll that seemed to gain in vitality under his gaze, were of a different opinion.

"He has the air of a *gandharva* [1] in search of his *apsara:* no wonder that she responds," said the women and girls, favorably impressed by the looks and deportment of the handsome youth.

"Is not this Mashmool, come back to claim his portion among the sons of Kyahy Taboos?" a selectman asked of the village scribe.

The accosted authority, whose wife had nursed Mashmool after the death of his mother in childbed, scrutinized him closely and cried:

"Indeed it is and my hearty greeting to him!"

The exclamation and the crowding forward of the villagers to salute the wanderer happily restored to his friends, awakened his brothers to a sense of something unusual going on, an event not on the evening's programme. Joining the circle which had formed around Mashmool, they now recognized him too, their preoccupation as owners, managers and orchestra of the show having so far prevented their taking much notice of him. His arrival did not suit them at all but they went up to him with sugary words and a grand display of joy at his return, and they entreated him to consider himself at home in their father's house, forgetting that it was his as well as theirs.

In their vexation at Mashmool's unexpected re-appearance, they solaced themselves with the thought that their generous but vague assurances of hospitable intent could easily be modified after they had had time to consider the case at their leisure, basing their line of conduct on mature reflection. For the present Sry Nagasary's resuscitation claimed their undivided attention. So they took up again their instruments to resume their arduous functions in the eagerly awaited second part of the performance. But, while they preluded with more than ordinary absence of concord and consonance, owing to their perturbed state of mind, the *demang*, after a whispered consultation with the village chief, interrupted their play and proposed an arrangement the idea of which had already occurred to several others: since Mashmool was known to be an excellent musician, could not Bagal leave the musical direction to him the better to discharge the duties of the general management?

Bagal argued that Sry Nagasary, being a personal gift from Batara Guru to himself and, he added under the stress of their presence, to

[1] The *gandharvas* are heavenly musicians who, with their wives or mistresses, the *apsaras* or heavenly dancers, live in the house of Indra, jointly beguiling his spare time.

his brothers Sompoq and Paning, would most certainly decline to dance to any music but his own. One might try, answered the *demang*. His proposition in favor of the change being carried by acclamation, Bagal was obliged to give in and resign the leadership of the orchestra to Mashmool who, rejecting his elder brother's fiddle, commenced tuning the Sumatra *rabab* which he had learned to play during his peregrinations in Jamby and the Rawas. Besides other differences in construction, it had three strings of twisted silk instead of the two copper ones which Bagal never succeeded in stretching properly to sound the right notes of the *salendro*-octave. Mashmool's prelude revealed at once his indisputable superiority as an apt pupil of the eminent virtuoso that made Batang Asay, where this maëstro had established a school, a name famous among the connoisseurs from Majapahit to Manang Kabau.

The coarse, raw noises, suggestive of an abusive hag, a shrieking virago, which Bagal had inflicted upon his audience, gave way to soft tones like those of a love-sick maiden whose hopes and desires are bursting into song. Mashmool's masterly execution of the opening strains profoundly touched the cloistered women and girls who, for all his having been recognized as Kyahy Taboos's youngest son, could not get rid of the fanciful belief that the wandering minstrel was an incarnation of the primal and essential Gandharva, the patron of their sex, the deity of courtship and marriage. His tender call to come forth and dance, a gentle but irresistible summons to the completion of high events, had a still more wonderful effect upon the *apsara*, manifestly so anxious to do his bidding that it almost petrified Bagal, who sat motionless with mingled feelings of amazement and exasperation while Sompoq and Paning, no less confounded, fortunately forgot to follow their younger brother's lead with their drum and cymbals.

In fact, every one doubted the evidence of his senses when Sry Nagasary stepped airily to the middle of the space assigned for the exhibition of her art, subject to a transformation unlike and much greater than that which had enabled the lumbering doll, fashioned by Bagal and dressed and bedecked with jewels by Sompoq and Paning, to go through its twitching paces. Her features took a living hue; the layer of *boreh* disappeared from her face and arms and hands, leaving them tinted like the dusky-yellow rind of the succulent *langsah*.[1] The life-blood, vital principle of human existence, rushed up from its source beneath the lotus and tinged her cheeks; her bosom heaved; her brow expanded; her lustreless eyes began to sparkle; the *waringin*-leaf in her hair-knot blossomed into a red-glowing rose.

Nimble, yet stately, she danced to the measure of Mashmool's accords, swaying her lithe body on her haunches, extending and

[1] A fruit, variety of the *duku*, family *Meliacea*.

bending upward her fingers, spreading and waving her scarf with winding, graceful movements. Timidly advancing, shyly receding, she seemed to hold converse with the all-spirit, wooing its creative essence and being wooed, trembling under unseen caresses, mellowed to conceive and bear like a flower-bud in the warmth of the sun. How beautiful she was! And her dancing in agitation of ecstacy an elation of the soul, a solution of the riddle of man and woman, of the noble and the base, of heaven and earth!

The hearts of those who beheld her throbbed with rapture. They were now perfectly convinced that she was one of Indra's handmaidens, her home the abode of the gods. And, miracle upon miracle, when she finished her dance with Mashmool's last note quavering skyward, she did not subside into the rigid inanity from which he had quickened her, but, after craving with a *sembah* and obtaining his permission to withdraw, disappeared into the women's apartments, bestowing on him a parting glance which made the young folks turn white, then scarlet under their brown skins as their tumultuous blood ceased its flow, immediately to dash on again through their veins in fiery waves. And one of the elders said:

"The *ghandarva* fully deserves his reward."

"Nay, call him Kama, the god of the flowery bow, smiled upon by Raty, his fond spouse," replied the village scribe, who was something of a prig.

The *demang*, rising to depart after thanking Bagal for the rare entertainment provided and Mashmool for its exceptional success, gave the sign for the assembly to break up. The village chief followed suit, escorting him home at the head of a numerous retinue. Thereupon the rest of the guests dispersed in due sequence, taking a perfunctory leave of their host and his two brothers next in age, but very cordially commending themselves to the youngest and complimenting him upon the new proof of his surpassing talent they had just enjoyed. Mashmool accepted their praise with a modesty which endeared him still more, especially to the fair among his admirers. Yet, however unassuming his behavior, this homage to his musical proficiency, not to mention Sry Nagasary's evident preference for his person and accompaniment, was not at all to his seniors' liking. On the other hand, they saw their advantage in retaining him until they had mastered the trick, for so they considered it, which wrought the magical transition of a wooden image into an embodiment of the transports of paradise, far beyond their own past achievements unaided by occult artifice.

So they, too, complimented him, feigning to be overjoyed at his return, cajoling him, beseeching him to stay and live with them forever but resolved in their minds to get rid of him the instant they had wheedled him out of his secret. They ordered the servants to spread

a sleeping-mat for him in the verandah over the stream that laved the basement of the house, his favorite place to pass the night in as they affectionately remembered. Without doubt he was tired and they needed also a good rest after the fatigue of the night's performance, wherefore they begged him to excuse them for the nonce from expatiating upon their contentment caused by his hale and hearty presence, from exchanging the news of the village for an account of his travels and adventures: the morrow would bring time for that together with the festive celebration of his restitution to the parental roof.

Meanwhile they were consumed with a desire to see Sry Nagasary in the flesh as she withdrew from the dance, to speak to her privately, to establish their claims on the promised reward, each for himself to the exclusion of the other two. But at the women's quarters they were told in reply to their sly inquiries, that the lady had gone to the river for a bath, as might have been expected from an *apsara*, a water-nymph reincarnate; that she had imperiously commanded when retiring for repose after the refreshing expedition, on no pretext to suffer any one to annoy her with requests for an interview, least of all Bagal, Sompoq or Paning.

Mashmool, believing in his brothers' fond protestations, had laid himself down upon his sleeping-mat, thinking of the strange events of the day, of the ungainly wooden doll transfigured by the effective energy of his music into a celestial princess, of the fervid glance that lovely, peerless being had shot at him, grateful for her delivery, promising worlds of joy. It made him inexpressibly happy, gave him a feeling of beatitude that mingled in the surrounding darkness with the blissful smell of the juicy herbs of the pasture grounds and the sappy buds of the sprouting trees in the jungle, carried from far inland on the wings of the cooling mountain breeze. The growing stillness disposed him to slumber but his rest was not untroubled.

Tossing about, Mashmool was dreaming of the *apsara*, whom he fancied at his side, leaning over him and looking at him with eyes that plucked his heart out of his body, when a stronger scent, a scent of flowers, delicious and exciting, woke him up. The scent came from *melaty* and *champaca*,[1] strung profusely in the thick coils of her hair from which now the rose had vanished as, earlier in the evening, the *waringin*-leaf. Sitting up, fully awakened by the emotion produced by her close proximity, Mashmool saw however nothing, though he heard a faint rustle of flowing robes, soon lost in the gurgle of the water that swirled past beneath his feet. Had she come to him, the spirit of divine delight, Sry Nagasary? Or had it been one of the comely shaped witches that prowl by night to tear open the breasts of men in search of the clotted drop of blood?

[1] A flower of the family *Magnolices*, scarcely less odorous than the *melaty*.

Whoever or whatever it might have been, Mashmool resolved to watch for a new manifestation, surveying the black, eddying current, trying to pierce the murky wall of river and cloud blurred together, that closed him in. Wrapped in his *sarong*,[1] he sat quite still, noting every suspicious ticking and creaking of rafters and flooring, every shuffle of unshod feet he discerned moving in the house between the whir of fluttering bats and the yelping bark of the wild dogs that were snapping at one another over the carrion thrown up by the tide. Nervously vigilant he sat until the first glimmer of the rising moon, blinking through the thin, flying filaments of vapor that detached themselves from the heavy mist which rested on land and sea, began to disperse the gloom. Then he took his flute and played a piece in laud of the soft, silvery light, so melodious that the occupants of the women's quarters, from mistress to lowest serving wench, spoke the next morning of heavenly lutes they had heard.

And his heart being full, Mashmool laid aside his flute to address himself to the moon in verses of the kind whose metre, in the guise of an eagle, once mounted to the realm of sublime felicity and stole the celestial liquor *soma*, lulling its guardian to neglectful sleep. And having done his duty by the benign luminary, Mashmool gave vent to the love he felt in him for Sry Nagasary and he sang:

> "My lady is like the yolk of the egg of the world:
> She is the cause and the aim of all that exists;
> Of her true lover's anguish and bliss for ever and ever,
> Of the pain he exultantly bears for her sake."

No more time elapsed than necessary to sheathe a kris, when a voice responded, a voice sweet as honey and distinct as the tones of Vishnu's conch that stirs creation from its crest to its navel at his passing astride on the bird Garuda:

> "Through trials and suff'ring prepare to enter thy kingdom:
> Man's strength's steel'd by patience and man's love by delay.
> Is not the air clearèd and cleansèd by thunder and lightning?
> Steadily chase thy desire by night and by day."

Mashmool had wooed and won the *apsara* without the assistance of the saintly hermit, and deep silence, the mysterious silence of the hours before dawn ushers the work and battle of mortal existence, confirmed the announcement of her conditional surrender.

The incident did not escape the attention of the brothers who, stung by the *apsara's* refusal to see them, were spying on her to keep track of further developments. Though the more jealous of one another the

[1] A garment which is worn by men as well as by women and consists of a long piece of cloth, sometimes of fine texture and elaborate design.

more beautiful she had become and the more accomplished in her profitable art without collapsing the moment she lost the spur of musical incitement, they dropped their rivalry to unite in their common envy of Mashmool. Their backs hunched up and their livers burst of hatred at her response to his declaration, the first articulate utterance that proceeded from her lips in their hearing, and such an utterance!

"We have labored," said Bagal, "and his is the gain!"

"We have admitted him to our home, him who came as driftwood," added Sompoq, "and extended our hospitality to him and this is how he repays our kindness, licking up the mead poured out for us by the gods."

"He has brought with him a spirit of evil, his master," continued Paning, "the one that taught him those tricks, and benefactions to the wicked are always punished by the gods, adverse as they must needs be to dealings with devils and the children of their wrath."

So they talked, wicked words leaving their mouths, sinful words suggested by the spirits of evil that lived in themselves who could not apprehend the fact of Mashmool's superior power over the heavenly nymph originating simply in his superior musical skill backed by his superior cast of mind. Acting on the prognostics of Bagal's dream, as interpreted by the saintly hermit, and competing for the promised reward, they had prepared for everything except that which now had happened. To obviate its consequences, they resolved upon the sacrifice of a human life — and whose life could it be but Mashmool's? — first to frighten his demonic master into revealing to them the coveted secret; secondly to serve the gods, notably Batara Guru, whose evident will it was that the *apsara's* mission should redound to their advantage, not his. Dreadful deeds are sometimes planned and done in the professed service of the gods!

Mashmool was asleep after his amorous vigil. Having ascertained this, the conspirators armed themselves and stealthily entered the verandah over whose balustrade they hoped to cast him, when finished, into the river which, as they knew by experience, never gave back what had sunk, properly weighted, beneath its whirling surface to its slimy bottom. Mashmool's regular breathing augured well for their undertaking. But suddenly, already near his sleeping-mat and reaching for their krisses, their fratricidal hands were arrested by an apparition, luminous in the moonglade. Startled, they drew back. Sry Nagasary, premonished by her divine perception, had come to warn them off and they went, turning tail like beaten dogs, yet self-righteous enough, even in the hour of their discomfiture and repudiation, to make one another believe that it was they who renounced her since they detected their danger: do not the gods when the holy practices of sanctified men threaten damage to their pre-eminence, employ *apsaras* to lure those

saints from the blessed road? Enlightened by the happenings of the night, they would abstain.

When the mean, by far too crafty fools had gone, withering under her contemptuous stare, Sry Nagasary stooped and touched Mashmool's forehead. He woke up a second time and, looking around, unquiet as a budding plant stirred by the longings of spring, he saw now plainly before him the earthly form of her who had become a dweller in his heart. Bending toward him her dainty figure that seemed wrought of the sheen of the waning moon, she carried her clean beauty proudly as a regal garment. Perplexed and afraid to speak to one descended from the highest sphere to expose herself to contact with mortals, ordained for a purpose he could not divine, to disport among them as she was wont to do among the gods, he gazed at her in silence, intoxicated by the blithesome influence of her personality, the very marrow of love.

"Thy singing has moved me strangely," she said. "Hast thou the strength to be mine?"

"Forgive me," he answered. "I forgot myself: thou belongest to my brothers and my manifest duty is to go."

"Thy brothers are a rottenness at the core of the sanctity they pretend. They sham devotion, disturbing its limpid course, stirring up its dregs and besmirching themselves. Indra's thunderbolt will destroy them: Rudra, the blue-black demon, is already tracing their path. But, by the light of the moon! I have a more important matter in hand than to discuss thy brothers' share in my assuming this shape, which will confound them through their rascal stupidity. Therefore again: Hast thou the strength to be mine; mine in my master's palace of Amaravati, in the fragrant gardens of Randana?"

Though his courage never turned away from a legitimate object, Mashmool repeated that he would resume his wanderings rather than contend with his brothers for a treasure he prized above all but considered theirs. Thereupon Sry Nagasary, unfolding their machinations and disclosing their intention to kill him, as a king's messenger unwraps a royal despatch from its yellow silken cover and discloses its contents, told him of their frustrated attempt on his life, adding that their fate, whatever he might wish or do, was in the hands of Varuna, the god of justice and punishment. This having dissipated his scruples, he gladly confessed his love and declared his readiness to prove it by performing any task she might be pleased to appoint.

Her answer fed the lurking suspicion always associated with the unexpected fulfilment of a strong desire:

"My home is in heaven and, though the celestial beverage of delight I dispense, can be drunk by gods or by men at Batara Guru's discretion, the privileged mortal has to select between earthly marriage,

which is a short, counterfeit happiness, and lasting felicity in *svarloka*, the palace and gardens of eternal bliss, which to gain requires fortitude and continence and high endeavor while traversing the valley of sorrow. It is in thy choice to abase me, an *apsara*, to thy own uncleansed condition, or to raise thyself to mine as a *gandharva*, my consort before the throne, a servant of Agni, the effulgent, and of Varuna, the exalted judge. Choose thy destiny for me to follow!"

Flurried by the alternative and impelled by the rash impatience that marks the hot lover, Mashmool had it on the tip of his tongue to beg her consent for immediate espousal, but the knowledge of its brief, incomplete satisfaction marred the tempting picture of undeferred possession as the shadow of a cloud darkens a sun-lit landscape. He stood motionless: gratification of the sin-ridden flesh for a fleeting hour or the soul's reward in undecaying beatitude, the real treasure in Sry Nagasary's gift?

Dawn had now arrived, Ushas, the shimmer of new-born day, sweethearting with the streaks of vapor in the sky, turning their complexion from palest pink to deepest carmine, and the celestial virgin took her bridegroom by the hand, leading him out of the house to the riverside. There she held back and spoke:

"Look, the moon, the lady of fecundity under whose influence Indra created the universe and fixed the orbits of the planets, Soma, restored to her dominion, is drunk up by the gods; she waneth and will not be filled ere I return to my place on high. What is thy choice? Which way shall we travel, either together for a little while, constantly menaced by irrevocable separation as between a mortal and a child of the stars; or apart for a little while, thou undoing thy desire of its low, lustful wrappings to let me precede where, after trial and purification in the accomplishment of thy task, thou shalt become my other self among the diamonds that stud the roof of the world?"

Loaded with the perfumes of bourgeoning woods, the landwind rippled the water whose playful wavelets rocked the coco-nut shells which the girls of the village, praying to Soma, had filled with sweetmeats and sent floating down the stream to dispose to favor the deity in charge of the matrimonial market.

The passing fisher-folk as they steered their boats seaward before the auspicious breeze, and the husbandmen as they made up to plough their rice-fields and saw them standing, Mashmool and Sry Nagasary, silhouetted against the amber and garnet welkin, in earnest, affectionate communion, said:

"Lo! the *apsara* has found her *gandharva*."

From afar they were watched by the saintly hermit, who had been drawn from his holy meditations by the rapidly spreading news of Sry Nagasary's release from bondage by the charm of Mashmool's

enchanting melodies, and was curious to know whether the youngest of the sons of Kyahy Taboos, conquering himself, would reap the rich reward Batara Guru had empowered the *apsara* to bestow on the most deserving.

"Oh she," he muttered, "she, the cloud-spirit, groping in her deliverance for the liberation of her lover from the thraldom of carnal appetite, will she attain her wish and elevate him to glory?"

Mashmool seemed to hesitate. Anxious for a token, he scanned the horizon to the North where Kubera, the god of worldly indulgence, keeps his court, and to the North-East where Chandra illuminates the joys of paradise.

"Thou, Surya, direct his decision!" pleaded Sry Nagasary, invoking the sun, which began to climb the firmament in his golden chariot behind his milk-white, lucent horses.

At his advent Mashmool obtained the inspiration he had sought. And Surya soon reigning supreme, Mashmool loudly published his choice, erect on the ridge at the river's edge, gorgeously clothed in the lord of fruition's reflected radiance as in shining armor, clenching shining weapons, put in his hands by the resplendent god: a flaming sword to strike at error and deceit, a lance with flashing head to drive back falsehood into slanderous throats, the minstrel having enlisted as a warrior in Batara Guru's army of the upright.

And Sry Nagasary contemplated him contentedly, fain to ascend whence she had come, going before with a cheery word of trust in a speedy consummation of their union; with a prayer in her heart for its perfection in purity, such a prayer as no god can resist: May my soul be his soul as his soul is my soul, one forever in whole, undying troth!

THIRTIETH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

THE annual meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society was held Dec. 27, 1918, at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

In the absence of the President, Dr. Fewkes called the meeting to order. Owing to the absence of the Secretary, Dr. Charles Peabody, Dr. R. H. Lowie was elected Secretary *pro tem.*

Dr. Boas was called upon to read the Secretary's, Treasurer's, and Editor's reports.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

The membership of the Society, including the libraries subscribing to the Journal, is as follows: —

	1917	1918
Honorary members	8	8
Life members	11	11
Annual members	385	381
	404	400
Subscribing libraries	169	177

The Secretary announces with deep regret the death of Professor Paul Sébillot of Paris, honorary member of the Society.

CHARLES PEABODY, *Secretary.*

On motion of T. Michelson, the Secretary's report was unanimously adopted.

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR 1918.

GENERAL FUND.

Receipts.

Balance, 1917	$882.17	
Membership dues	1,065.58	
Sale of Canadian number	70.10	
G. E. Stechert, sale to libraries	279.30	
Interest	19.09	
Total receipts		$2,316.24

Expenses.

New Era, July-Sept, 1917, number	$360.73	
G. Beaverson, music printing	173.00	
Columbia University Press	17.16	
Miss Taylor, Index, Vol. XXX	85.25	
Miss Andrews, services	300.00	
A. Espinosa, expenses	25.00	
Rebates to Branches	62.75	
	$1,023.89	

Amounts brought forward		$1,023.89	$2,316.24
G. E. Stechert, Library subscriber		3.00	
Printing bills		2.35	
Postage: Boston Branch, $ 3.00			
Editor,	13.76		
Treasurer,	9.19	25.95	
Expenses Canadian Branch		9.83	
Exchange		2.52	
Total expenses			1,067.54
Balance			$1,248.70

PUBLICATION FUND (MEMOIRS).

Receipts.

Sale of Vol. X	$79.25	
Sale of Vol. XI	64.05	
Miss Hague for Vol. X	252.50	
Stechert, sale of miscellaneous Memoirs	1.90	
Charles Peabody, for Index	100.00	
Interest, Newell Fund	83.00	
Subscriptions, Publication Fund	53.00	
Total receipts		$633.70

Expenses.

New Era, Volume X	$508.25	
Musical Courier, Volume X	10.00	
G. Beaverson, Volume XIII	3.80	
Miss Taylor, Index of Journal, Vols. I–XXV (Newell Memorial Volume)	100.00	
Total expenses		622.05
Balance		$11.65

ALFRED M. TOZZER, *Treasurer.*

The Treasurer's report was referred to an auditing committee.

REPORT OF THE EDITOR.

During the past year, publication of the Journal was much delayed on account of the difficulties of getting work done promptly in the printing-office. At the present time three numbers for 1918 have been published, and the last number is in type. The plan of developing studies in English, Indian, Negro, French, and Spanish folk-lore has been continued. The Editor wishes to express his thanks to Mr. Barbeau, President of the Society, for the energetic development of the Canadian field. Owing to the expansion of the field of work of the Society, the amount of material that is coming in has increased so much that the financial resources of the Society are not adequate to take care of all the material that is offered and that should be published. It is almost impossible to keep the Journal down to less than five hun-

dred pages, and the subscription price of three dollars is entirely inadequate for covering the expenses of a journal of this size.

During the year one volume of memoirs has been published, — Elsie Clews Parsons' "Folk-Tales of Andros Island." There are still in the hands of the Editor two manuscripts, — Dean Fansler's "Folk-Tales of the Philippine Islands;" and the Index for the first twenty-five volumes of the Journal, by Miss Taylor, which is to form the Newell Memorial Volume. It is very desirable that both of these manuscripts be printed.

FRANZ BOAS, *Editor.*

The Editor's report was adopted as read.

Dr. Boas moved that, in view of the cost of publication of the Journal, a proposal to increase the annual dues to $4 be submitted to the branch societies, and, if approved by them and subsequently by the Council of the Society, that the dues be so changed. This motion was passed.

The Nominating Committee then presented the following list of candidates for election, to serve during the year 1919: —

PRESIDENT, Elsie Clews Parsons.

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT, E. C. Hills (Bloominton, Ind.).

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT, J. W. Fewkes.

COUNCILLORS, for three years, Phillips Barry, C. M. Barbeau, A. E. Espinosa.

EDITOR, Franz Boas.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS, G. L. Kittredge, A. M. Espinosa, C. M. Barbeau, Elsie Clews Parsons.

TREASURER, A. M. Tozzer.

These officers were elected by acclamation.

R. H. LOWIE, *Secretary pro tem.*

NOTES AND QUERIES.

SINKYONE TALES. — The Sinkyone are an Athapascan division on and about lower south fork of Eel River, in northwestern California. According to Dr. P. E. Goddard, their dialect is similar to that of the Lassik, a collection of whose tales he has published in this Journal. The present writer has carried on no investigations among the Sinkyone, except for inquiries put during a day or two in the course of a trip made in 1902 from Humboldt Bay to the head waters of Eel River for the purpose of ascertaining something concerning the general ethnological status and relations of the then practically unknown and nearly extinct Indians geographically intermediate between the two distinct native cultures represented by the Hupa and the Wailaki of Round Valley. Since then Dr. Goddard has been among the Sinkyone and neighboring Athapascans, and has carried on researches that will illustrate both their language and their life and thought; but, until the appearance of his publications, the present collection of mythical tales, fragmentary though they be, may be of some interest. Stories and episodes 1, 2, 4, 8, 10, and 11 were told by George Burt of Dyerville; Nos. 3, 5, 6, 7, 9, and the variations of 4 and 11, by Mrs. Tom Bell, living at a place near the coast known as French, but having her origin, on her mother's side, from Garberville, to the people of which locality her tales probably belong. Nearly all the stories have more or less close parallels in various parts of California.[1]

1. A *kyoi* (spirit, myth-person, one of the people of the former non-human race) said, "When people die, they will come back after five days." Coyote said, "No, there will be too many people." Then the *kyoi* consented. Now, Coyote had two children, who both died. Then Coyote said, "The five days are over now." When the children did not come to life, he said, "My relative (*sinling*), I thought you said that when people died, they would come back after five days." But the *kyoi* answered, "You said that they were to die."

2. Coyote made the deer wild. When a *kyoi* made the deer, he said that they would be tame. Coyote took pepperwood-leaves, put them on the fire, and they crackled and gave off strong smell. Then the deer, which had been about the fire, became alarmed, and scattered, and grew wild From this time on they scented and heard people from a distance. If it had not been for Coyote, the deer would have been so tame that people could knock them down with a stick.

3. The sun used to just rise in the east and then go down again. It was always dark. Coyote went eastward, trying to shoot the sun; but

[1] Other Athapascan collections, all by P. E. Goddard, are Hupa Texts (UCal 1 : 89–368, 1904); Kato Texts (*Ibid.*, 5 : 65–238, 1909); Chilula Texts (*Ibid.*, 10 : 289–379, 1914); Lassik Tales (JAFL 19 : 133, 1906). For wider comparisons, see A. L. Kroeber, Indian Myths of South Central California (UCal 4 : 167–250, 1907), especially pp. 170–186.

each time it appeared to him to rise farther off. At last he made himself appear to be a woman, deceived the people that kept the sun, and fled with it. When they pursued and overtook him, he said, "I will throw it to you! Spread out your deer-skin blankets, so that it may not break!" They spread out their blankets, but he dashed the sun on the rocks (breaking it, and thus securing it for mankind).

4. There was no fire. In some way people lived without it. It was through the birth of a certain child that fire was obtained. This child cried all the time. The people did for it all they might think of, but they could not quiet it. The child became larger, but still it cried. Some said, "If that child had not something on its mind, it would not be always crying." As it cried, they heard it saying, "I fear the fire." Then some said, "It must have seen fire somewhere." At last they found out what it was crying for. It saw fire that no one else could see. Then the people discussed how they would get the fire from him who kept it. This was the Spider. He kept the fire inside of himself. This is what made his body large. Coyote told them how to obtain the fire. He gathered many kinds of animals and birds. They went to where the Spider was. They made a large crowd. After it became night, the Spider took the fire out from his body. During the day he would put it back. The people played, doing whatever was most ridiculous. If they could cause the Spider to laugh, the fire would shoot out of his mouth, and they could get it. All tried, but could not make him laugh. At last the Skunk came dancing in with his tail stuck up. All laughed, and the Spider laughed too. Then fire shot out of his mouth. All the people were sitting about, holding pitch or tinder in order to catch the fire; but the eel-tail caught fire first. At once it was thrown out of doors. There stood swift runners to take it. The Buzzard flew with it, zigzag, over the dry grass. Wherever he went, he fired the grass, and the flames spread. Thus fire was obtained on earth. If it had not been for the child, there would have been no fire.

[According to the other informant, the child that feared the fire was a small lizard, of a species living in rotten wood. It cried so much that it was thrown out of the house. Still it continued to cry. Then Coyote heard what it was saying. Thus it was discovered that fire existed.]

5. The ocean came up and covered the land. Two eel-baskets, a brother and a sister, went on Bear Butte, a mountain southwest of Philipsville. There they were saved. Every one else was drowned. People are afraid to climb this mountain.

6. Mink married a woman across the sea. She was a cloud. He had two boys. Then he wanted to return. His wife told him not to look back as he went. Once he looked back. Then he saw one of his boys as a small cloud far off, and was sorry. He looked again, and his other boy had become a small distant cloud. He looked back a third time, and his wife turned into a cloud. He came home alone.

7. A young man found good manzanita-berries, and staid out late eating them. He would not tell his two sisters, who were mice, where he had been, even though they pleaded with him. Then they tracked him and found the berries. While they were eating, they were carried off. Their

brother cried and cried for them. In order to recover them, he assembled many people. Then Coyote went to the people who had captured the two girls. He found them holding a war-dance. He danced with them. The two Mouse-girls were brought out. Coyote seized them, saying, "I will eat them." He pretended to eat them, but hid them in his quiver. When the people were asleep, he told the mice to gnaw all the bow-strings. Then he tied the hair of the sleepers together, and set fire to the house.

8. An old man had a son who went hunting constantly. The son had a wife. She knew that the old man desired her, but never told her husband. The son brought back a deer, cooked the lungs, and offered some to his father. The old man said, "No. Perhaps if I eat it, I shall get a pain in my lungs." His son offered him other parts, but he always said the same. He would not eat. The young man had a boy old enough to go about. When the young man was hunting, the child went out to snare robins. The old man said to the woman, "I want to eat what my son ate last night." She reached him piece after piece; but he said, "No." He continued to say, "I wish to eat what my son ate last night." Then the woman understood him. She said, "He ate nothing, but had intercourse with me." — "That is it, that is it!" said the old man, dancing about. The boy, happening to come back to the house, saw them together, and told his father. The old man said, "My grandson, I saw that done often when I was as old as you, but I never wanted to tell about it." The young man seemed to pay no attention to what the little boy told him. Then the old man said to his son, "You cannot overcome me." The young man had three hard stones where he was lying. Becoming angry, he said, "If you want to fight, we will go out. I know what you have been doing." He went out, taking his three stones. His father picked up stones and threw first. The young man dodged, so that he missed. The young man did not throw. His father threw again and missed. Then the young man threw. He hit the old man behind the ear and knocked him down. He got up again. The woman cried, "You are killing your old father! You are killing your old father! Why do you do that?" She had her dress tied high around her, and was trying to prevent her husband from fighting the old man. Then the young man struck the old one behind his other ear with another rock, and knocked him down again. This time he could not get up, and the young man threw his third stone and hit him in the back of the head. The woman said, "That is bad, to kill your own father." The young man said, "He had no right to use me so. I know what you did with your father-in-law."

The old man recovered and went away. He took only one long string, and went north. Whenever he came to people, he played with them. He won their dentalia, and put them on the string. Thus he continued to go on. At last he came to the end of the world in the north. There he still lives.

[This myth was said to be the nearest Sinkyone equivalent of the Yurok and Karok myth that tells of the treachery of the trickster culture-hero towards his son on account of desire for his daughter-in-law, of his son's leaving the world with most of the dentalia, and of the old man's being enticed by a woman that carried him across the sea. The informant knew this myth, having heard a version of it at Hupa, as also from the Bridgeville Athapascans, but gave the story above as the Sinkyone form.]

9. A girl cried all night. Only in the morning did she sleep. For a long time she did this. Though urged to tell why she cried, she would not. At last she said, "Something descends and lies with me. I cry, and it rises again. I am afraid of it." Then her parents said, "Let it lie with you. We will see what it is." Then when it came the next time, she did not cry. Then it remained with her. It was a man from heaven, the Spider. After a time he took her to his home.

10. Two women were indoors. One of them was pounding seeds. It thundered. She was frightened, and, saying "Oh!" threw her hands back so that they became twisted. Thus the mole has hands that are turned backward.

11. The Grizzly-Bear and the Deer, two women, wives of the Hawk, who was hunting, went out on the sand to leach buckeye-meal. Each made a basin in the sand, and, pouring water over the buckeye-flour, stirred it about. The Grizzly-Bear was so rough in her movements, that she scratched sand into the buckeyes. When they were through, she said to the Deer, "How do you do it so cleanly? Mine is full of sand." They sat talking. The Grizzly-Bear said, "Let me louse you!" She took sand and put it in the Deer's hair. "Oh! you have lice over your entire head. They are very thick," she said, picking out the sand with her fingers. She said, "I will take your hair in my mouth and crack them." She took the Deer's hair in her mouth. Then she bit her in the neck and killed her. After eating the buckeyes, she went back to the house.

Both the Bear and the Deer had two children, a boy and a girl. The fawns knew that the Grizzly-Bear had killed their mother, and that they would never see her again. There was a deep hole in the river-bank. Inside it was large, but the opening was small. They ran into this, playing. They wanted to entice the two young grizzlies inside. The young bears came and played with them. They entered the hole, and the fawns lighted wood which they had put in, stopped the hole, and smoked the bears to death. Then they called, "You will never find your children!" and fled.

The Grizzly-Bear came to the house and looked for her children. The Hawk, her husband, sat on the house. He had heard what the children had said. The Grizzly-Bear asked him, "What did you hear the Deer children say?" The Hawk answered, "You should know." She took a sharp pole to strike him. But he flew aside, and she only punched the boards of the house. When she could not strike the Hawk, she pursued the two Deer children. They climbed a tree, and thus threw her off their track. Then they went on, and came to a large river. The Crane stood there. The two fawns came running to him. "How can we cross? The Grizzly-Bear pursues us. She killed our mother. Then we smoked her children to death. Now she wants to kill us." The Crane stretched his neck across the river. "Quick! go over on this," he said. When they had gotten across, the Grizzly-Bear came. She said, "Did you see children crossing the river?" — "No, I saw no one," said the Crane. "Here are their tracks. You have put them over!" — "I have seen no one." The Grizzly could not cross, and went back.

It was fall, and in places many acorns had dropped from the trees. The two children found such a place. The boy said, "My sister, I think we

will winter here. There are many acorns. We can live on them." Then they started to winter there. The girl picked acorns, and the boy built a house. Then it began to rain. They lay inside the house, one on each side. At night she said, "My husband, I want to go out." He was displeased. "What did you say then?" he asked. "I want to go out," she said. He did not like it. He thought about it. "I did not think she would do this," he said to himself. She wanted to go out, but he was lying across the door to keep her inside. Then she stepped over him. He felt something warm drop on his belly. It became late, and she did not return. "I should not have done that," he thought. He called, "My sister!" He looked, but could not find her. He made a torch, lighted it, and hunted all about. There was a small thick bush. Under this she had gone, and there she lay doubled up. She was menstruating. He took her back into the house. Then he felt sorry for her. He thought, "What shall I do? I must do as best I can. I will make the puberty ceremony for her." Then he sang for her for five nights. When they were through, the girl was pregnant. Then her brother wondered, for there had been no man about. Then she gave birth to a child. Then her brother went away, thinking, "It is bad; she has had a child without a man."

The girl was left alone. She did not know what to do. When she slept, she dreamed of people. Then she thought, "My dream might be true. I will go to the place where I see the people in my dreams." When she reached the place, no one was there. She saw that there had been people, but they had left. They knew she was coming. It was only the fifth time she tried that she finally succeeded in reaching them. The third time she could hear the noise of them. When she arrived, there was no one, only a fire where many had danced. Then she felt bad. She went for the fourth time. Again she heard the noise of dancing; but when she came to the place, all were gone, and she found only their tracks and the fire, and a lynx. He said to her, "Take myrtle-leaves, as many as you can hold in your hands. Then, if the people (deer) do not come here this time, you will never find them." Then she took a large bunch of myrtle-leaves. The people had a large round house there. The Lynx said to her, "Sit behind the boards at the door." She sat there. Then she heard talking and laughing. The sounds were coming toward the house. When the noise was near, suddenly the people all ran back. Then she took the myrtle-leaves, chewed them, and rubbed them over her hands. Soon the people were coming again. She took more leaves and rubbed them all over herself. The people smelled the odor of the myrtle. "What is it that is so sweet?" they asked as they came in. They asked the Lynx, "What smells so sweet?" The Lynx said, "I do not know. I did not make it. I have not smelled it." They sniffed about the house, and found no one. Many came in. All said the same. Then they began to dance about the fire. The girl took more leaves and rubbed them over her body, and the odor was still stronger. Then the people said, "There must be some one in the house that smells so pleasantly." Then the girl showed herself, and they looked at her. Two bucks with four-pointed horns took her between themselves and danced around the fire with her.

Myrtle is deer-medicine. In the girls' puberty ceremony the song is now used which this deer used for his sister.

[The other informant told this story with the following additions. When the two women leach buckeyes, the Deer stirs them with two fingers. The Deer has hung up her apron-dress of deer-hoofs, telling her children that when it falls, she is dead. It drops, and they know that she has been killed. The bear sends the children to smoke out birds in a hollow tree. The two young deer propose to try entering the tree to see how it feels to be smoked. One and then the other enter and are smoked. Then they persuade both the Bear children to enter together, and smoke them to death. — The children have crossed on the Crane's neck. The Grizzly-Bear comes with her acorn-paddle. The Crane denies having seen the children. She insists that he has. At last he consents to let her cross on his neck. In the middle he throws her off. She swims across. The children are on a flat rock. They tell it to rise, and it grows up. The Grizzly-Bear comes; and the children tell her, "Use a tree as a ladder if you want to reach us." She takes a tree that reaches to the top of the rock, breaks the limbs, and climbs. The children push the top of the tree over until it falls. The Grizzly is dashed to pieces, only her skin being left. Then the children make the rock descend as it has risen. — The subsequent adventures of the brother and sister are not included in this version, which seems to be a pure folk-tale, whereas the form given in full is perhaps a formula for recitation at the girls' adolescence ritual.]

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A Flood Legend of the Nootka Indians of Vancouver Island.[1] — The Nootka Indians, who are divided into a rather large number of tribes occupying the greater part of the west coast of Vancouver Island, distinguish sharply between two types of legends or myths. The one of these consists of numerous stories of the pre-human mythological epoch, in which animals, that are thought of as having a more or less human form, and mythological beings that do not seem to be identified with animals, form the chief characters. Such stories are found widely distributed in aboriginal America, and generally form the greater part of the folk-lore proper of a tribe. Such myths, among the Nootka, are the common property of the whole tribe, and are told without reserve. The second type of legend is much more elaborate in form, and more clearly reflects the ritualistic and social ideas of the Indians. They may be termed "family legends;" for they are not the common property of the tribe, but are in every case supposed to belong to some specific family, whose legendary history is recounted in them, and members of which alone have the right to tell them. Such family legends, while full of purely mythological incidents, are believed by the Indians to possess in a much higher degree the element of historical truth than the general body of myths referred to. Beginning with the origin of a particular family or sub-tribe, they take up in order the various incidents making up the traditional history of the ancestors and later generations of the family or sub-tribe. They tell of how various chiefs in the past gained supernatural powers from mythological beings, such as the Thunder-Bird, the

[1] Based on material obtained in course of linguistic and ethnological research for the Division of Anthropology of the Geological Survey of Canada, September–December, 1910.

Lightning Serpent-Belt, the Whales, Mountain Fairies, and other beings. These powers, together with associated songs, which they are taught by these various beings, and names referring to the legendary incidents, are supposed to have been handed down from the remote beginning of things through successive generations to the present representatives of the family. We see at once why the Indians so jealously guard the right to the telling of family legends. They mean far more to the Indians than if they were merely entertaining stories that had no particular reference to the present social order. They constitute the historical guaranty, as it were, for the various privileges claimed by a particular family of to-day.

Among a considerable number of such legends is a rather long family legend, obtained in native text from Tom, a blind old man living with the rest of his tribe in a reserve near the present town of Alberni. The legend refers to the Ts'isha'ath sub-tribe of the tribe of the same name, formerly inhabiting the island of Ts'isha or Hawkins Island, — one of the innumerable islands, known as Broken Group, dotting the waters of Barclay Sound. It begins with the creation by a Creator of the first pair of human beings, from whom all the members of the sub-tribe are supposed to have descended. Curiously enough, it is the female that comes first into existence. The Creator puts at their disposal a great number of foods, all of which are carefully classified and enumerated in the narrative. The salt-water fish, the sea-mammals, the marine invertebrates (chiefly mollusks), the fresh-water fish, vegetable foods, and the land-animals are enumerated in this order. In course of time a flood arose, and it is this episode of the legend that is given here in translation. The flood, it may be noted in passing, is very frequently a typical feature among the earlier events recounted in the Nootka family legends. The narrative of the flood is given here in fairly literal translation,[1] with such comments as seem necessary to give it its full import. It runs: —

The Ts'isha'ath became numerous, the village of Ts'isha became crowded. Hemayis [the name of a sub-tribe and village of the Ts'isha'ath tribe] was descended from Daylight-in-the-Sky [the first woman] and Ch'icho'ath [the first man]. Thus many were those descended from Daylight-in-the-Sky found to be when the flood came. Has-his-Place-full-of-Whale-Oil [the chief of the Ts'isha'ath at a remote period in the past, himself descended from the first pair; his name, like many Nootka names, indicates the importance of whaling among these Indians] was found with the dorsal fin of a whale hanging up belly down. [This statement, while it would sound perfectly clear to an Indian, demands explanation. Evidently the chief had recently captured a whale, and was feasting his tribe. The dorsal fin of the hump-backed whale, which is supposed to contain the soul or "person" of the whale, is always the distinctive property of the chief, and is hung up in his house. Before the whale-feasting can begin, four nights are spent in singing ritual songs addressed to the "person" in the fin, who thereupon takes his departure from it.] He cut off its big fin, took it along with him, and boarded his long canoe; he and his younger brother, who was named Makes-his-Place-full-of-Whale-Oil, were in two canoes that were joined together. There were four big boxes filled with provisions; in them

[1] The orthography of the Indian names is greatly simplified.

he had eyes of a hump-backed whale, eyes of a *ma'ak* whale, and the muzzle of a hump-backed whale and of a *ma'ak* whale, and the big fins of whales, cooked provisions belonging to all. All the four boxes were chock-full. First he tied his canoes to a berry-bush, using his cedar-branch rope that was part of his whaling-outfit. The brothers, chiefs, took their slaves with them in their canoes. One's slave was named Mussel-on-his-Belly; and another slave of his was named Tahukwa'as, and Puts-Everything-in-the-Water, and Old-Rotten-Spruce-Knot, and Shoots-at-the-Ground; and another slave of his was named Whale-blows-on-the-Back-of-his-Head; and another slave of his was named Tl'aha'aktlim; and another slave of his was named Whale-Muzzle, — these were all that Has-his-Place-full-of-Whale-Oil owned as slaves. [It is to be understood that these slave-names are the property of the family descended from the chief, and that only chiefs who are members of this family would have the right to bestow these names on their slaves.] The younger brother was named Makes-his-Place-full-of-Whale-Oil, and all his slaves went in.

Their long canoes were tied together, and they held on to the cedar-branch rope until it gave out. It rained, and the land was lost sight of. What had been his cedar-branch rope gave out. They drifted; and they did not know whither they were going as they drifted, because the land was not seen. After four days he heard some one singing inside the box, the whale's dorsal fin, and what he sang was as follows: —

> "I am wont to start from way out at sea
> As soon as good weather arises,
> As soon as daylight opens up its mouth."

[We are to understand that this song, the music of which was taken down on the phonograph, forms one of the set of whaling-songs owned by the chiefs descended from Has-his-Place-full-of-Whale-Oil. It is clear from the legend that it is believed to have been granted one of the ancestors of the family by supernatural means.]

Has-his-Place-full-of-Whale-Oil heard that the whale's dorsal fin was singing in the box, that he sang this song. Has-his-Place-full of-Whale-Oil started in to sing; and they all joined in, — their slaves and their women and their children. The earth was not seen, for the flood was high and the mountains were under water, except that the big mountains stood dry above water. They began to hear it thundering, it was heard. They caught sight of him who was making the thundering noise; there it was, Two-Bladders-on-Top. [This refers to a mountain on which the Thunder-Bird is supposed to dwell.] They could not get near it, because there were many sticks and fragments of trees floating on the surface of the water. And then the land was lost sight of again. He thought that he was now way off, because he had been out long on the water; but it turned out that he was held fast by the whale. [The meaning of this is that he was enjoying the supernatural protection of the whale-spirit. The whaling-song that they had sung had the magical effect of preventing them from drifting too far: hence its usefulness to whalers of the family in later generations.]

They ate all they had in the boxes, they ate the eyes of the hump-backed whale. They had drifted around the point of Peaks-all-over-its-Face [another mountain], and drifted in behind a shelter; this was done by the

water that turned back from the current, and this is how they came upon the land of Peaks-all-over-its-Face. Then they were in the place for a time, staid there for a long time. And then it cleared up. He saw the other mountains, and caught sight of a mountain high up above the water; it was Red-Faced. Has-his-Place-full-of-Whale-Oil made up his mind that he would go over to the other mountain. The fragments of trees that had been numerous disappeared. He said to his younger brother, and to those that were with him, that they should go over to it. "Yes," said they all. They started off in their canoes, went across, and arrived at the other mountain, the one whose name was Red-Faced; they left behind the one whose name was Peaks-all-over-its-Face. They stopped, and staid at Red-Faced.

Has-his-Place-full-of-Whale-Oil was ready, he had his head-dress of cedar-bark and feathers on his head, he had something sticking out on his forehead, he had on his nose-ring, he had on his ear-rings, he wore his sea-otter robe, and over all his clothes he had a bear-skin. He was all dressed up in regalia, as he was accustomed to be when he bathed in order to get power to hunt hump-backed whales, and when he bathed in order to get *ma'ak* whales. [This refers to the secret hunting-rituals, consisting chiefly of bathing, prayers, and magical performances, which an Indian makes use of before proceeding on a hunt. The details of these rituals are jealously guarded by the various families to whom they belong as hereditary privileges.] In like manner was also Makes-his-Place-full-of-Whale-Oil dressed up too. There on the ground he got out of his canoe and sat on the rocks. It was night, it was not far from break of day. Has-his-Place-full-of-Whale-Oil was sleepy, and he fell asleep. He bent down his head on his bear-skin robe while he was sitting on the rocks. He heard some one singing. He dreamed, and understood what the words of the song said. He heard one singing a *t'ama* song [a class of songs of distinctive rhythm, generally sung on festive occasions], and this is what he sang : —

"I am sitting on the rocks singing a *t'ama* song at Tlisyu,
I, the Thunder-Bird's Belt, am on the rocks singing a *t'ama* song."

Has-his-Place-full-of-Whale-Oil woke up, and saw that there was coiled up under him on the rocks the He'itl'ik, he who was singing in *t'ama* style, and he knew the *t'ama* song. [That is, he learned it, and transmitted it to his descendants, to whom it now belongs. The He'itl'ik is the serpent-like being believed to constitute the belt of the Thunder-Bird. The Thunder-Bird sometimes leaves his mountain abode for the sea to hunt for whales, which he grasps in his talons and takes away with him to his home. The flapping of his wings causes the thunder, while the lightning is due to the zigzagging of the serpent-belt as it darts through the air or coils around a tree. Both Thunder-Bird and belt are able to bestow great power, particularly success in hunting.]

He woke up, and the He'itl'ik glided off like a snake. And then he took his red shredded cedar-bark, put his hand under him, and tied his red shredded cedar-bark around the He'itl'ik's middle. [Red-dyed shredded cedar-bark plays an important part in West Coast ceremonial. Among the Nootka Indians it is often used as an offering to supernatural beings of all sorts. Has-his-Place-full-of-Whale-Oil makes the offering of cedar-bark

in payment of the power which he expects to receive from the serpent-belt.] From this is derived my name, He'itl'ik-is-coiled-beneath-on-the-Rocks, and Ties-Something-around-the-Middle. The name He'itl'ik-is-coiled-beneath-on-the-Rocks is derived from this, that at one time a He'itl'ik was coiled beneath him at Red-Faced; likewise the name Ties-Something-around-the-Middle is derived from this, that he tied red shredded cedar-bark around the middle of a He'itl'ik, he did it just as the He'itl'ik was gliding off like a snake. [These are good examples of the mythological reference implied, actually or by secondary interpretation, in certain traditional names.] He cut off some of his tail by hitting at it, — it was Has-his-Place-full-of-Whale-Oil that did so, — as much as is spanned by thumb and index-finger he cut off from his tail. [This fragment of the lightning-belt's tail served as a powerful hunting-amulet for him and for his descendants.] He saw that there was on the rocks, standing with his breast against the rocks, a great bird, the Thunder-Bird. He was spread out on its face as far as Red-Faced extended. It was the Thunder-Bird. Makes-his-Place-full-of-Whale-Oil had a boy born to him, and his name was to be Person-of-Red-Faced, because he was born there at Red-Faced.

Then the flood began to go down, it decreased greatly, and they kept their canoes moving on; their canoes kept sinking, following the sinking water. They had consumed two boxes of provisions. Two of their boxes were empty, and another of their boxes had become half empty. The sea became dry land, and it became again as it had been. One of their boxes was left with nothing taken out, and one box was half full. They landed at Big-Faced." . . .

Other episodes in the life of Has-his-Place-full-of-Whale-Oil follow this, in the course of which he obtains added powers, together with associated songs and names. Other parts of the legend deal with later generations, the whole forming a sort of primitive chronicle, the body of which is made up of accounts of the granting of power and of the origin of family names. Genealogical lore is scattered about here and there also. It is instructive to observe how thoroughly the flood myth has been combined among these Indians with tales of the origin of family privileges, and how much more interesting, apparently, to the natives, are the latter than the flood itself. Despite a general analogy with the biblical Flood tale, which none will have failed to notice, there is no reason to believe that the flood story as recounted here is anything but strictly aboriginal. Its close association with ideas of a decidedly aboriginal character would seem to render almost impossible the idea that it is a notion derived from comparatively recent contact with the whites, the more so as the flood episode is so thoroughly at home among all the tribes of the region.

E. SAPIR.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF CANADA, OTTAWA.

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FOLK-LORE FROM VIRGINIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, GEORGIA, ALABAMA, AND FLORIDA.[1]

BY PORTIA SMILEY.[2]

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
FOLK-TALES	358
1. Does a Cow have Pigs?	358
2. Big-'Fraid and Little-'Fraid	359
3. Digdee Owl	360
4. Takes No Risk	360
5. Don't help the Bear	360
6. Wolf's Tail to the Hungry Orphan	361
7. The Lord and Toby	361
8. Master Disguised	362
9. Dirt-Dauber	362
10. How Duck saw Day	362
11. Out of her Skin	363
12. The Lover warned	363
13. The Murderous Mother	364
14. Us	364
15. Witch-Cat	364
16. Zip! Zip!	365
17. The Blind Old Woman	365
18. Running Hand	365
19. Incriminating the Other Fellow	366
20. Racing a Ghost: Buried Treasure	367
21. Buried Tail	368
22. The Girls who could not talk Proper	369
23. Seeking the Lord	369
24. The Imitative Choir	369
25. The Diviner	370
26. The Single Ball	370
27. The Deer-Stalker	370
28. Jonah	371
29. Who darkens that Hole?	371
30. Where did Adam hide?	371
31. Three Sweethearts	372
32. Two Daddies	372
33. You ridin', you walkin'?	373
34. The Little Girl and her Snake	373
35. The Deacon and his Son	373
36. Heaven Hot, Hell Cold	374
37. Hell in Heaven	374
38. Dilatory Buzzard	374
RIDDLES	375
PROVERBS	375
TOASTS AND OTHER VERSES	375
FOLK WAYS AND NOTIONS	376
Games and Amusements	376
The Shout	378
Manners	378
Cures	379
Conjure-Doctor	379
Snakes	381
Dreams	381
Luck	381
Death and Burial	382

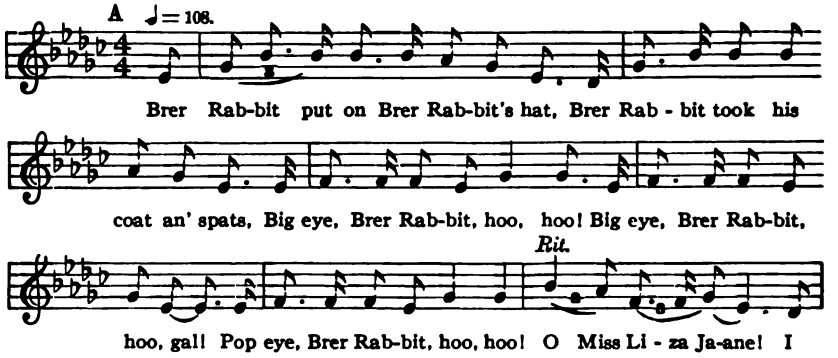
[1] Tales Nos. 1–10 are from Virginia; Nos. 11–25, from South Carolina; Nos. 26–32, from Georgia; Nos. 33–36, from Alabama; No. 37 is from Florida; and No. 38 is a general folk-tale in the South.

[2] Miss Portia Smiley's early home was in Boston, Mass. She was a student of Hampton. She was a teacher at the Calhoun Colored School, Alabama; at Haines Institute, Augusta, Ga.; and at the Industrial Training School of Daytona, Fla. Since 1917 she has been a corn-meal demonstrator for the National Civic Federation, Boston Section. — E. C. P., *Ed.*

FOLK-TALES.

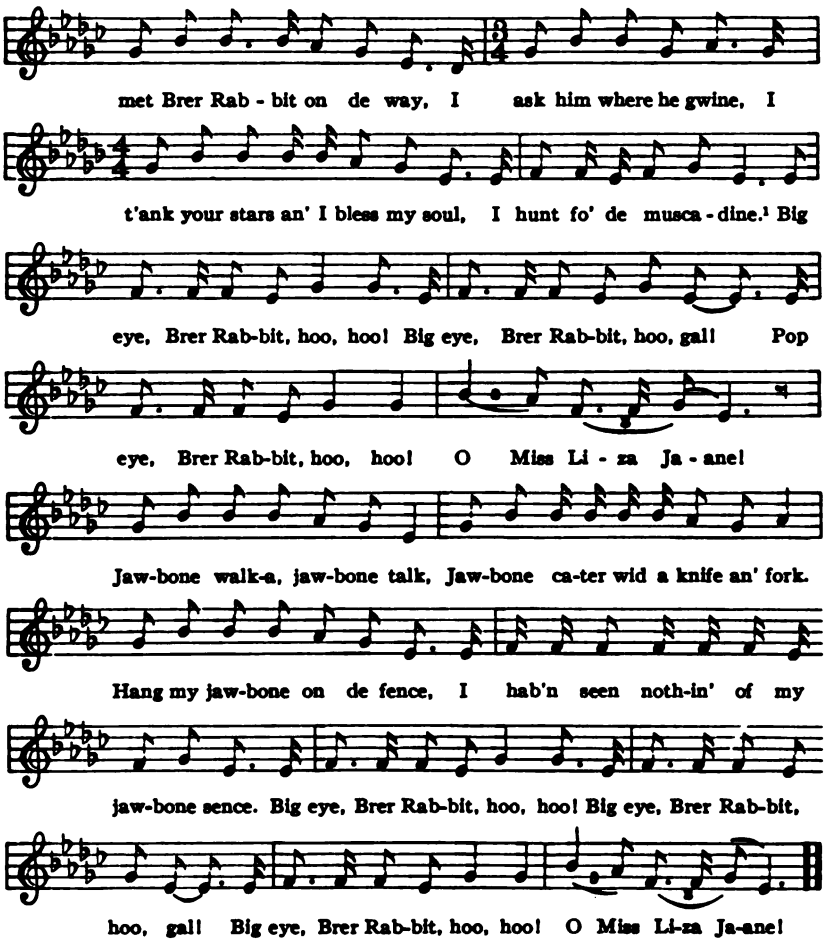
I. DOES A COW HAVE PIGS?[1]

Brer Bar an' Brer Wolf lived together on a fa'm. Brer Bar had a cow, an' Brer Wolf had a sow. One mornin' Brer Bar an' Brer Wolf went out to the barn, and the sow came up with ten pigs. Brer Bar said 'twas his pigs his cow had. Brer Wolf said his sow had dem pigs. So dey couldn' agree. Dey said dey'd take it to court. Brer Bar says he get Brer Frawg fur his lawyer, kase he was wise. Brer Wolf says 'll get Brer Rabbit, though he's a mighty triflin' man. So dey to meet de nex' day in de ba'n-yard t'ree o'clock, Brer 'Possum an' Sis 'Possum, Brer Coon an' Sis Coon, an' Brer Bull-Frawg an' all de critturs 'round. Brer Buzzard said he'd come, kase he may have to clean up some of dem dead, kase he know dey goin' to kill somebudy. Nex' day everybudy come a-skippin' an' a-hoppin'. Brer Frawg wus dar sittin' up on de jedge stan', waitin' fur Brer Rabbit. Brer Rabbit ain't tu'n up yet. 'Bout four o'clock dey all say, "Well, I guess we'll give Brer Bar de pigs, kase Brer Rabbit ain't here to argy his case." All at once dey heard a voice up de road, an' dey see de dus' jus' a-flyin'. Brer Rabbit jus' kickin' up san' a-runnin'. Den all at once he come a-rushin' into de court-house, a-puffin' an' a-pantin', all out of breaf. "Ladies an' gents, Ise sor' to be late. Ise mean to gitshhere on time, but I had to see 'bout a bery important business to my faders." Brer Frawg he 'lowed, "Your fader! Whoever heard talk 'bout you havin' a fader?" Brer Rabbit he hollowed, "Ladies and gents! How many ever heard of a cow havin' pigs?" — "No! No!" cried de crowd. "Well, de sow an' pigs are yourn." An' he won de case. Den dey give a party for Brer Rabbit, an' Miss Meadows an' all de gals were dar. Brer Rabbit was in love with one of de Miss Meadows. Brer Nophy (Wolf) got his fiddle an' played dis tune:[2] —



[1] As a saving of time, this tale and the following tales, excepting Tales 3 and 19 and a variant of Tale 6, were dictated to the editor. — Compare Jamaica, P. C. Smith, Annancy Stories, No. 12 (New York, 1899); Grimm, Die Kluge Bauerstochter. — E. C. P.

[2] Transcribed by Helen H. Roberts from a phonographic record.



2. BIG-'FRAID AND LITTLE-'FRAID.[2]

There was a little black boy who used to take the cow out every morning and bring him home in the evening. Used to pass the white man's place every evening; an' white man would say, "Look here, boy! ain't you 'fraid to go 'long here?" (White people talk jus' as bad [incorrectly] as the colored.) "Who is 'fraid?" — "All right, you find out who 'fraid is." He had a little monkey, no wife. Nex' morning was coming, bringing his cows home, real dark. The white man heard him comin'. Got a big white sheet and put over him, and went on out to sit on a big lawg was across de road. De boy had to go over de lawg. An' de monkey wen' an' got him a sheet; — had

[1] Compare Harris 1: 196.

[2] Compare North Carolina, E. C. Parsons, Tales from Guilford County, North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 172); Florida, E. C. Parsons, Folk-Tales Collected at Miami, Fla. (JAFL 30 : 227). — E. C. P.

to do everyt'ing jus' like his master. Master didn' see de monkey, t'ought he was all by himself. Master sat on one end, monkey sat on de oder en'. Boy saw dese two t'ings, an' said, "Oh, dat two 'fraids, one on one en' of de lawg, an' one on todder." De man saw de monkey on de lawg. Took out an' tore down de road, de monkey behin'. Boy called out, "Run, Big-'Fraid! Little-'Fraid will kotch you." Man ran to his house an' fell on to de floor, an' de monkey fell on top of him. Took sick an' had to sen' fo' de doctor. Dat ended his 'fraid.

3. DIGDEE OWL.[1]

Once there was an old man travelling. He saw an old log-cabin, and went in to ask for something to eat, he was so hungry. An old woman came to the door. He asked her to give him something to eat. She was cooking cow-pease and ash-cake. She did not want to give the old man any, she was so stingy. So she let the water boil out of the pot, and filled it up again. Every time she filled it up with water, she would tell the old man that as soon as the pease were done, she would give him some. The ash-cake staid in the hot ashes until it burned up. The old man got tired waiting, and said, "I must go, being as you won't give me anything to eat." The old woman said, "Who?" — "You," said the old man, "and you are an old owl, digdee owl, and shall say 'whoo' all the days of your life." There and then the old woman flew up the fireplace and on to a tree, and cried, "Whoo! Whoo! A whoo! Oh, you cook to-day, and I cook to-morrow. Whoo! Whoo! A who — o!"

4. TAKES NO RISK.

Little pickaninny was comin' t'rough de bush. Ber Wolf said to Ber Rabbit, "Eh, Ber Nambit, ain't dat a wind shakin' dat bush?" Ber Rabbit say, "I trus' no mistakes, I ris' no weak pints. If bush shake, I gwine run." He lit out.

5. DON'T HELP THE BEAR.

A preacher, a Baptist minister, was goin' to church, an' met a bear on de road. He saw dis bear comin'. He looked up; he say, "Lord, isn't dat dah bar? It 'pears to me like dat's a bar. Lord, I don' boder you much, but dis is one time Ise gwine to call on yer to fight dis bar; an' if you help me fight dis bar, yer goin' to see de damndes' fight yer ever see in yer life." Make a song, —

> "Lord, you delibered Daniel from de lion's den,
> Deliver Jonah from de belly of de whale

[1] Written by the narrator.

An' slop him upon de dry lan',
Deliber de t'ree Hebrew chillen from de fiery furnace.
Now, good Lord, if you can' help me,
Please don' help dis bar."

Den he lit out. Didn' give de Lawd any chance to help him.

6. WOLF'S TAIL TO THE HUNGRY ORPHAN.

Ber Numphy 'gun a dinner, an' Ber Nambit was inwited. Ber Nambit took de spices, red pepper an' sage, an' de fixin's for de meat. Ber Numphy had a tail, not a bushy tail, like any common dawg-tail. Ber Nambit had a long bushy tail. Ber Numphy had a great big far [fire] in de far[fire]place, an' he was standin' wid his back turnin' to de far, talkin' to Ber Nambit. Ber Nambit was sittin' up in de chair cross-legged. Little po' orphan-boy goin' by, cryin' kase he was hungry. Ber Numphy tail got far [fire] an' flew up de chimney, an' drap in fron' of de little boy, an' he picked it up an' eat it. Dat's de way de Lord perwide fo' dis little hungry child. De Lord p'omise to perwide fo' de orphan chillen. Ber Nambit was so sorry for Ber Numphy, dat he let Ber Numphy bob his tail right off to stick it on Ber Numphy. Ber Numphy went to bed, an' it healed up. Ber Nambit t'ought his tail would grow out again, but it never did grow out. A bunch of har [hair] is all he got. Ber Rabbit so good-natured, dat's why he have a short tail to-day.

(*Variant.*[1])

Why a rabbit has a short tail. Bro' Rabbit was too good-natured. Bro' Fox went out to dine with Bro' Wolf one day, and it was very cold. So he turned his back to the fireplace to warm, and the fire caught his tail and burned it off. It went up the chimney with the blaze, and a poor little boy was passing. He was very hungry. He saw this roast-meat, and was glad. He said the Lord put it there for him. So he ate it. Bro' Rabbit heard about Bro' Fox sad fate, and went to the house to see him. He cut his tail off and sewed it on Bro' Fox. When it healed up, Bro' Fox had a beautiful bushy tail; and instead of Bro' Rabbit's tail growing back, only hair grew over the stub. The saying now is, "Good nature is why Bro' Rabbit has short tail now."

7. THE LORD AND TOBY.[2]

Man prayin' all de time: "O Lord! send down thy angel to take ol' Toby home, Toby's tired o' living. O Lord! send down thy angel to

[1] Written by the narrator.

[2] Compare Georgia, C. C. Jones, Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast, XXX; Georgia, J. C. Harris, Uncle Remus and his Friends, No. IV; Florida, E. C. Parsons, Folk-Tales Collected at Miami, Fla. (JAFL 30 : 227). — E. C. P.

take ol' Toby home." So his master knocked at de do', said, "Who's dat?" — "Oh, de Lord sent his angel to take Toby home." Toby said, "I say, can't de Lord take jokin'? Mo'ober, Toby's gone to de nex' neighbor, an' I don' know when he's gwine come back."

8. MASTER DISGUISED.

Was his mahster's chicken-raiser. Mahster trust him. His mahster went away, so he give a big party. Mahster changed his clothes and blacked his face. Came an' knocked at de do'. John came to de do', said, "Whatshyer want here?" Mahster said, "Ise looking for Mister Johnson's plantation. Ise got lost." John said, "Come in heah, make yourself sca'se, too. Sit down here, eat dis. I'll show you where to go. I wantshyer to get out of heah, too." Mahster went home. Nex' day Mahster call him: "John, what did you steal my chicken fo'?" — "Mahster, let me tell you dishyere one t'ing. I done saw in de Bible dat de man had to reab whey he labor. Mahster, I done labor raisin' dose chickens."

9. DIRT-DAUBER.

When the dirt-dauber[1] was building its house, Hornet said, "Let me show you how to build." Said, "I know! I know! I know!" When it almos' finish, all but de do', de yeller-jacket came, want to show him how to fix de do' on (build under de eart'); said, "Ber Dauber, let me show you how to make de do'." — "I know! I know! I know!" Went in, put on de do', kyap on, fasten inside, daub up, couldn't come out, had to die. You find dat dirt-dauber build in sections, same as hornets and yeller-jackets; but dey are dead inside, shell of dirt-dauber in each section. When you find um know so much, jus' call um dirt-dauber.

10. HOW DUCK SAW DAY.

De duck an' de gobbler had a bet dat de one dat see day firs' was to tell an' get ten dollars. De duck went to sleep. De gobbler staid up all night, knew de duck was tricky. When de gobbler saw day approachin', he said low to Duck, "Brer Duck, it's day!" Duck woke up; say, "Day! Day! Day! Day!" Gobbler said, "Wobble! Wobble! Wobble! Wobble! Who in de hell can help it!"

[1] Dirt-daubers are on the order of the hornet. They build houses in woods or on house. They plaster clay against something flat.

11. OUT OF HER SKIN.[1]

This old woman was very thin. Her name was Aun' Mandy. Because she was thin, she said the ol' hag used to ride her every night. (Jack o ma lantern was dat ol' hag.[2]) She said when the ol' hag would get on her, she made this peculiar sound: "Hn hn! hn hn! hn hn!" Then the ol' man would say, "Aun' Mandy!" give her a shove, and the ol' hag would jump off. In the mornin', when she woke, she would have ol' hag bridle each side her mouth. (Perhaps she was drulin'.) So one ol' conjure-man tol' her if she would pay him ten dollars, he'd ketch the ol' hag for her. He wait outside de do' one night; and when de ol' hag drap her skin on de do'step, he got an' put salt an' pepper on her. When de ol' hag comes out to put on she skin, it would bu'n her. Den she say, "'Kin, 'kin, dontshyer know me? 'Kin, 'kin, dontshyer know me?" An' she staid dere 'til morning, right raw all over, trying to get her skin on. An' de conjure-doctor kotch her, and dey tarred and feadered her. An' Aun' Mandy got her flesh back.

12. THE LOVER WARNED.

This woman had a little baby. Man who used to see her before she got married was going away, wanted to come an' see her. Husban' was there. She took up de baby, sat by de window, sung a lullaby. Sing, —

"Go to sleep, go to sleep,
Go to sleep, yer mammy's baby,
All dem horses in de stable
'Long mammy's little baby.
Go away, go away, O mammy!
Ol' man is in de bed."[3]

He still try. Rattle de winder. Try to give him all de hints she know how, he still rattle. Sing, —

"Oh, de devil in de man,
He can't understan',
Get away f'om de winder,
Ma love turtle-dove!"

Husban' jump. He flew.

[1] Compare Georgia, J. C. Harris, Uncle Remus, his Songs and his Sayings, XXXI; North Carolina, E. C. Parsons, Tales from Guilford County, North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 187, No. 34), and see comparative note (*Ibid.*, 187, note 2); Maryland, E. C. Parsons, Tales from Maryland and Pennsylvania (JAFL 30 : 209–210); Bahamas, MAFLS 13 : 41 (note 1). — E. C. P.

[2] Compare Thonga, Junod, 2 : 463.

[3] Sung by the narrator.

13. THE MURDEROUS MOTHER.[1]

A little girl, her mother died, her father got married again. Woman had a child. Man went out to hunt coons. Didn't catch anything. Said, "Old woman, I been huntin' all night, an' I didn' kotch nothin'. Get my dinner ready. I don' care what you get." She took the child an' struck it on the head, an' cooked it an' gave it to her husband. Said it was coon. Her own child wouldn't eat it. Man asked for de little girl. Did not know where she was, was out playing. Man heard a bird sing, —

> "Mammy, Daddy, your last child you leave here to die.
> Mammy kill me, Daddy eat me.
> Pretty little sister pick up ma white bone,
> Bury um under marble stone."

14. US.

Dis was a good ol' Baptist woman in de Amen corner. Never missed a Sunday. Dis Sunday couldn' go to church. Husban' tell her what happened. Husban' was a deacon. Ol' woman, name Mandy, had a little girl. Dis deacon got dis girl in trouble. Dis very Sunday his wife didn' go to church, dis chil' was brought up befo' de church to be turned out de church. De deacon went home, began to tell his wife about de happenin's. "Oh, we had a beautiful sarmun to-day." Ol' woman say, "Yes, Lord." — "De preacher take his text in John, John de Baptis'." — "Yes, Lord." — "After church we had a meetin'." — "Yes, Lord." — "An' Sister Rosie gran'datter was dere." — "Yes, Lord." — "Dey goin' to turn Sister Rosie gran'datter out o' chu'ch." — "O Lord! have mussy! Have mussy!" — "'Cause Sister Rosie gran'da'ghter goin' to have a baby." — "O Lord! have mussy! Have mussy! Have mussy!" — "'Cause dey blamed it all on us." — "An' who in de hell is us?"

15. WITCH-CAT.

Was an ol' witch who always turned a kyat when she wanted to do kindness to children. If the child was good to the kyat, would reward her; if the child would strike the kyat, would punish the child. One day she came and mewed, an' a woman struck her. Little girl came out an' gave her her dinner. One day this little girl went out crying, her feet cold, wanted a pair of shoes. Met the old woman. Asked her why she was crying. Said she was cryin' because her feet were cold. The ol' woman gave her shoes. Said to her, "Do you

[1] Compare North Carolina, E. C. Parsons, Tales from Guilford County, North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 196–197); Louisiana, A. Fortier, Louisiana Folk-Tales (MAFLS 2 : 61); Grimm, Der Machandelbaum (Bolte u. Polívka, 1 : 412). — E. C. P.

remember when you gave your dinner to my kyat? Good will always follow you. Any kyat come to yer house, always be good to him. May be a human being in kyat form."

16. ZIP! ZIP!

Good old Baptist brother died an' went to heaven. So happy when he got there! Lord told Gabriel to put him on a pair of wings. He flew all around, past by de Lord — zip! Flew so close to de Lord, almost hit him in de face wid his wing, mos' mash his face — zip! zip! Got too happy. Fan sudden. Twice like to hit de Lord in de face wid his wing. Zip! Zip! Third time — dat too much. De Lord said, "Turn dat nigger out here, he break up all my heaven!" Got too happy in heaven. Has been wanderin' ever since.

17. THE BLIND OLD WOMAN.

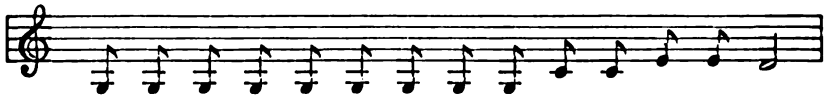
Was an ol' woman who wanted to marry a young man. She was almos' blin', but she wanted to make out she had good eyes. She inwited this young man to her house to a dinner one day. She had one daughter who died and left a little girl. This grandchild was living with this ol' woman. She had the little girl take a cambric needle to stick in the tree in front of the porch. An' whiles they sittin' down in the porch, she said to him, "What's dat dat I see in dat dah tree? 'Pears to me dat dat dah is a needle." Man say, "I can't see any needle from yeah." — "You, Mandee, come heah! Go look in dat dah tree an' see if dat ain't a needle." De little girl goes an' gets de needle. "Yes, granny, dishyere a needle." They went in to dinner. There was a coffee-pot on the table. She couldn't see. She thought it was the cat getting up on the table. She slapped the pot, "Shkat! Shkat!" That ended the whole thing with that young man. He ended the dinner, and never did come back any more.

18. RUNNING HAND.

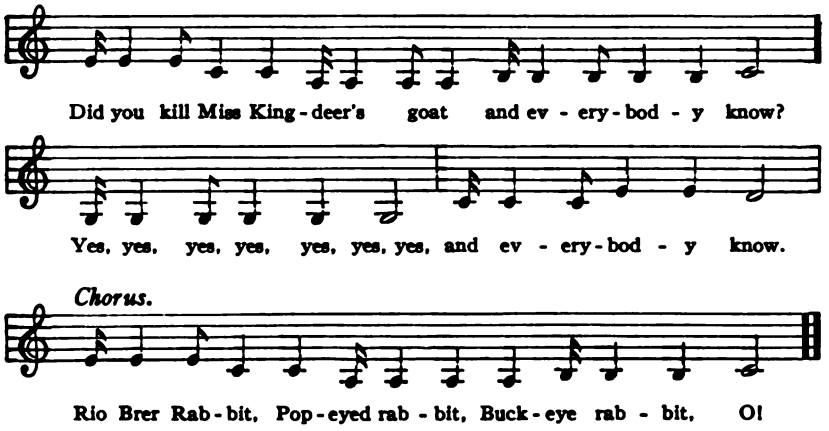
Ol' conjure-man said he would give John a han' so he could cuss his master, cuss him out. Said, "Put um in yer pocket, keep yer han' on." De master pass 'long; said, "John!" John answer, "Whose dat callin' me?" Master said to de overseer, "Take him to de barn an' give him round one hundred." De overseer whipped him, cut him all up, washed him down with salt an' water. John tell de conjure-man, "I went an' cuss Mahster. Mahster like to tar me up." Conjure-man said, "I gi' you a runnin' han'. Why didn't yer run?"

19. INCRIMINATING THE OTHER FELLOW.[1]

Miss Kingdeer of Coon Swamp had two da'ghters, and Brer Wolf and Brer Rabbit was in love with the young Miss Kingdeer. Young Miss Kingdeer 'lowed she loved Brer Rabbit better than she did Brer Wolf. Brer Wolf he got jealous, and say he's goin' to git even with Brer Rabbit by killing Miss Kingdeer's goat, 'kase she say anybody who'd kill that goat, her father would horn 'im. So Brer Rabbit and Brer Wolf went to call on Miss Kingdeer; and when dey was gwine back home, Brer Wolf said to Brer Rabbit, "Ye must 'scuse me for not going home all de way wid you, 'kase I promised to call on Brer 'Possum wife, who is mighty sick." Brer Rabbit 'lowed, "I'd go along wid you, but I'm mighty feeble myself to-night." So Brer Wolf left Brer Rabbit, an' went back in the field an' kill Miss Kingdeer's goat. Next day he went callin' on Miss Kingdeer to see what dey'd say, like he know nothin' about it. "Good-mornin', Miss Kingdeer!" says Brer Wolf, "how's your ma?" — "She's between de gate-posts an' de hinges dis mornin', Brer Wolf, how is you?" — "Well, I'm kinder hucckumso." — "Brer Wolf, has you hearn about our goat? Some one killed her last night." Brer Wolf he made out he's so 'stonished. "Miss Kingdeer, I think I know who killed dat dere goat, nobody but Brer Rabbit, 'kase I saw him preamblin' across de field after he left de house last night!" Miss Kingdeer is very sorry 'cause she loved Brer Rabbit an' didn't want Brer Rabbit killed. "I don't t'ink he'd do dat, 'kase he done loved dat goat," says she. "Well, I'd make him tell you himself dat he killed dat goat." An' he went, an' he went 'round to Brer Rabbit's house. "Mornin', Brer Rabbit! how is you to-day?" — "Kinder po'ly, Brer Wolf, kinder po'ly. How's you?" — "Well, I'm between de hawk an' de break-down, ain't much myself to-day. Brer Rabbit, I got a scheme on foot; I thought we'd serenade de girls to-night. I done told dem what a good bass-singer you is; we'll practise de song. I'll play de fiddle, and den we'll go under de window an' sing, an' den de ladies 'll come out an' invite us in!" Brer Rabbit agreed, an' same night dey went up to Miss Kingdeer's house an' stood under de window. Brer Numphit (Wolf) chumin de fiddle, — plum, plum, plum! chan, chan, chan!



[1] Recorded by Elizabeth D. Seymour. For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 70 (note 1). — E. C. P.



"Ladies," said Brer Wolf, "I told you Brer Rabbit killed Miss Kingdeer's goat, 'kase he done tell you." Den Brer Rabbit threw up his hands, an' said, "Brer Numphy got this game up on me, 'kase he's jealous!" Miss Kingdeer says she didn't believe Brer Rabbit killed de goat, and Brer Wolf is de fox dat is de finder, an' *he's* done killed dat goat, an' she called for her pa. Den Brer Numphit licked out an' tore down de road at such a rate, you couldn't see him running for de sand. Miss Kingdeer an' Brer Rabbit got so tickled, dey had to hold deir sides to keep from poppin'. Brer Wolf is runnin' yet from Kingdeer.

20. RACING A GHOST: BURIED TREASURE.[1]

House belonged to a white man, went to the war an' got killed. Put some silver in the cellar, wanted his wife an' children to know, woul' 'pear to people to tell them. No one could stay there. One night two black fellows went out hunting. Came up a rain. Went to de house. Remembered that the house was hanted. One said, "I ain' scared!" So he staid. The others went on. They were scared, sure enough. When he sat down, said, "I am Mr. John Brown. Dat who I is. Dat's me." (Bragging now.) After a little while a big cat came along the sill. Got right over him, hung his tongue *way* down. Looked up an' saw de cat; said, "Who are you? Ah'm Dry John."

Kyat didn't say anything. Kyat came down, sat down aside of him; said, "Ain't nobody but you an' me here to-night." He say, "Yes, an' you an' me won't be here long."

[1] Compare North Carolina, E. C. Parsons, Tales from Guilford County, North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 195); Florida, E. C. Parsons, Folk-Tales Collected at Miami, Fla. (JAFL 30 : 224). — E. C. P.

De kyat went back, an' came out again like a dawg. Took out, lit out from dere. When he got 'bout a mile, he blow, "Whew! Ain't I runnin'!" Dawg say, "What's de matter wid me? Ain't I runnin', too?"

An' he lit again. An' he met a rabbit. Course he frightened de rabbit, an' de rabbit was runnin'. An' he say, "Rabbit, get out de way! let somebody run who can run."

When he got by his house, he ran so fas' he couldn' stop; he hollered, "Manday!" Went up de road, came back again. "Manday!" Couldn' stop. Manday got scared, got de neighbors, so dey held him. He took sick from fright.

The children of this man [the dead soldier] said if anybody would stay in that house, they would give it to him. So this ol' Baptis' minister said he would stay in it. Went there one night, took his Bible, lit his kyandle to read. De kyat came just the same. Went back, came like a dawg; went back, came an animal with a long chain, spitting fire. The ol' man read a chapter in the Bible: "Be not afraid." Came back the last time as an ol' man. Tol' the preacher that he had been trying for years to tell somebody about the wealth in the cellar. "If you go down in the cellar and dig, you will find under the stone a chest of gol' an' silver. Give it to my children, an' I'll return no more." The preacher went next day and told, and got some men to dig. The faster they dig, the more it dropped. Got some lodestone and pulled up the chest. And he never came again.

21. BURIED TAIL.[1]

Rabbit and Wolf stole a cow from Farmer Jones, and killed it and skun it. So Ber Numphy said he gwine to get a kyart to haul de meat home. Ber Nambit said, "I will watch de cow." Ber Nambit flew home. He brought de ol' ooman an' de five chil'en. He load up de ol' woman an' de chil'en wid de meat. Put de meat up in a tree so nobody could see. Stuck de butt-end of de tail in de groun'. When Ber Numphy come back, Ber Rabbit say, "Dishyere cow done butt t'rough dis eart'. I been holdin' dis tail. Mus' pull um up." — "All right, Ber Nambit, le's pull um!" Ber Rabbit says, "Ber Numphy, I mighty weak, yer know, man. I git in front of you, so when we pull an' you fall, I fall on top of you." Ber Nambit get in fron' of Ber Numphy. Dey pull, pull, out came de tail by de root. Ber Rabbit say, "Dah, now! You done touch de swaller-fork. I tol' you not to touch de swaller-fork. (Tail end of the cow. Dangerous place to be, — where de bowels move.) Careful how you pull it! Get de spade, man! dig fo' um!" Ber Numphy wen' home cross-legged. He de only one dat had meat dat night.

[1] For bibliography see JAFL 30 : 228 (note 2), also p. 403 of this volume. — E. C. P.

22. THE GIRLS WHO COULD NOT TALK PROPER.

There were three sisters, and there was a young man coming to court dem. The mother could talk nicely, but the girls couldn't talk. The mother was going out; said, "Now, if he comes to-night, don't say anything." Man came. One girl was sewing. The thread pop. Said, "Dishyer t'read rotten seaka [seem like] punk." The second girl said, "Didn' mammy tell yer musn' talk?" Third said, "T'ank Gawd, I ain't talk! Titty talk." The young man was through.

23. SEEKING THE LORD.

De Lord will answer yer prayer if you go out in de graveyard. Dis ol' man went out in de graveyard down on his knees. Somet'in' came up to him wid a long tongue, red flaming fire out of his mouth, long chain went 'roun' him. Chain pilin' up, pilin' up. Jumped up off his knees and tore home. When he got home, all he had on him was a sleeve an' a neck. An' he never seek religion since.

24. THE IMITATIVE CHOIR.

Ol' man was in church. He couldn' read. He said, —

"My eyes have fail,
My specks are dim,
So scarcely can I see to read dis hymn."

People began to sing, —

"Ma eyes are dim,
Ma eyes are dim,
So scarcely can I see to read dis hymn." [1]

Ol' man say, —

"My sisters, I didn' mean for you to sing,
I jus' say dat my specks were dim."

Dey all sang, —

"I didn' mean for you to sing,
I jus' say dat my specks were dim."

Ol' man say, —

"What kind of a devil of a people you all?
I didn' mean dat to sing at all."

Dey sang, —

"What kind of a devil of a people you all?
I didn' mean dat to sing at all."

[1] Sung by narrator.

25. THE DIVINER.[1]

The body-servant of a white man, Mr. Crum, he went out one night to see his girl, and took his master's horse. On his way home he turned the horse loose in the woods and walked home, so his master wouldn' know he had that horse. Next morning his master went to the stable, the horse wasn't there. He called John and told him about it. John said next morning at four o'clock the horse would come at the gate. Next morning at four o'clock John called his master. The horse was at the gate. "Yes, I told you so." Mr. Crum went to one of his neighbors, and said he had one of the smartest niggers in the country, could tell anything, do anything. The neighbor's name was Simmons, and Simmons said he bet he could do something he couldn't tell. He went out and caught a coon, and dug a hole and put in the coon, and a barrel over the hole. And they bet a thousand dollars against a thousand dollars, he couldn't tell what was under that barrel. Mr. Crum said he was going to give the negro his freedom if he could tell, and he'd beat him if he couldn't tell. He got his cards and threw 'em down, spit on his sticks, threw them down, made a cross-mark in his hand, picked up his cards, threw a stick and then a card. Now he made a motion with his body, raised himself up, picked up his cards and sticks, scratched the back of his head, and said, "Marstah, you got dis here coon at las'!" Mr. Simmons kicked over the barrel with an oath, and the coon jumped out.

26. THE SINGLE BALL.

Mis' Reynolds said her master had a body-servant named John. He went out huntin' with him, and they caught a deer. So he went to one of his neighbor's house, and told him he shot the deer in his ear and his hind-leg the same time. His friend said, "I don't see how you could do that." He called on John. He said, "Tell him how I did it." John scratched his head. He said, "It's like dishyer. It's like dishyer. As Marster aimed de gun ter shoot de deer, de deer took up his hin'-leg to scratch his yahs [ears], and de shot went tru de hind-leg and de yah at de same time." After de neighbor went away, John said to his marster, "Marster, you mus' try and get you tale more closer togeder nex' time."[2]

27. THE DEER-STALKER.

He was a great deer-hunter. He put John on the stand, so when he run the deer up, John was supposed to shoot when he pass by.

[1] Compare Georgia, J. C. Harris, Uncle Remus and his Friends, III; Bolte u. Polívka, 2 : 401. — E. C. P.

[2] For bibliography see JAFL 30 : 191 (No. 43). — E. C. P.

Buck with heavy horns ran by, and it frightened John, and he fell flat on his stomach and de deer went by. De deer ran so fast, he fell down a steep hill and broke his neck. And his master came up, and said, "John, why didn't you shoot that deer?" — "Marster, it's like dishyer: the way dat deer was goin' down dat hill, I know he was goin' to break his own neck." [1]

28. JONAH.

Dis man was preachin' a sermon on Jonah an' de whale. "Now, my sisters an' brodern, I goin' to tell you 'bout when Jonah was consequently and teetotal eat up by de whale. De Lord sent Jonah to preach to de people. He gun him a flint rock, a barlow [2] knife, an' a pipe o' terbacker to smoke on his journey. Instead of goin' where de Lord had sent him, Jonah went a-foolin' on de seashore. De whale comin' by dat side an' swallered him up. When de whale swallered Jonah, he struck his rock, he light his pipe, an' he gone to smokin'. Dis smoke made de whale sick at de stomach. De whale den swum f'om sho' to sho', f'om sho' to sho', 'til he got de land where de Lord had sunt him, an' dah he spewed him up. So, my sister an' brethren, as I have fus' said, I will continue to say dat Jonah was consequently and teetotal eat up by de whale."

29. WHO DARKENS THAT HOLE?

Two men went out hunting. In mos' of the holes they have coons. Dis was a bar-hole. One man went in. "I'll go in an' get dis rascal an' come out." His frien' was to pull him out by de foot. "Ketch a foot-hold out dah! Ketch a foot-hold out dah!" Frien' got de bar by de tail. "Who dat darken dat hole up dah?" — "If I let dis tail loose, you fin' out who darken dat hole."

30. WHERE DID ADAM HIDE?

De preacher went out to see an ol' woman who lived out so far, never did get to chu'ch. Asked if she heard 'bout Jesus, 'bout how he died. "Is he dead? I didn' know he was dead. You wouldn' know yourself, bein' back here in de woods. An' I don' take de paper." De preacher said he would come next week to catechize um. Nex' week sent de ol' man to de store to buy molasses. Adam took the money and bought some liquor. Sent de boy to de neighbor, Sister Clarinda, to borrow some 'lasses. Sister Clarindy did have but a cupful, so she let her have dat. Made de molasses pone. Adam came in drunk. She put him under de bed. Tol' him to stay dere.

[1] Compare Florida, E. C. Parsons, Folk-Tales Collected at Miami, Fla. (JAFL 30 : 223, No. 4). — E. C. P.

[2] Pocket-knife with one blade.

Didn't want de preacher to see him. So after dinner de preacher got his catechism out an' ask some questions. "De Lord made Adam fustes', den he made Eve lastes'. Put um togeder. One day de Lord came an' called, 'Adam!' He called again, 'O Adam!' De Lord got mad, an' hollered, 'You Adam!' — *Now*, where did Adam hide when de Lord call um?" — De ol' woman said, "Somebody been tellin' you somet'in'." — "Now, my sister, dis is de catechizum." — "Ain't somebody been tellin' you somet'in'?" — "I don' know, my sister. Dis here was de catechizum. Adam was in de gyarden. Adam hide. Now, I'm askin' you dis question, Where did Adam hide when de Lord call?" De ol' woman put her head under de bed an' call, "You, Adam, come f'om under dat bed! Come on out! De preacher done know all 'bout 'um. You come out dah!"

31. THREE SWEETHEARTS.[1]

Husband worked at night. Woman wasn' true to him, anoder man came in. Havin' a good time. Anoder man stop in. Put fir' man under de bed. Secon' began to talk. Den de husban' came. Somebody kinder put him on. She made de secon' man get up in de loft. Husban' came in, looked 'round, didn' see anybody, went to bed. Began to talk; said, "Somebody's been tellin' me dat you hasn' been true to me. Dat's why I came back here to-night. Now, man above knows all t'ings. Now, de fir' nigger dat I fin' in dis house I gwine to kill. Now, de man above knows all t'ings." Man in de loft got nervous, scared; said, "Yes, an' de man under de bed knows as much about it as I do." De man jump out under de bed, run out an' grabbed up a barrel, kyarried it out. Man in de barrel said, "T'ank Gawd! you saved my life to-night." Pitched down de barrel, like to kill de man, to knock de stuffins out de man. While he was beatin' his wife, de man in de lof' got loose. Left his wife after dat.[2]

32. TWO DADDIES.

This man went out and he came home. The woman had another man coming to see her. Tol' de little boy de oder man was his daddy. Doing night work, didn' expect to come home. When he rap at de do', the man in the bed went under the bed. De little boy sing, —

"I got two daddies now, now.
I got two daddies now, now."[3]

[1] Compare North Carolina, E. C. Parsons, Tales from Guilford County, North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 186, No. 31); North Carolina, O. D. Campbell and Cecil J. Sharp, English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 42 (New York & London, 1917). — E. C. P.

[2] This is a true tale. I knew the woman, very attractive woman, fine-lookin' woman.

[3] Sung by the narrator.

Mother said, "Hush yer mouth! I mash you in de mouth." Fader said, "Sing, son, sing. Pyappy like to hear you sing."

"I got two daddies, now, now.
I got two daddies now, now.
One in de baid, an' one under de baid."

Fader got up, pulled him out by de leg. What happen to dem, dat remain for you to imagine.

33. YOU RIDIN', YOU WALKIN'?

White man died an' wen' to heaven. Angel asked him, "You ridin', you walkin'?" — "Walkin'." Said couldn' come in. White man went up de road and sat down. Colored man came 'long. White man wouldn' say anyt'ing to him, of course, would let him go up and try. Then he came back. The white man been thinkin' (quick thinkin'), an' said, "I tell you what we do. You be my horse. I ride in on yer back. When dey ask me, 'You ridin', you walkin'?' I say, 'Yes, I ridin'.' I ride in on yer back, an' we bof of us get in." So de colored man let him get up on his back. When he got to de gate, the angel asked, "You ridin', you walkin'?" He said, "I'm ridin'." — "Well, hitch yer horse on de outside, an' you come in." Gate closed, an' de darkey never did get in. Dat show how much quicker de white man think dan de colored man.

34. THE LITTLE GIRL AND HER SNAKE.[1]

Little baby, crawlin' in de yard, seem to be quite satisfied. Snake, milk-snake, must have smelt milk on de child, became very fond of de child. As de child grew older, would take food out to de snake. One day the mother went an' saw the snake. Screamed, husban' came and killed the snake. Child became very ill, like to die. That was a true tale.

35. THE DEACON AND HIS SON.

You mus' see somet'in' when you seek religion.[2] Dere was de deacon an' his son. De deacon tol' him, "Tell yer pyappy, an' pyappy can tell weder yer got anyt'ing or not." De boy came back an' said, made a song, —

"O pyappy! I seed sumpen'.
O pyappy! I seed sumpen'.
O pyappy! I seed sumpen'."

[1] Compare North Carolina, E. C. Parsons, Tales from Guilford County, North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 185, No. 28); Bolte u. Polívka, 2: 459. — E. C. P.

[2] This is so throughout the South. When people say that they have been "shaken across the brink of hell, feel the heat," that is what they mean. Somewhere out at night, perhaps in the graveyard, you must see something before you get converted.

"O son! what did yer see? Did yer see a white man, or did yer see a black man? If yer see a white man, dat was Jesus; if yer see a black man, dat was de debil." — "Pyappy, I t'ink it was a black man." — "Dat a good sign. Devil after you, 'fraid he goin' to lose you." Nex' time de boy saw a white baby, come back an' tell his pyappy. Pyappy sing, —

"Yer done got um at las'.
Yer done got um at las'.
Yer done got um at las'."

De boy said if he died, then would be so happy, would fly 'round, fly 'round, so happy and light, fly so fas', wouldn' have time to tell Gawd howdy.

36. HEAVEN HOT, HELL COLD.

Dis preacher was goin' 'long sayin', —

"De bull-frog jump f'om stump to stump,
An' Ber Rabbit jump plunkerty plunk."

De congregation didn't notice what he was saying; but dey was gettin' excited, ready fo' de shout. Den he go on. "Heaven is a mighty hot place, so hot you can even roas' green corn. Hell cold, freezin' col'." After de sermon one of de congregation say, "Broder John, I heard you say heaven is hot, hell is col'. Mus' say hell is hot, heaven is col'." Preacher make answer, "My dear broder, I been reasonin'. Colored folk 'fraid col'. I been reasonin'. Ef I tell dem colored folk heaven was col', eve'y one would go flockin' down to hell."

37. HELL IN HEAVEN.

De white man died and went to heaven. De angel showed him all de nations; didn't see any colored people. Saw one place covered up in a corner wid a sheet. Said, "You done showed me all 'round, all de nations an' de races, what dat in de corner?" — "Sh! Sh! Don' wake dem up! Dem dere de black folks. Dey raise de devil here if you wake um up! Don' wake um up! Dey'll raise hell right here in heaven."

38. DILATORY BUZZARD.

Buzzards never build a nest, lay in other birds' nests. Birds tell um to build. When the sun shines, says, "What's de use of buildin' a nest? Sun shine." When it rains, says, "Build when de rain stop." Never does build a nest.

RIDDLES.

1. I was going across a ferry. I had a fox, a goose, and a bag of corn. Must get them over, yet cannot carry all three at the same time. How are you going to get them over? — *Ans.* You take the fox and the corn over first. Then you bring your corn back. Then you take your goose over.

2.
I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives.
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven kyats,
Every kyat had seven kyits,
Kyits, kyats, sacks, and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?
Ans. One.

3. Whitey run Whitey outer Whitey. — *Ans.* White man running a white cow outer cotton-field.[1]

4.
Seven pears hanging high,
Seven men ridin' by,
Each man pick a pear,
How many left hangin' there?
Ans. Six. The man's name was Each.[2]

5. I had a bench two feet wide. How many could sit on it? — *Ans.* Den you say, "One," an' I say, "Mo' yet;" an' you keep on counting, an' still I say, "Mo' yet." The man's name was Mo' Yet.

6.
When I was goin' 'cross London Bridge,
I met an old man on de way.
I brek his neck an' drank his blood,
An' t'rew his body away.
Ans. Bottle o' liquor.

PROVERBS.

1. Better take kyare 'fo' take kyare come. (South Carolina.)

2. Fisherman never sees fish stink. (Georgia.)[3] (That is, My own child is always good.)

3. Nothin' ever done on de Devil's back never buckle back under his belly. (Florida.) (That is, you will reap what you sow.)

TOASTS AND OTHER VERSES.

Toasts are given by men at drinking-parties; but all through the South they are given at all kinds of gatherings, even at social gather-

[1] See this number, p. 389 (No. 12).

[2] Compare North Carolina, E. C. Parsons, Folk-Lore of Guilford County, North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 202, No. 13). — E. C. P.

[3] F. M. Cronise and H. W. Ward, Cunnie Rabbit, Mr. Spider and the other Beef (London and New York, 1903), p. 192. — E. C. P.

ings in the school, "jus' fo' pastime." Persons are called on. "We call on Miss —— for a toast," some one may say.

1. "Succeed to de red buds [birds],
An' likewise de wren.
Hope Heaven will take care of de ladies,
De Devil take care of de men."

2. Once 'pon a time
De goose drink wine,
Monkey chew terbacker,
An' de dawg eat lime.
(South Carolina.) [1]

At Daytona, Fla., I asked the school-children one day to bring me in Bible verses. One boy brought in the following: —

3. I had a ol' mule,
His name was Jack,
I rode on his tail to save his back;
De lightnin' roll, an' de t'under flash,
An' it split my coat-tail all to smash.

FOLK WAYS AND NOTIONS.

GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS.

HEN AND HAWK. — In "Hen and Hawk," a game played in Charleston, S.C., the chicks get behind the mother Hen, who protects them against the Hawk or old witch. Hen says, —

"Chickame, chickame, chimecrow,
I went to de well to wash my toe;
When I came back, my chick was gone.
What o'clock, ol' witch? [2]

Between Hen and Hawk a colloquy follows: —

Hawk. Hen, gi' me a chick.
Hen. Hawk, I can' gi' you a chick.
Hawk. I shall have a chick.
Hen. You sha'n't have none.

PEEP SQUIRREL. — This game is played in couples, each couple a squirrel and his girl. One squirrel sings to the other, —

"Ariddle um ariddle um ariddle um aree,
Peep, squirrel, ariddle um aree.
You steal my sweetheart,
I steal anoder one.
Peep, squirrel, ariddle um aree."

[1] Compare Bahama nominees (MAFLS 13 : XI); Ontario (JAFL 31 : 148, No. 111). The narrator has never heard the Carolinian verses used as a nominee. — E. C. P.

[2] This line is said very fast, and without pause after the preceding word, and with a change of tone.

The squirrel runs, and peeps around a tree. His girl peeps with him. One couple may not catch the other between the trees, only while running around one of the two trees. Consequently, as both couples start out together from their tree, one must run fast enough to overtake the other in the circuit from tree to tree.

COUNTS. — Counting-out rhymes, or "counts," are said in connection with the game which is variously called "Hoop and Hide" or "Seek and Find." The counter stands facing the line of players. He counts from himself to each player in turn. He counts with his right arm, bringing it to his chest in counting himself, and extending it in counting the other players. The hider has to stay in the place of hiding until the seekers find him. Then he runs to base. "Got to find us 'fo' we run."

One'ry, orery, ikery, an,
Philison, pholoson, Nickelas, John.
Queevee quavy
English Navy
Stinkelum stankelum buck
Out an' begone.

Chickery, chickery, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen,
Sometimes nine, an' sometimes ten,
Chickery, chickery, my black hen.
OUT spells "out."

Henry he is a good fisherman,
Catches hen, put 'em in de pen.
Some lays eggs, some lays none.
Wiar briar limber lock,
Three geese in de flock.[1]

Eeny, miny, miny, mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe.
If he holler, let him go,
Eeny, miny, miny, mo.
(Virginia.)

NAMING BABY'S FINGERS. — In Charleston, S.C., a baby's fingers will be named as follows: —

Thumb, Tom Thumb.
Index finger, Billy Wilkins.
Middle finger, Long Nancy.
Fourth finger, Betsy Botkins.
Little finger, Little Whiskey.

[1] The rest forgotten. Compare North Carolina, E. C. Parsons, Folk-Lore of Guilford County, North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 207). — E. C. P.

PEANUT-HUNT. — On Easter Day in Charleston, S.C., peanuts will be hidden all around, also on persons, — "in man coat-pocket, in woman bosom." "Fun part" is having the young ones going about searching the old people. The finder of the most peanuts gets a prize.

"CHRISTMAS EVES, EVES, EVES." — The three or four days before Christmas are thus called. No school is in session; the children would not come. It is time for "shouts" and festivity.[1]

THE SHOUT.

Near Calhoun, Ala., there are Africans who came to this country after the Civil War. The leader in their "shout" will hold his right hand to his face, his head bent to the right, and call out, "Higha!" the circle rejoining.

Leader. Higha!
Circle. Magalujasay!
Leader. Higha!
Circle. Lujasaychumbo!
Um! Um! Um!
Leader. Higha!
Circle. Haykeekeedayo, ho!

The women move slowly around the circle, their left foot somewhat in advance of the right, the right drawn up to left as it is moved on a few inches at a time and in rhythm. The body is slightly bent, with the buttocks protruding. The men stand erect.

Among the Geechee of the Florida Keys, the step in the "shout" is also with the right foot behind the left. In South Carolina the feet are parallel, the left drawn sidewise to the right. — If you do not cross your feet, it is religious dancing; cross your feet, "it is sin."

MANNERS.

At Charleston, S.C., old people would say to a child who clasped his hands behind his neck, "You mournin' your mother away," or, "Yer mammy is goin' to die." — If a child walks backwards, they say, "You are cussin' yer mammy." — If a child sucks its teeth (the upper teeth brought against the lower lip and sucked), I don't care whose child it is, any old person will slap it in the mouth, will swell his mouth up, and say, "Little no-manner bunter [bunter means 'bad child'], no good will foller you if you do dat." They say, "Devil suck his teeth. Devil would foller you 'til you get to heaven's gate. He done mad now, he lost you. Suck his teeth, go back. Always suck his teeth when he lose a soul." — If a child peered into the face of an old person, the old person would call him oomanish [womanish], and would spit right in his face. — Among real old-time people it is

[1] Little Christmas or Old Christmas is unfamiliar to the narrator. — E. C. P.

thought ill-mannered for a child to do anything in the presence of an old person.[1] — You should never let old people "put deir mouth on yer[2] [curse you out]."

CURES.

Tie a frog around a child's neck to make him teeth easy. (Georgia.) — Chicken-manure is steeped and made into tea for scarlet-fever. — Horse-manure is put on the chest for whooping-cough, or people who do not want to do this will have the child play all day long in the stable to inhale the odors. — For ear-ache, old folk will take a cockroach, take off the head, split it in half, press the juice in the ear, and put in cotton to keep the juice in. This will cure abscess in the ear for life. "Cure dat child's ear long as it live, never have ear-ache again." "When I was four years old, I had a very severe ear-ache, and received this treatment. The pain stopped right away, and I never did have an ear-ache again." (General in South.)

For rattlesnake-bite, you split open a frog or a young chicken, and put it on to the bite; you must put the chicken on hot. You keep it on until it turns green, then you put on another. It will draw out all the rattlesnake-poison. Rattlesnakes won't touch you if you leave them alone. So people say, "I am like a rattlesnake, I won't boder you unless you boder me." — To cure rheumatism, take rattlesnake-skin, dry it, and tie it around wrist or leg.[3] (General in South.)

CONJURE-DOCTOR.

Near Charleston, S.C., I was taking care of a woman who was very ill — rheumatism in the back of her neck. Finally she sent for a conjure-doctor. He had big, thick lips, bluish red; blue gums; red eyes, red where white should be. Everything about these conjure-doctors is different from what it should be. With him he had a cupping-horn, cow-horn. "Get me two plates of salt," he told me. They always ask for salt. He pricked the back of the woman's neck, drew blood, and he put his cupping-horn to it. He took it off, and dropped out of it a young snake and a lizard, dropped them into the salt. They squirmed about — lizards and snakes don't like salt. "From dishyere on you gwine to be a well woman," he said. And she was.

The conjure-doctor said that a woman-neighbor who had said she was going "to get even 'long her" because she had scolded a child, had fixed the lizard under the threshold of her door. The lizard got into her, "kotch with pain in her spine, an' crawl up."

[1] "Old person," in Negro vernacular, means merely "senior," "adult." — E. C. P.

[2] Compare Bahamas, MAFLS 13 : 18 (note 3). — E. C. P.

[3] Compare Bahamas, MAFLS 13 : 56 (note 1). — E. C. P.

These conjure-doctors watch snake-nests until they hatch out. They catch the young snakes before the mother-snake takes them into her stomach. They say you are sick because there is a snake in your system.

You may become sick, too, from being goofered. Goofering is walking over a root-bag, a goofer-bag. On the outside is goofer-root, then cloth, then more root, then another layer of cloth, and inside it the goofer, — strands from your hair, broken needles, graveyard dirt. In once case I knew the conjure-doctor man (call him "goofer-doctor," too, and "root-doctor") dug up the goofer-bag right under the woman's steps, and told the woman that her hair had been goofered, that she should always burn her hair. (People believe, too, that birds will take a strand of your hair and build their nests with it, and you will always have headaches.[1]) He sprinkled red pepper and salt on the goofer-bag. He said, "I could make you get rid of dat woman by t'rowing dishyere bag where de riber run down, an' dishyere bag go down wid de stream. An 'de woman who goofer you will leave de town."[2] . . . Sure enough, a woman did leave the town.

If you are afraid of being conjured, you should keep a brass copper in your shoe.

The conjure-doctor knows also about love-conjure. He tells you, when you want to make a man love you, to put a frog in a box punctured full of holes. Go out at the evening twilight, find an ant-bed, put this box right in the ant-bed. The ants will eat up all the meat from the frog, just leave the skeleton. One week from that, in the morning twilight, you go back and get the box. You will find in among the skeleton of the frog a bone just like a fish-hook, and one bone just like a fish-scale. To make the man love you, you take the fish-hook and hook it in his coat. He will love you right off, goes crazy about you. To remove the love, if you get tired of him, you fillip the scale on him. He dislikes you and doesn't know why, just as he loves you and doesn't know why.

I heard at Charleston of another kind of love-conjure. The conjure-man told the woman to get a piece of beef and wear it under her arm for two days, then to squeeze the juice out, put it in a bottle with alcohol, and pour it on the man's coat. "He would run her down."

In Augusta, Ga., I heard of a man who wanted to get rid of another man who was after the same woman. The conjure-doctor told him to bring him a picture of the man. The conjure-man took the picture and cut a place for it to fit into a tree. He fitted it in with the

[1] Compare Thonga, H. A. Junod, The Life of a South African Tribe (Neuchatel, 1913), 2 : 338. — E. C. P.

[2] Compare Georgia, J. C. Harris, Uncle Remus and his Friends, 311; Thonga, Junod, 2 : 401. — E. C. P.

head down. As long as the head was down, the man had a headache all the time. And he had to leave that place.

SNAKES.

Snakes, particularly milk-snakes, will charm children. Milk-snakes will go and suck a cow dry. When you find a cow dry, it is because a snake has sucked it out. I heard of a woman who went to sleep after nursing her baby; when she woke up, a snake was nursing her. They killed the snake. — A coach-whip snake will whistle just like a man, will stand up on the tip of the tail and whistle. If you whistle back, it will whistle again and lead you on. When it finds you, when you come up to it, it will run and wrap itself around you and whip you with its tail. Then it will take the tip-end and stick into your nose to see if you breathe. You must lie down, stiff, dead, and hold your breath. When it thinks it has conquered you, it will leave you.[1] — When you want to run away, never run straight. The snake cannot turn without qwirling [coiling], and that gives you time to get away. — Spreading-adders, when they hear you coming, spread out like a carpet, flat, hide themselves that way, look just like the earth. — King-snake will kill every other snake. Has a powerful spine. Will wrap itself around the other snake, and snap every bone in its body. (Alabama.)

DREAMS.

Whatever you dream is contrary. Dream of funeral, sure sign of wedding; dream of wedding, sign of funeral. — If you dream you are down a hill and climb up, means success in life. So does a dream of water, *clear* water. — A bull is a good dream. — If you dream of having long hair, it means some change in your life, you will get money. — Vermin are a sign of death; and rat is also a bad dream, sickness and trouble in the house. — If you dream of teeth dropping out of your head, some of your relations are going to die. — A snake is not a bad dream, if you dream of killing it; you conquer your enemy, destroy your enemy; but if you don't kill the snake, your enemy is going to harm you. (General in South.)

LUCK.

It gives bad luck all the week to meet a woman first thing Monday morning. Consequently men might start to work by three o'clock in the morning to get to work by seven, just to avoid meeting a woman. I heard of a man who was going to work, and the first person he saw on his way was a woman. He turned back and went across a field, so as not to meet and pass her on the road. — If you start from home and

[1] Compare H. C. Davis, "Negro Folk-Lore in South Carolina" (JAFL 27 : 245).

have to turn back, you should make a cross on the road and spit on it, and return to the house, moving backwards. — If a black cat cross the road, you should make a cross in the road and turn back. — If you sweep your floor at night, pile the dirt in the corner, or you will sweep out some of your family; sweep out of doors, become homeless, will come to want. — Don't look at a cross-eyed woman: something will happen before you get home, — dead bad luck. (Virginia.)

If your left eye jump, if your mother's first child was a boy, it is bad luck; if a girl, good luck. If your right eye jump, if your mother's first child was a boy, it is good luck; if a girl, bad luck. But sometimes people, disregarding the sex distinction, will say, "Now my left eye jump, is surely going to cry." (Charleston, S.C.)

If a cat take up at your house, it is good luck. — Good luck to have a black cat with not one spot on it, a clean, clear black, in the house. I knew an old woman who kept a black cat to work witch for her.[1] — If a dog follow you in the street, keep him. (General in South.)

DEATH AND BURIAL.

DEATH-SIGNS. — If you have a dog in the house and he lies on his back with his feet in the air, some one in the house is going to die; if the dog lies that way in the yard, the neighbor who lives in the direction his head is turned will die. — If you hear a mourning-dove around your house, some one in the house will die unless you tie a knot into each corner of your apron. Then the mourning-dove will stop mourning and go away. — If any one call your name, and you answer or go to see and find nobody has called you, you are going to die. The spirit of your dead mother or father or of some relative has called you. So, if you are called, do not answer. — After a death a looking-glass must be covered up. The dead body can see in, and the reflection of the dead person goes into the mirror and takes away the living person. — A child born with the face down is born to be drowned, will end in a water-grave. (Charleston, S.C.)

If a digdee owl whoop on a tree near a house or on a chimney, it is a sign of death in the neighborhood or in the house. People in the house would put salt on the fire to burn the tail of the bird on the chimney, or would turn a pair of shoes upside down with the toes under the bed, or would turn clothes inside out. The owl would stop hollering and fly away. (Virginia.)

FUNERAL. — During the watch-night or the sittin'-up, when coffee and food are served and hymns sung and shouts danced, the corpse, which is dressed immediately after death, is placed on a coolin'-board. This coolin'-board consists of two planks supported by a "horse" at either end, and covered with a sheet which hangs down

[1] Compare Bahamas, MAFLS 13 : 56 (note 1). — E. C. P.

to the floor. Another sheet covers the body; and over the face is another sheet, which is lifted up when the mourners address the corpse. Mourners may talk to the body to this effect: "Mandy, you gone an' left me. . . . I may be nex'. . . . Po' Mandy! . . . Po' John! . . . " A plateful of salt and ashes is placed under the coolin'-board, where the body is cooling off. Whatever disease the body has goes into the ashes and salt. "Ashes takes up from de body de disease." These ashes are carried to the grave; and at the words "ashes to ashes and dust to dust," they are thrown into the grave. Others "dash in dirt." As people "pitch in de dirt," they sing.[1] Burials are head to the east, "so they will rise." I think it is because of the star in the East at the Saviour's birth. (General in South.)

If there is a dead body in the house, you should not have a cat in the house. The cat will go up on top of the body and scratch the face. — A cat, a black cat, will suck a child's breath until the child dies. The cat will go up on the child's chest and purr. As the child's breath comes out, the cat will breathe it in. So that it is dangerous to leave a cat in the house with a little child.

[1] In the minds of the performers, this part of the funeral service appears to be an exorcising-rite. — E. C. P.

FOLK-LORE OF THE CHEROKEE OF ROBESON COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA.[1]

BY ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

ONE morning in March, 1919, into my canoe-camp on the Lumbee or Lumber River came a boy with a gun. After a greeting, he sat down on his haunches by the cook-fire and watched. He asked no questions, but he answered them unconstrainedly He was Claymiller Lockley, named, as his mother told us later, for a son of Jesse James, the "dressparader;" and he had a brother Coleyounger, named for the other son of the desperado. Seeing the camp-smoke, Claymiller had told his mother he was going to take his gun and make out he was hunting rabbits, and find out about the camp. His family lived a half mile or so down the river, near Wagram, in Scotland County; and here in a well-built, four or five roomed house, his parents had lived eighteen years as tenant farmers, according to a system common in the country, getting for their share half the crop they raised of cotton, corn, wheat, and watermelons.

Claymiller's father was called in from the farm so that I could see, as Mrs. Lockley put it, a real Indian. She had white blood, she said, for her father was a Scotchman; but she had no Negro blood: "There is no Negro blood in us Indians," — an assertion I was to hear again and again. She and all the children had quite curly hair, dark brown, the hair of one little girl lighter or "yaller." Mr. Lockley's hair was dark brown and straight. He had high cheek-bones and aquiline nose, and his skin was comparatively dark. He had the deep-hazel eyes one notes as a distinctive eye-color of his people. The eyes of Mrs. Lockley and of the children were dark brown, negroid.

[1] The following abbreviations have been used throughout this article in references to bibliographical citations: —

Bolte u. Polívka	J. BOLTE u. G. POLÍVKA, Anmerkungen zu den Kinder- u. Hausmärchen der Brüder Grimm. Leipzig, 1913.
JAFL 6	J. O. DORSEY, Two Biloxi Tales (Journal of American Folk-Lore, 6 : 48–50). 1893.
JAFL 26	J. R. SWANTON, Animal Stories from the Indians of the Muskhogean Stock (*Ibid.*, 26 : 193–218). 1913.
JAFL 30	E. C. PARSONS, Tales from Guilford County, North Carolina (*Ibid.*, 30 : 168–200). 1917.
	E. C. PARSONS, Notes on Folk-Lore of Guilford County, North Carolina (*Ibid.*, 30 : 201–208). 1917.
RBAE 19	JAMES MOONEY, Myths of the Cherokee (19th Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology). 1897–98.
Senate Document No. 677	The Indians of North Carolina (Senate Document No. 677). 1915.

"What Indian tribe are you?" I asked Mrs. Lockley. "Cherokee." — "And how many of you?" — "Thousands 'pon top of thousands. Dere's only us up dis way; but you'll see more down to Maxton, an' mo' an' mo' in Pembroke an' Lumberton."[1] — "And why do they call you 'Cruatan'?" It was the way a white farmer of Scotch descent had referred to them the day before in telling me how much they kept to themselves, mixing with neither whites nor colored; how they had a different "tone" in speaking, "sounds French" (I failed to notice it in any instance); and how they were "a very kind people until they got mad," — testimony to their "fierce temper," when aroused, that I got later from whites and Negroes. "Dey nice people," said one Negro; "but if you get dem against you, dey kill yer." — "We tend to our business," an Indian put it, "don't boder with other people."

"Why Cruatan, or, as written, Croatan?" — "Because Ham McMillan gave that name," answered Mrs. Lockley. "Several years ago he went to Washington to see about the Indians' rights." Later, farther down the river and in the town of Pembroke, on asking the same question, I got the same answer; and in one log-cabin house the very government publication which sets forth the Croatan tale of the lost tribe from Roanoke Island was shown to me, — "Indians of North Carolina" (Senate Document No. 677), 1915. The McMillan theory has become or is becoming a legend of the country, for in the store at Pembroke the town authority on Indian history was called in to repeat it to me.[2] The narrator was kinsman of Henry Berry Lowrie, an outlaw equal in local fame to Jesse James; and the narrator was reputed to be one of the band that kept Lowrie from being arrested, although "he must have killed two or three hundred head." The father of the Lowries was a white "from the North;" the mother, a Cherokee from Indian Territory.

The great Removal to Indian Territory was referred to by the town historian and by others.[3] "The people went away when I was a little girl," said one woman about eighty years old, "but a heap o' people staid." — "Why did your family stay?" — "I ruther stay where I was born an' raised." According to the town historian, the

[1] According to the census of 1910, there were in Robeson County 5,895 Indians; in Scotland County, 74 Indians; and all told there were 8,000 of these Indians in the Carolinas.

[2] Mr. McMillan's pamphlet on Sir Walter Raleigh's Lost Colony was published in 1888. In 1885 the Legislature of North Carolina decreed that the Indians of Robeson County were to be known as "Croatan Indians." In 1911 the Legislature changed the name to "Indians of Robeson County," and in 1913 to "Cherokee Indians of Robeson County" (Senate Document No. 677, pp. 28–30).

[3] And yet there has been no connection, it is said, between these lowland Indians and the Cherokee nation (Senate Document No. 677, p. 236).

last speaker of the Cherokee language, one Will Lockler,[1] died about eight years ago. Mr. Lowrie himself knew a few words, — *waka*[2] ("cow," Spanish *vaca* 1), *sola* ("good-morning"). I met nobody else who knew any Indian words at all. As for the few tales and riddles I gathered in, as well as certain unsophisticated beliefs, it is difficult to see in them any but Negro and white, presumedly Scotch, sources. Indeed, except for physical characters (and these, too, are mixed with white and frequently with unmistakable Negro characters) and except for manners (independence and a mixture of reserve and frankness), it is difficult, at least for the visitor, to see anything distinctively Indian about the people. The tie that mainly gives them a sense of community appears to be negative, — the will not to be classified with Negroes by the whites, to whom racial discrimination seems to be an indespensable condition of life. "Which are the nicer to get on with, — Indians, or colored people?" I asked one white woman. "Colored people," she answered. "If you don't treat de Indians as whites, dey get mad wid you." From hotels and drug-stores, "as far as the fountain goes," Indians are excluded; but they use the waiting-rooms and cars for the whites, "won't travel any other way," complained the railway officials; and, unlike the Negroes, they are not disfranchised. Nor do they vote consistently the Democratic ticket; their vote, according to their white critics, is purchasable and "wishy-washy." The country goes Democratic, but at the last presidential election the Indian vote went Republican. In recent years the State has provided separate schools; formerly they were quite illiterate, since they were not admitted into white schools, and to Negro schools they would not go. Their separate churches are Methodist and Baptist. The bridge near which I was for a time encamped was a place for baptizing, the river making a little bay, where "the Free-Will Baptists put you under all the way."

It was from this camp, to which there were many visitors from the near-by road leading into Maxton, three miles away, that my country acquaintance spread. And in one hospitable house a few hundred yards distant I spent hour on hour, watching the quilting that was in

[1] Lochlayah (Lochler, Locklear, Lochley, Lochlyear) is, according to Mr. McMillan, a native Cherokee name. It is largely on the matter of names that Mr. McMillan bases his argument for the European-Roanoke ancestry of the "Croatan." He finds a number of names of the lost colonists common names to-day among the Indians. He ignores the extreme unlikelihood of white captives, women and children, perpetuating their European names in a tribe which would undoubtedly give them Indian names and pay no attention to their European names; and he ignores the fact that the names of Raleigh's colonists, common Scotch or English names, were undoubtedly the names, too, of later immigrants to the Carolinas. The Indians, like the Negroes, have been taking their names from the whites for generations.

[2] Compare RBAE 19 : 265.

progress, riddling and story-telling, and learning odds and ends from the three generations of the household and from their visiting friends.

First of the quilting. From its attachment by ropes and leather loops (Fig. 1) to the ceiling, where it habitually hung, the wooden frame was unfastened by the mother of the family and placed on the floor. The lining and top of the quilt had already been sewed together on one side. This side, and the other three sides of the lining, — a stout, dark-blue cotton cloth, — were then sewed to the wooden frame, the stitching being from right to left. An ordinary thimble was worn on the middle finger of the right hand. Handfuls of raw

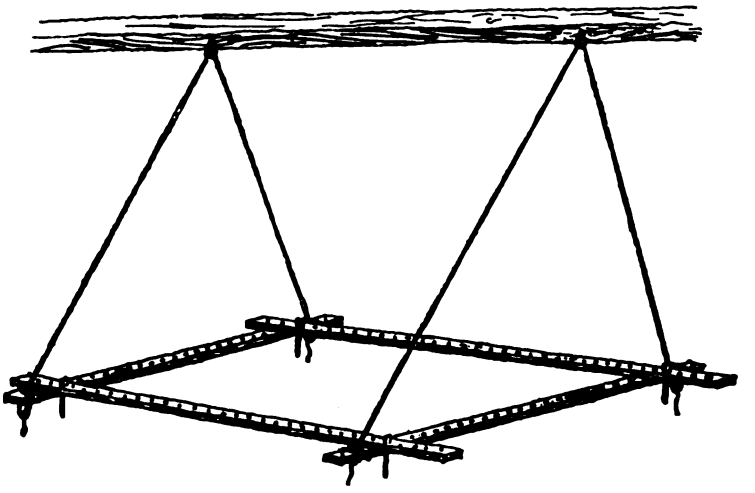


FIG. 1. Frame for Quilting.

cotton grown on the farm were brought out from the store and thrown by Mother on the cloth, where it was "beaten" with light "sticks" to separate it and get out the "trash." The girls joined in the switching, which was repeated three times; and the grandmother and little boys and I would collect the wisps of cotton as they flew about the room. Then Mother spread the cotton out evenly on the lining. She tied the frame to the ropes from the ceiling, and raised the whole about two feet and a half from the ground. The top of the quilt was spread over the lining and cotton. With a two-foot length of string, and a piece of chalk at the end, Mother "laid out" the arcs that were to be followed in stitching together lining, cotton, and top. Mother, the two girls, and a neighbor set to stitching at different points around the frame. By sundown the work was still unfinished, and the frame was raised overhead.

"Pieced up," or "done up" "with little bits," this quilt is known

as "string quilt" (Fig. 2). Other patterns are known as "crazy girl," "sweet gum-leaf," and "kukle burr or pine burr" (cone). Mother learned how to quilt from her mother, as the girls are learning now from Mother. Formerly, a decade or so ago, people would have large quilting-parties, likewise "a corn-huskin'" and "a pea-whippin'," when corn was to be husked or peas shelled. On these occasions a "big dinner" was supplied.

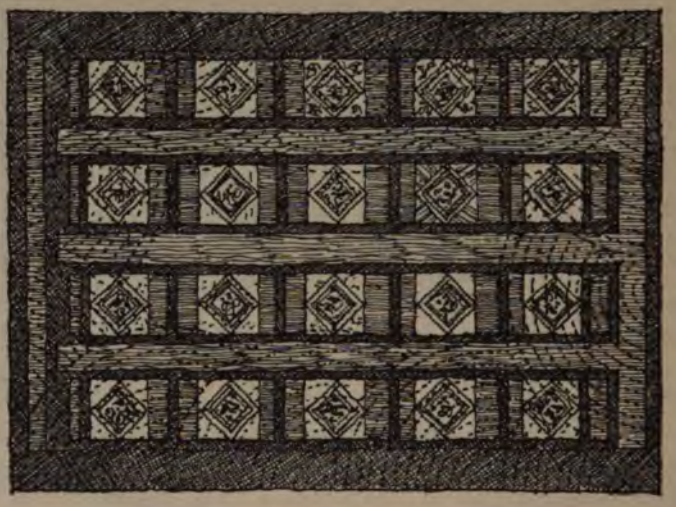


FIG. 2. String Quilt.

Telling riddles fitted in nicely, I found, with the quilting and with the grandmother's pipe. Mother did not smoke, but chewed. She was remarkably skilful in spitting into the fire from wherever she sat at the quilting-frame. She spat through the index and middle fingers of her right hand held to her lips.

RIDDLES.

1. Whitey went upstairs, Whitey come back down, and Whitey left Whitey upstairs. — *Ans.* White hen went up and laid a white egg.[1]

2. Red inside an' full of little niggers. — *Ans.* Watermelon.

3. It's white, it's green. An' inside it's full of little yaller niggers. — *Ans.* Muskmelon.

4. Life in de middle, an' dead on each end. — *Ans.* Plough.[2]

5. First thing you see is white. Nex' thing you see is green. Nex' thing you see is black. — *Ans.* Bra'berry (blackberry).

[1] Compare North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 204, No. 29).

[2] *Ibid.*, No. 6.

6. Roun' as a riddle,
Deep as a spring,
Been de death of a many pretty thing.
Ans. Gun.

7. Goes to water an' never drinks. — *Ans.* Wagon.[1]

8. Runs all day, an' stands at night wid his tongue stickin' out. — *Ans.* Wagon.[2]

9. Goes all day, an' sets under de table at night an' gapes for bone. — *Ans.* Boot.[3]

10. The ol' woman pulled it an' pitted it an' patted it,
The ol' man off with his breeches an' jumped at it.
Ans. Bed.

11. Hitty titty upstairs,
Hitty titty downstairs.
If you find hitty titty, it'll bite you.
Ans. Wasp.[5]

12. Eleven pears are hangin' high,
Eleven soldiers come ridin' by,
Each man took a pear,
An' left eleven hangin' high,
Ans. A man's name,—Each.[6]

13. The more you cut it, the longer it gets. — *Ans.* Ditch.

14. You got it, you don't want it,
You wouldn' take the wor' for it.
Ans. Bal' head.[7]

15. What is a little boy goin' cross London Bridge a-cryin', sayin' his moder died seven years 'fo' he was born. — *Ans.* His moder dyed a piece o' cloth seven years 'fo' he was born.

16. Round as a saucer,
Deep as a cup,
Five thousand horses
Can't pull it up.
Ans. Well.[8]

17. Round as a biscuit,
Busy as a bee . . .
(The end forgotten.)
Ans. Watch.[9]

18. Three legs up and six legs down. — *Ans.* Man a-ridin' a horse, with a pot on his head.[10]

[1] Compare North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 204, No. 20).
[2] *Ibid.*, No. 22.
[3] *Ibid.*, No. 25.
[4] *Ibid.*, No. 39.
[5] *Ibid.*, No. 50.
[6] *Ibid.*, No. 13; p. 375 of this volume, No. 4.
[7] *Ibid.*, No. 34.
[8] *Ibid.*, No. 1.
[9] *Ibid.*, No. 2.
[10] *Ibid.*, No. 36.

19. Six sot, seven sprung.
From the dead the livin' come.
Ans. Seven partridge set in a horse's head, ol' dead horse in de woods, and hetched.[1]

20. I went across London Bridge,
I met a heap of people;
Some was wix,
Some was wax,
Some was color of ol' chaw terbacker.
Ans. Swa'm o' bees.[2]

21. Narrow at the top,
Broad at the bottom,
Thing in the middle
Goes flippity flop.
Ans. Churn.[3]

22. Why does a dawg carry a curl in his tail? — *Ans.* So de fleas can loop de loop.[4]

23. What goes all over the house and sets up in the corner at night? — *Ans.* Broom.[5]

24. What goes all round the house and leave but one track? — *Ans.* Wheelbarrow.[6]

25. What goes all the way 'round the house an' never comes in? — *Ans.* Path.[7]

After the quilting-frame was hung up and supper eaten, story-telling by the household and two or three women visitors was in order. One of these visitors had been mentioned to me before her arrival; and as she entered, she was greeted with, "Talk of de debil, his imp appear." The stock of stories was scant, and nobody present was a good story-teller. Mother told (1) "Playing Godfather," (2) "Rabbit makes Fox his Riding-Horse,"[8] (3) "Relay Race,"[9] and (4) "Over the Ground and under the Ground." She began her tales regularly with "Said dere was," — a Negro turn, — and, except for a comparative lack of vivacity, she told the tales exactly as would a Negro. Circumstances precluded taking the tales down at the time (the only

[1] Comparative, Bolte u. Polívka, XXII.

[2] Compare North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 202, No. 10).

[3] *Ibid.*, No. 16.

[4] From the father of the family, who worked from 7 P.M. to 7 A.M. in an oil-factory at Maxton; wages, three dollars a night.

[5] Compare North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 202, No. 25).

[6] *Ibid.*, No. 9.

[7] *Ibid.*, No. 12.

[8] Compare Natchez (JAFL 26 : 195–196).

[9] Compare Cherokee (RBAE 19 : 270–271); Natchez, Creek, Hitchiti (JAFL 26 : 202–203).

light was the fire, around which, on the floor, lay the children, and the talk was freer without a note-book); but subsequently I recorded a few turns in the tales, and Tale No. 4 in full.

(1) "Half 'um" was the child's name.

(2) "Rabbit was goin' to see de girls." . . . "Carry a whip to whip de flies off," — of this point one of the little boys reminded his mother. The tale was particularly popular in the family. . . . "Told um to put spurs on, saddle on, bridle on."

(3) "Here me!" Ter'pin called out at de postés. . . . "Deer bust him up. An' dey tell me deer will kill ter'pin to dishyere day."

(4) "How Jack beat de Devil.[1] — Dey have a farm togeder. Jack says to de Devil, 'You take what grows in de groun', an' I will take what grow over de groun'.' Dey plant corn. De nex' year Jack says to de Debil, 'You take what grows over de groun', an' I will take what grows in de groun'.' Dey plant pertaters."

Mother had known one other tale about Jack, about "how Jack sold himself to de Debil for seven years, and de Debil was to furnish him coal," but she had forgotten it. "Tar Baby"[2] was a familiar tale. "Dog and Dog-Head," "Escape up the Tree," and "Devil Bridegroom," — tales I had come from hearing over and over again in South Carolina, — were unfamiliar. "Little One-Eye, Little Two-Eyes, and Little Three-Eyes" was told, and the school reader shown me from which it was learned, thereby throwing light on the source of the tale as I had heard it elsewhere in North Carolina and but recently in the Sea Islands. But the tales or anecdotes most enjoyed that evening by every one were about witches. I told the story of the black cat and the miller's wife.[3] It was unfamiliar to the company, but Mother followed it up with what might be considered variants.

"Said was a woman an' her daughter tu'ned to a she-deer and young one. Man loaded his gun with quicksilver. Knowed he couldn' shoot her with nothin' but dat. Shot her in de leg. De nex' day de ol' woman was lame in de leg."

"Said that my grandfader was visitin' some girls. An' de ol' lady said she had to go fifty miles dat night. Saw a rabbit running past. 'Dat's moder,' said de girls."

Mother went on: "Witches would ride yer. Dey all had deir bridle. Would put a broom for yer in yer bed. Des as if Will an' me would be lying in de same bed, an' dey would ride me an' leave a broom; Will wouldn' know I was gone, wouldn' miss me. Nex' mornin' I would be tired to deat', an' ma hair all done up in knots. Would use ma hair for bridle an' bit."[4]

[1] Title given by narrator. Compare Louisiana, Biloxi Indians (JAFL 6 : 48); North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 175, No. 7).

[2] Compare Cherokee (RBAE 19 : 271–272); Natchez (JAFL 26 : 194).

[3] See JAFL 30 : 196 (No. 54).

[4] Compare H. C. Davis, "Negro Folk-Lore in South Carolina" (JAFL 27 : 247).

Grandmother. Dey wouldn' hurt you.

Mother. Dey could tu'n demselves into what dey wanted.

E. C. P. How?

Grandmother. By a-greasin' demselves.

Girl. Granny, did yer ever see a witch?

Grandmother. No, I never seen a witch.

Visitor. Ain't you glad dat dose time is done away? Do you reckon dat sich people could ever get into de kingdom o' heaven?

Mother. No, 'cause dey has to sell demselves to de Devil. Dey say dere ain't nothin' you can't do if you sell yerself to de Devil.

Visitor. Grandma says she went to visit Annie, an' dat night she saw a heap o' black cat all one color. Would never visit Annie again.

Mother. Said dey was a-learnin' a girl to be a witch. Went into a store.

Grandmother. A cellar.

Mother. De girl spoke de name o' de Lord, an' tu'ned natchal. Dey tu'ned her back to a witch. She spoke de name o' de Lord again, an' tu'ned natchal again. Tu'ned her back again, but said dat nex' time dey would leave her dere. An' dey did. Found her dere de nex' mornin'. Say, witches could go t'rough keyholes. Had only to call any animal dey wanted to ride. Nex' mornin' horse sweatin' in de stable. Would have to say, 'Go t'rough thick' or 'Go t'rough thin,' des as dey wanted to go. Said once a man said, 'Go t'rough thick' when he wanted to say, 'Go t'rough thin,' an' what a ride he had dat night! Said he never would go out again.

Grandmother. Honey, dere used to be a heap o' witches.

Marking ten (cross) to keep off witches, or pouring out grain to delay them, as they would count it, were unfamiliar beliefs. — If you dream of new lumber, it is a sign of death, "sign yer goin' to lose some of yer kinsfolk." — "Dream of yaller clay, sign of a corpse." — "Say if you dream of being in a crowd o' people, some of dose people will die." — "If a horse shakes wid de gear on him, sign of death," or "if he brays at a buryin'." — Wear a new dress at a funeral, and you will not live to wear it out. — People "sit up" after a death, "prayin' an' singin' all night." Mirrors or glass-covered pictures are covered, and the clock is stopped, "so people won't have to ask de time of death."

For whooping-cough a syrup is made of swamp alder. — Poplar-bark is steeped for pelagra. For "de snake-bit," dollar-weed is a remedy. The bite of a "rattlesnake pilot" is worse than that of other rattlesnakes. — How to remove warts seems to be proprietary knowledge. Two or three persons were mentioned who could do it, "but dey wouldn' tell yer." In one case the curer would "jus" look at

'em." In another case of two warts, the warts were pricked, and a drop of blood put on two grains of corn.

For slow dentition the two front feet of the ground-hog may be hung about the infant's neck. To make a child walk, you should "sweep it *down* wid a new broom befo' you sweep de house wid it."

"If a rooyster crows on yer doorstep, sign of a stranger comin', — sure sign." — "If a rooyster crows after sundown, sign of hasty news or fallin' weather." — Pigs might be killed on the "full o' de moon" to make the meat "swell;" and corn might be planted at full moon or "whiles the moon a-growin'." About the efficacy of these methods for corn-planting my friends were doubtful, since they had planted both ways, and "it didn' make no diffunce."

"Ol' Christmas," twelve days after Christmas, "Praise Day," is or was treated (the custom is passing) like Sunday; people would do no work. That night the domestic animals go down on their knees, and "Praise Day breaks [dawns] twice." Chickens come down from their roost; "it gets dark again, and dey have to go back — I seed it." Rosemary and poke "put out — I seed it."[1]

"Rich man, poor man, fit de beggarman," or, "Rich man, poor man, beggarman, t'ief," is said to prognosticate a mate; and the counting is done on the "thorns" of the holly-leaf. It is a country of mistletoe as well as holly, but the custom of kissing under the mistletoe is unfamiliar.

[1] Compare North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 208).

SEVEN FOLK-TALES FROM THE SEA ISLANDS, SOUTH CAROLINA.

BY SADIE E. STEWART.[1]

I. THE RELAY RACE.[2]

DE terripin an' de deer ha' a race. Mr. Terripin git all his kinspeople togeder an' place one at each mile-pos'. W'en Mr. Deer git to de fi's' mil'-pos', Mr. Terripin say, "Ise heah, Mr. Deer." Mr. Deer jum' to de nex' mil'-pos', but Mr. Terripin was dah; and so 'twas at ebery mil'-pos'. Mr. Terripin say, "Well, which one can run de fas'est, Mr. Deer?" — "I can't fo' say, fo' I still t'ink Ise de fas'est runner in de worl'." — "Maybe you air, but I kin head you off wid sense."

2–3. FIRE TEST: MOCK PLEA.[3]

Once upon a time Bro' Rabbit and Bro' Fox and Bro' Bear had a little house in de woods. Bro' Bear had tub o' sugar an' butter. Bro' Bear ax Bro' Rabbit to stay and min' de sugar and butter until he git back. When Bro' Bear git back, he ax Bro' Rabbit and Bro' Fox who been eat his sugar an' butter; and da each one say, "Notta me." Bro' Bar say to Bro Rabbit, "I don't know what to do wid you, lessen I t'row you in de briers." Bro' Rabbit say, "Please don't t'row me in de briers, and I'll tell you who eat de butter and sugar."

"I'll fin' out who eat um," said Bro' Bear. So he mek a big fire in de back ya'd. Bro' Rabbit tried to jum' 'cross de fire, and fell in.

When Bro' Bear come out an' see Bro' Rabbit in de fire, he tek 'im out and t'row 'im in de briers. Bro' Rabbit kick up his heels and laughed. "T'ank you, Bro' Bear. Here's wha I was born."

4. IN THE WELL.[4]

"Mornin', Bro' Fox!" — "Mornin', Bro' Wolf!" — "Want sumpin' fo' eat?" — "Yah, beca'se I bee hungree." — "Well, follow me to

[1] Miss Stewart is a graduate of Hampton, and in 1919 was a teacher at Penn School, St. Helena Island, South Carolina. — E. C. P.

[2] Informant, Morris Chaplin of Wallace Plantation, St. Helena. For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 102 (note 1). — E. C. P.

[3] Informant, Harold Rhodin of Indian Hill Plantation, St. Helena. For "Fire Test" compare Georgia (Harris 1 : XVII; Harris 2 : XLII); North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 193, No. 46 [*b*]). For bibliography of "Mock Plea" see MAFLS 13 : 15 (note 4); also comparative, Dähnhardt, IV, 43–45. — E. C. P.

[4] Informant, Charlotte Seabrook of Thompson Plantation, Paris Island. — Compare Georgia (Harris 1 : XVI). — E. C. P.

de well to git suh cheese." When dey git to de well, Bro' Fox say, "Jum' in de bucket, Bro' Wolf." — "Meeno trus' you, Bro' Fox. You jum' in fi's'." — "Ef you no wanta go, I da gwine down. Me git de bes' cheese dow." Bro' Fox jum' in an' gone. Time Bro' Fox git down, he sta't fo' eat all de cheese. Den him slip back in de bucket, an' say, "Bro' Wolf, ain't you fo' ready to come down agin?" — Bro' Wolf da jum' in de bucket and gone down. Bro' Fox been da come up. "Ha! Ha! Ha! Well, Bro' Wolf, me gone. When you da comin'?"

5–6. WHO DIVES THE LONGEST: CARTLOAD OF FISH.[1]

Once upon a tim' Bro' Rabbit an' Bro' Wolf have a half a bag o' tallow. Bro' Rabbit tell Bro' Wolf, "Let's go down to de crik side an' see which one can dibe de longis'." Bro' Rabbit an' Bro' Wolf be gone. Soon as Bro' Rabbit git down, he sneek back wid his schemy se'f an' gone in de hous' an' eat all de tallow. Ebber nown den Bro' Rabbit biluk fo' see ef Bro' Wolf been a-comin'. Atta Bro' Rabbit git t'rough, him sneek back in de crik and dibe unna. Bro' Wolf come u'. Bro' Rabbit wait a little while, an' den him come u'. "Shum [see] me, Bro' Wolf, I bee' tell you I could dibe de langis'."

Bro' Wolf and Bro' Rabbit come out de water and mek fo' de house. Bro' Rabbit fo' tell Bro' Wolf to sha' de tallow. Bro' Wolf went fo' de tallow, and come back an' ax Bro' Rabbit who eat de tallow. Bro' Rabbit say, "I dunno, Bro' Wolf, but I know I ain't eat um. Some one mus' fo' tief it whil' we been a-dibe."

"Let's go down to de roadside and wait fo' de man to come 'long wid a ca'tload o' fish," said Bro' Rabbit. Bro' Rabbit an' Bro' Wolf gone down to de roadside an' drap to sleep. Bye'm bye a man came along wid a ca'tload o' fish, an' t'row'd Bro' Rabbit on top um. When Bro' Rabbit git nigh a bush, him tek a 'tring o' fish an' mek fo' de bush. Nex' day de man come 'long an' ketch Bro' Rabbit playin' de same trick. De man fo' look at Bro' Rabbit an' say, "I can't trus' you, Bro' Rabbit." So he tek a stick an' struck um, an' Bro' Rabbit mek fo' de woods as ha'd as he could go.

7. THE RICH OLD MAN.[2]

Once upon a time a ol' man git married to a ol' 'oman. De ol' man los' all his money, an' the ol' 'oman wanted to left 'im. So she

[1] Informant, Harry Daise of Capers Plantation, St. Helena. — Compare Georgia (Jones, XLI; Harris 2 : LII); Louisiana (MAFLS 2 : 115–116); Bushmen (Honeÿ, 22–23); France (Cosquin, 2 : 159, 160). — E. C. P.

[2] Informant, Clarence Simmons of Oaks Plantation, St. Helena. — Compare North Carolina, O. D. Campbell and Cecil J. Sharp, English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 47. New York and London, 1917. — E. C. P.

cook 'im a good dinna. When de ol' man git t'rough fu eat, de ol' 'oman led 'im down to de crik-side, an' tied his hands behin' 'im. Den de ol' 'oman went way back from de ol' man, and ran down de hillside as fas' as she could. When she get almos' to de ol' man, he step aside an' let her go overboa'd. She begin to cry and cry for he'p. De ol' man look at her and shake his hade [head], and said, "I — wish — I — could he'p — you, but me hands are tied behin' me."

FOLK-TALES FROM STUDENTS IN TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE, ALABAMA.

THE following tales were selected from a considerable number of tales contributed to the Journal through the courtesy of the head of the English Department of the Tuskegee Institute, Mr. Clement Richardson, and of Mr. Monroe N. Work, editor of the Negro Year-Book. No. 1, "Old man on a Hunt," is a very popular tale in North Carolina,[1] I can testify, if not elsewhere in the South. In this literary version the substitution of a bear for a quasi-supernatural is of interest. The tale appears to be an instance of the development of anecdote or single incident[2] into folk-tale, — a process occurring not infrequently in American Negro tales.[3] No. 2, "Mr. Froggie went to ride," is a well-known English nursery-rhyme.[4] No. 3, "Escape up the Tree," is a European tale brought over long since by immigrants from the west coast of Africa.[5] I have collected it in elaborate versions from Portuguese Negroes from the Cape Verde Islands. Among American Indians as well as Negroes it has a wide dispersal. No. 4, "The Tree closes," is one of the numerous animal versions of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves,"[6] with the primary pattern of "The Password" omitted. No. 5, "Take my Place," is one of the equally numerous Negro variants[7] which appear to derive from the European cycle of "Big-John and Little-John." No. 6 is a tale which, outside of America,[8] has been recorded, as far as I know, only in Southeast Africa, among the Baronga.[9] In these six tales we get a fairly representative cross-section, as it were, of American Negro folk-tales in English, — the tale of local development, the tale of English provenience, the tale of African-Portuguese or African-Arab provenience, and the tale of African provenience.

[1] See JAFL 30 (1917) : 184 (No. 26).

[2] From variants collected in New England, of the tale of "Dividing the Souls." I surmise that the incident of beating the dogs home may be taken from the concluding incident in "Dividing the Souls."

[3] See, for example, North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 186, 191, 194 [Nos. 30, 43, 48]); also Florida (*Ibid.*, 223 [No. 4]); and this number, p. 370.

[4] Compare O. D. Campbell and C. J. Sharp, English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians (New York and London, 1917), No. 119, and Bibliography on pp. 335–336.

[5] Compare MAFLS 13 (1918) : 66 (No. 32); and see Bibliography (*Ibid.*, pp. xvii).

[6] Compare MAFLS 13 : 3 (No. 3); and see Bibliography (*Ibid.*, p. xvii). See, too, S. H. De Soto, Cuentos Populares de Extremadura, XXI, XXII, Biblioteca de las Tradiciones Populares Espafiolas, X.

[7] Compare MAFLS 13 : 82 (No. 39), and Bibliography (p. xvii).

[8] Compare Georgia (Harris 4 : 137–140, 144–152); North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 190).

[9] Junod, 2 : 216–217.

From this list one conspicuous type of Negro tale has been omitted, — the ghost-story, the tale based on a belief about "hants" or "bugies" or "duppies." In the collection sent from Tuskegee there are a large number of these stories, all of which are spoiled as folk-tales by the rational or moral form their writers felt called upon to give them,[1] a transformation in itself of ethnologic, if not of folk-lorist interest. In spite of the transformation, however, definite folk-lore features persist. The ghost (in speaking, "hant" was probably the term used; even in these literary versions, "hanty place" is a common expression) is either an animal *which grows larger and larger*,[2] or a *headless* human being.[3] The movement in the tale consists either of adventuring the night in a haunted house for the sake of a pot of gold, or being chased by the creature encountered.

I. OLD MAN ON A HUNT.[4]

Once there were an old man and his two sons who lived in a house not far from the wood, and they had four good dog. They were sitting down eating supper one night; and his dogs went out into the woods, and say, "See, can we get the old coon." — "All right," smiled the boys. The old man hadn't walked in five years, so the boys put him on the cot and carried him to the woods. When they went down to the tree where the dogs were, the old man said to the boys, "Shoot! Shoot in the tree and knock that good meat out!" The boys shoot and shoot, but killed nothing. The old man told his son to climb into the tree. The son obeyed. When he got up in the tree, a bear jumped down on the ground, and the boys flew home, telling his other brother. But when he stepped into the door and began to tell the brother, the old man said to his sons, "Listen, listen, boy! tell that thing straight. I beat those dogs here." He left his cot under the tree that night, and he has been walking ever since.

[1] "He found out that it was a goat living in the house." — "It was only a railroad sign made in form of a cross. So I don't believe in ghost to-day." — "It was nothing but the trains coming down the track. . . . His head was hid on the tracks, so he saw nothing but the body-part." — "He told her he was going to be a better boy [after he had been chased], and was going to obey her."

[2] "He began to stone it [a little dog]; but every time he threw a stone, it became larger." — "They saw something look like a cat. As they went on, it grew larger and larger, until it was as large as a horse." — "When any one pass there [a haunty house], something would come out and get large as a cow, with eyes large as a saucer."

[3] "He looked back and saw a man dressed all in white, and he didn't have any head on his body." — "Just as I got to the graveyard, up sprang a very tall lady with absolutely no head at all, only a neck-bone with blood oozing out as if it had been freshly cut off."

[4] Written by Arnetta Perkins.

2. MR. FROGGIE WENT TO RIDE.[1]

Mr. Froggie went to ride
With a sword and a pistol by his side.
He rode up to Miss Mousie's door
Like he did some time ago.
He took Miss Mousie on his knee,
And asked Miss Mousie, "Won't you marry me?" —
"Not unless my father consents,
For I to marry a president."
The first came in was Mr. Snake;
He danced all around the wedding-cake.
And the next came in was Mr. Bug;
He danced all around the wedding-jug.
Next came in was Mr. Fick;
He ate so much till it made him sick.
And then they sent for Dr. Fly;
He said, "Mr. Fick, you'll surely die."
That was the end of the wedding-day,
So I have no more to say.

3. ESCAPE UP THE TREE.[2]

A long time ago there were two little children who had three dogs. Their names were You-Know, I-Know, and God-Knows. One day, while these children were playing, a wild man came by and took the little girl with him and reared her. When she was grown, he married her. The child's parents had given her up. But one day, after Tom was grown, he took his dogs and went hunting. When night came, he was too far to return home the same night. While he was standing wondering what to do, he looked up and saw a house sitting on a hill up through the woods. Tom didn't know whether to take his dogs or to leave them there. At that moment God-Knows said, "Master, we will take care of everything." Tom didn't have any idea of finding his sister that was stolen a long time ago. When he reached the house, a lady met him at the door, and said, "Come in!" After a long conversation, Tom found out that was his sister, and she was overrejoiced to see her brother. After a few hours, she told Tom her husband was wild, and asked him to go into the closet and stay until she called. Before Tom was in the closet good, her husband walked up with half of a man on his shoulder. When they sat down to the supper-table, Mattie said, "If I show you a pretty(?), will you bother it?" He promised not to bother him. Mattie unlock the door and let Tom out. Her husband kissed him and was very kind to him. Mattie said, "To-morrow I am going part the way with him." Her husband said, "Let me go." The next day Tom and Mattie's hus-

[1] Written by Louise Freeman. [2] Written by Wilhelmina Ivory.

band started on the way. When they were out of sight, the man said, "Go up that tree and pray, while I sharp my knife." The boy went up the tree and called his dogs. "You-Know, I-Know, God-Knows, come and get the poor boy out of trouble." When Tom said, "God-Knows," the man thought he was praying, and said, "Pray you are praying now." The boy called again. At that time his dogs were there. They took the man and tore him into pieces. Tom came down the tree, and went back to the house and got his sister and took her home. After that the dogs were known all over the country as the three heroes.

4. THE TREE CLOSES.[1]

Once upon a time there was a rabbit and a bear. Mr. Rabbit was always a funny little fellow, so he would fool Mr. Bear. One day he told Mr. Bear to come and go with him to the bee-tree. Mr. Bear was willing to go, so the next morning Mr. Bear went by to go with him. When they got there, Mr. Rabbit went in the tree and ate much honey as he wanted, and came out for Mr. Bear to come in. Mr. Bear went in and eat much honey as he wanted. He ate so much, his head swell in the tree. So he hollered for Mr. Rabbit to run for the doctor. Mr. Rabbit would run down the road and come back, so he got tired of running. The last time he fooled Mr. Bear, he told him the doctor said give his head a hard jerk and jerk it out. So Mr. Bear gave his head a jerk and jerk it off. So Mr. Rabbit did laugh how he fooled Mr. Bear and made him lose his life.

5. TAKE MY PLACE.[2]

Once upon a time there lived a farmer who had a large garden. Every year he would plant all kinds of vegetables in it. One of the many different variety he planted was cabbage. Every morning he would go into his garden; and every time he went, he would find some of his cabbage gone. At last he decided to catch the greedy thief. He went around his garden and stopped up all the cracks but one, where he set a trap. The next morning he went into his garden and found a large rabbit in his trap. He was so angry that he did not know how to punish the rabbit. He at last turned him over to his boy, who declared that he would punish him so bitterly that he would scare all of the others from the place. The boy took the rabbit up the road toward town, and tied a rope around the rabbit's neck and tied him to a tree. The boy told the rabbit that he was going to kill him when he came back. While the boy was gone, Mr. Wolf, the rabbit's great friend, came along. "Why, hello there, Mr. Rabbit! What are you

[1] Written by Gladys Gibson.

[2] Written by John W. Dearmon.

doing tied up to that tree?" — "Why, a boy tied me here, and told me if I staid until he came back, he would bring me some fresh meat; but I don't like meat. If you untie me and let me tie you, you may have the meat." — "All right," said the wolf. The wolf untied the rabbit; and the rabbit tied the wolf to the tree, and ran off and got behind a tree, and began to dance and laugh, to think how he had fooled the wolf. After a while the boy came back. He was surprised to see a wolf tied to the tree where he had left a rabbit. "What are you doing here?" asked the boy. "When I left here, you was a rabbit; now you are a wolf." — "Meat," replied the wolf. "You just stay there until I get some pine-knots, then I will meat you," said the boy. He got an armful of knots, and began to beat the wolf. Every time he would hit the wolf, the wolf would cry, "Meat, meat!" The boy soon killed the wolf; and the rabbit was behind the tree, laughing and dancing just to think how he had fooled his friend the wolf.

6. FATAL IMITATION.[1]

Once there was a rabbit and a rooster. And the rooster put his head under his wing, and come out and said to the rabbit, "See here! I have left my head at home for my wife to comb it." And the rabbit said, "Give me a hatchet, and let me cut off mine and leave it home, so my wife can comb mine, and I will go home with you." And he put his head on a block and chopped it off. And the rabbit cried. And that was the last of him.

[1] Written by L. George.

FOLK-TALES FROM STUDENTS IN THE GEORGIA STATE COLLEGE.[1]

I. IN THE PEA-PATCH: TAKE MY PLACE.[2]

ONCE upon a time a rabbit went to a man pea-patch and eat most all of the pea. And the man told his girl to catch him if he come in there again. So the little girl caught the rabbit, and said to the rabbit, "My father told me, if you come in here again, I must catch you." The rabbit said, "No, he didn't! he told me to go in there and eat until one o'clock. I tell you to let me out!" So the girl kept him until her father come from work. And her father said, "Put him in the cage." And the rabbit was dancing, and was saying, "I am going to heaven soon in the morning." And Wolf come by, and asked the rabbit can he go to heaven with him. The rabbit said, "You are too broad." And the wolf said, "Please let me go!" The rabbit said, "Do you see that little latch?" — "Yes." — "Unloose it and jump in." And when he jump, Rabby jump out, and said, "That man going beat you." When the man came home, said, "You can change your color, but I will beat you." And the man got a wagon-load of branches and a hot pot of water, and beat him, and that time [the rabbit?] ran off. I went around the corner, and I stepped on a piece of tin; and that ends my story of the girl and the rabbit.[3]

2. CHALLENGED TO BUTT.[4]

Once Buh Rabbit went to a goad [gourd] vine an' got a small dried goad and cut um to fit he head. So he put um on he head good an' tight. An' went to Buh Cow and bet um dat he could bust he head open 'gainst de pos'. Buh Cow bet um, ef he could do it, she could too. So Buh Rabbit ran an' bust de goad 'gainst the post. An' Buh Cow bust he head 'gainst de pos' an' break he head. An' dat was de end of Buh Cow.

[1] For these tales from Savannah, Ga., editorial thanks are due Mr. Monroe N. Work. — E. C. P.

[2] Written by Effie Howell. For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 82 (notes 2, 6). — E. C. P.

[3] Tales in the Sea Islands, South Carolina, frequently conclude with, —

"I stepped on a t'in' an' de t'in' ben',
An' dere my story en'."

—E. C. P.

[4] Writer unknown.

3. CHALLENGED TO BUTT: BURIED TAIL: PLAYING POISONED.[1]

Once upon a time Bro Rabbit and Bro Wolf stole a cow and carry it in the woods, and said to the cow, "I bet you cannot run into that tree and butt it as hard as you can with your head." So the cow ran into the tree and break its neck.

And Bro Rabbit sent Bro Wolf for the knives to skin the cow. And while Bro Wolf was gone, Bro Rabbit cut up the cow and carry it all in his attic. And bury the cow-tail in the ground. When Bro Wolf return, Bro Rabbit said to him, "Bro Wolf, the cow has gone down into the ground. Let's dig it up." And they start digging. They dug and dug and dug, but couldn't get the cow. So Bro Rabbit said to Bro Wolf, "Let's pull it up by the tail." So they pull and pull, and after a while the tail came up. And Bro Rabbit said to Bro Wolf, "The cow has gone farther down in the ground." So, after all, they decided to go home.

And Bro Partridge went to Bro Rabbit's house for some fire, and saw the beef hanging in the fireplace. And Bro Partridge went out and told Bro Wolf. And Bro Wolf went to Bro Rabbit, and said, "Oh! Oh!" — "What is the matter?" Bro Wolf said, "Bro Rabbit, that piece of liver you gave me give me such a pain in my stomach, I am about to die. Oh! Oh!" And Bro Rabbit start throwing out the meat. And after he threw it out, Bro Wolf said, "Now be just, let's share it." And they share the cow. And Bro Wolf went back home, I suppose. And that ends my story.

Green leaves and strawberry trees.
Savannah girls are hard to please.

4. MOCK FIRE:[2] PLAYING POISONED.

Once upon a time a rabbit and partridge agreed to kill a cow together, and they killed the cow. And after they had killed the cow, the rabbit said to Partridge, "Ber Partridge, you can fly, and I can't, and we need fire to cook some of this meat for our breakfast." And the rabbit look in the east and saw the sun rising, and said to Partridge again, "You can fly, and I can't. Suppose you go and bring some fire to cook our meat for breakfast." And the partridge flew and flew until he got tired. And he saw he could not reach the sun, and turned back.

He began to get hungry, and he flew back home. And when the partridge got back, the rabbit and his wife had hid the meat. And the partridge said to Rabbit, "Ber Rabbit, I am so hungry I don't

[1] Written by Amanda Butler. For bibliography of "Buried Tail" see JAFL 30 : 228 (note 2), and p. 368 of this number; of "Playing Poisoned," MAFLS 13 : 122 (note 1).

[2] Written by Edna Lanier. Compare Sea Islands (Christensen, 89–90).

know what to do." And Rabbit had one of the cow's feet sticking in the ground. And the rabbit had told the partridge that the ground had sucked the meat in. The partridge bit a piece of it, and fell over like he was dead. And Rabbit saw that Partridge look like he was dead. He called his wife to bring the meat out of the house. The partridge jumped up, and said, "Divide that meat." And the rabbit had to divide the meat.

5. THREE LEGS.[1]

Buh Rabbit knew where an ol' man passed ebry day wid a bag of peas on he back. He 'fraid fuh trust heself, so he persuade Buh Wolf to go an' dig a hole en de ground. Buh Wolf dug de hole and got en it. The ol' man came by and saw de leg sticking out, and took he axe an' cut de leg off close to de body. An' Buh Wolf never had but t'ree leg left on de cause of Buh Rabbit.

6. RABBIT SEEKS A TAIL: GIVES HIMSELF AWAY.[2]

Once upon a time a man told the rabbit to go and get him a bag full of blackbirds. The rabbit saw a drove of blackbirds. The rabbit said, "I bet you all can't full my sack." The blackbirds flew into his sack, and the rabbit shut his sack and carried them to the man. The man said, "That is not enough to get your tail. Go and catch me an alligator." The rabbit went to a pond, and saw an alligator. The rabbit said, "O Alligator! come and carry me across." The alligator came to the edge, and the rabbit got on his back. And the alligator started across, and the rabbit struck him on the head with a stick of wood. And did not kill him. The next day the rabbit borrowed the squirrel overcoat. And went to the pond and called the alligator, and asked the alligator to carry him 'cross. The alligator said, "All right." The rabbit got on his back. And when the alligator started off, he said, "I carried the rabbit across, and he struck me on the head. If he had er struck me on the tail, he would er got me." So the rabbit struck him on the tail and killed him.

(*Variant.*[3])

Once upon a time there was a rabbit and a fox went out a-hunting. And the rabbit he said to the fox, "Now, Fox, all the birds that be

[1] Writer unknown.

[2] Written by A. H. Miles. This tale is one of the most popular in the Sea Islands of South Carolina. As usually told, Rabbit seeks a gift from God or King, — a gift either of wisdom or of a long tail. Compare Sea Islands (Christensen, 36–41); Georgia (Jones, XL, XLVIII; Harris 2 : XXXIV, XXXV); Natchez, Hitchiti, Creek (Swanton, No. 4); Sierra Leone (Cronise and Ward, 40–49). — E. C. P.

[3] Written by James R. Perry.

on the ground you must shoot them, an' all that fly up in the tree don't shoot them." So they went on; an' when they found the blackbirds, they flew up in the tree. An' the rabbit he said to the blackbirds, "I bet you can't fill up this sack I have." The blackbirds all said, "I bet we can." The fox said, "Let me see you all." So they all flew down into the sack. An' the rabbit close it and went away. An' poor Fox did not have any.

FOLK-TALES FROM LIBERIA (IN ABSTRACT).

BY RICHARD C. BUNDY.[1]

I. THE GOOD CHILD AND THE BAD.[2]

Mammy Yamma is a witch-doctor. As she is walking about the village leaning on her staff, she meets two little girls, Santo and Duopoo, at play. She invites them to go home with her and help spin cotton. As they are working, Santo turns her head to spit, and the spittle falls on the staff. Mammy Yamma cries out, "Don't you know plenty trouble will come to this town for abusing my staff so!" She orders the girl to keep away the bad trouble by carrying the staff to the river, two days' walk away, to wash it. On her way to the river in the big bush, Santo meets on the path a big brass kettle, full of water, betaking itself to a near-by town. Farther on she comes upon some pieces of fire-wood tying themselves into a bundle. "This must be devil-bush," she says to herself. Next day she finds a town near the river she is going to; and she enters, and an old woman cooking rice offers her some. She sits down to eat, when up come Cat and Rooster, and say, "Share your food with us, and we will tell you good news." They tell her that when she comes to the river, she will see many baskets on the bank. The Water people will offer her one. "Choose the one I jump on," says Cat. "And if it is the right one, I will crow," says Rooster. After washing the staff, Santo sees the baskets, and the Water people tell her to choose one of them for herself. Cat jumps on the smallest basket, and Rooster crows. Inside the basket are beautiful cloth, gold, and riches. The other little girl, Duopoo, grows envious of Santo, and so she spits intentionally on the staff, and proposes to go to the river to wash it. Mammy Yamma does not wish to send Duopoo to the river, but she insists on going. She too meets the kettle and the bundle of sticks, and she stops to find out the reason for these things. But she cannot, and she loses time. She finds the same town, and the same old woman gives her rice; but when Cat and Rooster come up, she refuses to share the food with them. "What good news can beggars tell me?" she says, and eats up the last mouthful. After washing the staff, she hears the invitation to choose for herself a basket. Cat and Rooster stand idly by, and she picks out the biggest basket. Out jump snakes, rats, lizards, and

[1] Mr. Bundy, Secretary of Legation, in the Legation of the United States at Monrovia, Liberia, has kindly allowed his manuscript collection of tales, written from a literary rather than a scientific point of view, to be published in abstract as folk-lore data. — E. C. P.

[2] For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 17 (note 1). — E. C. P.

other creeping swamp and bush creatures. Duopoo runs home and tells of her misadventure. Therefore every one in her town says, even to this day, "One man must not try to follow another man's luck."

2. THE ORIGIN OF DEATH.

Sno-Nysoa[1] has four sons to whom he is greatly attached. He has given them each a necklace of leopard-teeth.[2] He sends them to visit his big friend, Earth. They fail to return, and Sno-Nysoa asks Earth to send them home. "I have told them many times to return," answers Earth; "but they say that their new home is so interesting and beautiful, they have no desire to return." Sno-Nysoa finds his sons, and expostulates. "Do you not know that your father's life is sad without you, and that his heart cannot lie down while you are away?" — "Yes, we know," they answer; "but this is such a pleasant place to live, chop so plenty, Earth so kind and good, we have decided to remain here always." Sno-Nysoa warns Earth that he intends to do something that very night to get his sons back. "I beg you, Sno-Nysoa, I hold your foot!"[3] cries Earth. "Do not rob me of your sons!" Sno-Nysoa only scowls. That night all the sons go to sleep as usual, but in the morning the eldest does not awake. Earth ascends the broad way to the home of Sno-Nysoa, and begs him to give over using his secret power. Sno-Nysoa tells Earth not to trouble himself about his sons; whenever one does not awake, merely to bury him. "I have simply called him home. I leave the body with you." Then Sno-Nysoa calls and shows Earth the eldest son. . . . Suddenly one morning it is found that the second son cannot be wakened. Earth again visits Sno-Nysoa, where he sees the second son alive and happy. A long time passes, but then the third son fails to awake. Earth again goes along the same wide way to Sno-Nysoa, only to find the third son well satisfied. "Perhaps you will remember, friend Earth, I told you long ago that when I really decided to have my sons again, I should get them. Well, the time has now come to fulfil my words entirely. To-morrow morning you will find my fourth son cannot be wakened. He will come to join his brothers here with me." Earth tries to keep the fourth son with him, but fails. The next day the fourth son, like his brothers before him, cannot be wakened. In his misery, Earth starts out to go to Sno-Nysoa; but Sno-Nysoa has

[1] Nysoa, or Nyensoa, without prefix, may mean "God" or "fetich spirit;" with prefix, Sno-Nysoa, it means "God the Creator."

[2] Leopard's teeth are among a man's most highly valued possessions. Only the four large incisors are prized. The value of the teeth evidently arises from the courage, skill, and risk necessary to kill a leopard. When spears are the only weapons used, the task is not slight.

[3] The most abject of expressions of supplication.

removed the wide-open way to his home, and Earth can never find it again. To this day Sno-Nysoa uses his secret power to remove people from the world; and the way to see them afterwards is barred, because of Earth's action long ago.

3. WHY DEATH STAID IN THE WORLD.

Before Earth and Sno-Nysoa quarrelled, there was no death among the people. Afterwards sickness and suffering came, and death. The people call a meeting to consider how to get relief. An old man just back from a far country tells of a medicine-man there who "savvy too much for them sick palaver."[1] They beg the old man to go and find the medicine-man and bring a medicine ("better pass all") to cure the sick and revive the dead. The old man refuses. He says, "I am too old, and the country too far for me to go again. Let us send Cat. He is swift, and his life be plenty strong." They agree, and Cat sets out. He finds Medicine-Man, and persuades him to prepare his most potent medicine. "Guard it well, friend Cat! it will cure the sick and revive the dead," cautions Medicine-Man. On his way back, Cat comes to a river. It is hot, and Cat is weary. He will bathe. He lays the medicine down on the stump of a tree on the bank. Coming out of the water, he forgets the medicine, and hastens home. He tells the people of his success; but, on looking for the medicine, he cannot find it, and remembers where he left it. The people beat him, and drive him forth to recover the medicine. When he reaches the stump by the river, the medicine is gone. He runs to Medicine-Man, who is outraged by his carelessness. Medicine-Man says that through the stump the medicine has crept into the boat and cannot be recovered. Henceforward, although a tree be cut, if the stump remain, the tree will grow again; but when men die, it will be the end. For losing the medicine, Medicine-Man curses Cat. "Never can the sight or smell of chop reach you without quickening a desire to steal it; and for your roguery you will be much beaten of men. Out of my sight, accursed one, and waste yourself!"

4. TRICKY HOSTS.[2]

Nymo and Goat are "big friends." They agree that the first to marry will be invited with his bride to the house of the other for "big play." Three days later, Goat marries, and is invited to Nymo's town. While Nymo's guests are bathing and resting, Nymo orders "chop." There is no "fresh" in the house to season the palm-butter; but Nymo tells the cooks to prepare the palm-butter as though they had "fresh," then to set it aside to cool. Nymo fills his mouth and

[1] Understands all about curing the sick.

[2] See p. 432 (No. 6).

hands full of pepper, and tells the cooks to bind him hand and foot with fibre-string and put him in the bowl of palm-butter, then to set the bowl before Goat and his wife, with a big bowl of rice. Before Goat and his wife begin to eat, they inquire for Nymo. "He has just gone to a near-by palm-tree to get you some palm-wine," answer the servants. Goat picks up a big knife to cut himself a helping from the meat in the palm-butter. The first cut severs the string that binds Nymo. He dashes the pepper into the eyes of Goat and his wife, jumps out of the palm-butter, washes his skin, and comes bearing to his guests a large jug of palm-wine. He feigns surprise, and says, "Why do you weep so? And look at the butter all over you!" — "Don't open your mouth to me," says Goat. "Stand aside! we are leaving this place at once." Nymo marries, and is invited by Goat to visit him. In Goat's house there is no "fresh" for the palm-butter; but Goat directs the cooks to make the butter as usual. After the pot of palm-oil is boiling, Goat directs them to bind him, fill his mouth with pepper, and put him in the pot. "To-day I intend to serve crafty Nymo with a palm-butter exactly like the one he gave me as his guest." — "What a delicious palm-butter our friend Goat has prepared for us!" says Nymo, slicing up the meat. "Yes, indeed!" replies his wife; "and see how well cooked the meat is!" — "But where is my friend Goat?" The servants tell how they have dropped their master at his own order into the boiling palm-oil. "Trying to get even with me!" says Nymo. "This only goes to show that a man should never attempt to imitate what another does unless he knows all the details."

5. NYMO APPORTIONS.

Gorilla wants to make a big war-drum. So he goes into the bush and cuts down a large tree. Then he asks his friends to come and help him bring it into town; but the tree is too heavy for them. Gorilla goes to the river, and asks the fish to help. Nymo hears the request, and says, "My good friends, since you have no feet and the tree is not in the water, I do not see how you can help." So the fish swim away. Gorilla calls three turtles to help him. All pushing together, they slide the tree along the ground, and bring it into town. Nymo asks the turtles how they are able to move so heavy a tree. "That's our secret," they say, "and we do not intend to tell you." Gorilla says, "Since turtles have proved to be the best men in town, I will make 'big play' for them." Gorilla kills three bullocks, and invites to the feast all the animals. Dog is asked to apportion the "chop." The first thing he does is to eat all the hearts and livers. "If you go on at this rate, there will be nothing left to divide," say the animals. They ask Cat to apportion. She begins by stealing a hind-quarter

and hiding it away for herself. "People always say you are a rogue, and now you prove it!" shout the animals. Nymo offers to apportion. He puts the part for Fish and Hook and Line in one bowl, and bids them eat together. Fish refuses, and says, "Hook and Line are my enemies. It is impossible for me to eat with them." Nymo puts in one bowl the part for Deer and Leopard, and orders them to eat together. "I cannot 'chop' with my mortal enemy," says Deer, leaving his part. The part for Rat and Cat is put in one bowl, and Rat refuses to eat. The apportioning is finished. Since Nymo has given each bowlful to animals enemy to each other, the "chop" lies untouched on the ground. So Nymo takes it all for himself. The animals are very angry. 'Possum says, "I will call Wasp and Hornet to come and sting Nymo for robbing us of our 'chop.'" Wasp and Hornet go to Nymo's house, one going in by the front door, the other by the back. They sting Nymo so severely, that he rolls on the ground in pain, and cries for help. His relative, Squirrel, hears, and calls Fire to burn the house to destroy Wasp and Hornet. Cat, passing, sees the house in flames. She remembers that Nymo has got all the 'chop,' so she decides to help him, in hopes that he will share with her. She calls Rain to put out Fire. All the animals require Nymo to come and "talk the palaver." They send him into exile. Now they say in Nymo's town, "Greed should not be permitted to destroy justice."

6. NYMO AND HORNBILL.[1]

There is a great famine, and Nymo and Hornbill[2] have become very hungry. They are "big friends," so they decide to go into the interior together to look for food. They find a palm-tree full of ripe nuts. Nymo eats only the pulp of his nuts, and throws away the hard shells which hold the kernels. Hornbill eats pulp, shells, and kernels. On their return, Nymo calls the animals to tell them that Hornbill's belly is full of palm-nut shells with the kernels in them, and urges the animals to make Hornbill go to the river and throw up the kernels; otherwise great misfortune will come to their country. The animals declare that what Hornbill has eaten is Hornbill's own business, and they have nothing to do with it. In flying about the country, Hornbill drops the palm-nut shells, and from them a palm-grove springs up. From these trees, Fisherman gets material to make fish-line; Hunter gathers nuts to make palm-oil to trade for gun, powder, and balls; and Small-Boy gets fibre to set bird-traps. The first time Fisherman uses the line, he catches a fish. The fish calls to his brothers to come and free him. Nymo hears, and says, "Didn't I tell you that

[1] See p. 418 (No. 18), p. 432 (No. 5).

[2] Hornbill (*ngbon*) is said to be exceedingly fond of palm-nuts and to swallow the seeds.

if Hornbill did not throw up those palm-nuts, 'plenty' trouble would overtake us? It serves you right to get caught." Hunter went into the bush for game, and at his first shot he wounded a deer. The deer cried out for help. Nymo heard, and said, "When I warned the animals against Hornbill, you were in the crowd which told me that what one eats is his own business. You deserve to be shot." Small-Boy set his trap in a quiet place, and baited it well with rice. Soon some birds are caught, and cry out for help. Nymo hears, and says, "You too were present when I told about Hornbill. It is now too late for me to get you out of the trouble you have brought upon yourselves." This was the beginning of the war which fishermen, hunters, and small boys have always carried on against these animals.

7. LEOPARD'S SPOTS.

Leopard proposes to Nymo to go into the bush for wild honey. Leopard is first to spy a bee's nest, but in it there is no honey. Nymo finds a nest full of honey. They eat their bellies full, and divide the remainder. As they sit down to rest, Nymo asks Leopard what name he would select to give himself. "Strong-Man," answers Leopard. "And you?" — "Iron-Bar, and that is better than 'Strong-Man,'" answers Nymo boastfully. Leopard is so angry, he seizes Nymo, ties a rope around his waist, and drags him through the bush. They meet Barking-Deer. "Why are you carrying Lion's brother in this manner?" jests Barking-Deer. "Don't ask me any questions about my own business," says Leopard. Barking-Deer asks Nymo. "Because I said the name of Iron-Bar, which I would take, was better than Leopard's name, Strong-Man." — "How foolish," said Barking-Deer, "for a little weak person like you, Nymo, to choose such a 'strong name' in the presence of Leopard! It serves you right." Leopard drags Nymo on until they arrive at Lion's town. Lion is enraged at the way Leopard is treating Nymo, and orders Leopard to set him free. Leopard obeys. Lion orders water to be brought for a bath for Nymo, and Leopard is made to stand under the bath-house. As Nymo "washes his skin," the waste water runs over Leopard, who growls at the insult. After his bath, Nymo rests. Then Lion calls his wife and orders "chop." The scraps and bones left, Lion directs Nymo to carry to Leopard as "his part chop." Leopard threatens until Lion calls him out to fight. Every bite Leopard takes from Lion's body he swallows. The bites Lion takes from Leopard he lays on the ground. They are nearly exhausted, when an old woman passing by parts them. They beg her for water to drink. What Lion drinks refreshes him. What Leopard drinks runs through the holes in his body bitten by Lion. The old woman, on seeing this, urges Leopard to flee before Lion kills him. So Leopard runs away and

jumps into a puddle of white clay. With this he stops up the holes in his body, and in time recovers. But his coat is spotted forever.

8. NYMO AND BAT.

Nymo and Bat travel together to a distant country, Bat acting as Nymo's servant and carrying all his things. Whenever they pass through a town, the people say to Nymo, "Your servant is heavily loaded and must be hungry, let him come and eat." Plenty "chop" is thus offered to Bat, but nothing to Nymo. So Nymo arranges to make Bat the master, and himself the servant. In the next town, Bat plays the part of master so well, that the people beg him to have "chop" with them; and Nymo, the servant, is overlooked. And so it continues until they come to the last town. Here Nymo says, "Now, Bat, since you have never been in this town before, and the people are all strangers, I warn you not to eat any food that is offered. It is quite likely to make you sick. If it does, and you have to leave the house during the night, there is a very strong man with a big club standing outside the door, who will beat you severely." Bat agrees not to eat, and Nymo eats up all the food. Late in the night Nymo's belly gets very sick, and he rouses Bat to find "Bush-Medicine." "No," says Bat, "there is a very strong man with a big club outside the door ready to beat me." Bat flies out over the door, and waits there with a club, knowing that Nymo will come out. Nymo comes out, and Bat beats him up. Then Bat flies back into the house and lies down, pretending to be asleep. Nymo calls to Bat, and tells him what happened to him outside the house. "I am not surprised," says Bat. "Is this not exactly what you said would happen to me if I ventured out of doors during the night?" From this experience of Nymo it came to be a law, that, whenever a man carries servants with him on a journey, he must provide their "chop."

9. DANCING AT THE SPRING.[1]

It is the time to make farms. All the animals in the town have agreed to go on a certain day and help Nymo cut his "bush" and clear his land. But Leopard coaxes the animals to desert Nymo, and takes them to work on his own farm. Nymo is "vexed too much." He studies up a plan to get even with Leopard. He knows that there is only one spring on Leopard's farm, and that some time during the day the animals must come there for water. So he takes his harp and hides himself near the spring. The animals send Water-Deer to get water for them. Water-Deer hears the music, and be-

[1] For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 119 (note 1); also compare Bushman (Honey, 14–18). — E. C. P.

gins to dance. He forgets all about the water. He stays so long, that the animals send Goat. Goat also begins to dance, and forgets about the water. Dog comes and dances. Bush-Cow comes and dances. All the animals except Leopard come, and all join in the dance. Finally Leopard comes, very angry; but as soon as he hears the music, which is a song about his wisdom and courage and strength, Leopard also begins to dance. They dance all day, and on their return to town tell Nymo, who has taken a short cut ahead of them, that they have not cut "plenty bush" for Leopard, because they had "big, big play" down by the spring. Nymo goes his way, glad because he has again beaten Leopard.

10. REPUTATION.

Nymo goes, on invitation, to visit his "big friend," Bush-King, in a far country. Nymo is well treated because he is a friend of the king, and he is given one of the best houses in the town. In his sleeping-room a basket of eggs had been stored. Nymo takes them, and leaves the house and the town, telling the people that urgent business requires him to go home. On the river-bank near by, Nymo arranges with Frog, the ferryman, to be carried across in his canoe; but before they embark, the people of the town run up, crying to Frog not to take Nymo aross, because he has stolen their eggs. Nymo denies it, and declares that it is only a scheme to ruin his good name. But the people insist. Nymo proposes that they bring Bush-King to search him. Bush-King is downcast about the "thief palaver" against Nymo, and undertakes to search him. To his surprise, he finds the eggs on Nymo's person; but as he is unwilling to disgrace one whom he has but recently praised, and as there is a girl in the crowd Nymo is expected to marry, Bush-King declares to the people that he has found no eggs. Because Bush-King is a great and powerful man, the people believe him and return to their huts. The people in Nymo's country still say, "It needs no less man than the king of the town to restore a reputation once in question."

11. DEATH, DISEASE, AND SHAME.

Nymo is ambitious to be the wisest man in his town, and to profit thereby at the expense of his neighbors. He makes a long journey into the "big bush" to become the pupil of a famous medicine-man. Nymo finds Medicine-Man, and says to him, "Great teacher, I come to you in search of wisdom. I wish to be master over my countrymen, even as you are master over spirits and magic." — "First let me ask you," says Medicine-Man, "if you mean to be my friend as well as my pupil." — "I do," answers Nymo. Nymo stays "many moons"

gaining wisdom. To him, on leaving, Medicine-Man makes gifts, — a girl to be his wife; animals, male and female, to increase to him; fine cloth; gold and ivory. Nymo makes Medicine-Man promise to return his visit. One day Medicine-Man decides to pay the promised visit. He sends out a runner with an ivory horn to call his retainers. With others come Death, Disease, and Shame. Medicine-Man sets forth, at the head of his company the herald with his horn. Arrived near Nymo's village, the herald blows the horn, and Nymo recognizes it. But instead of preparing to greet Medicine-Man, Nymo says to his wife, "When Medicine-Man arrives, you must weep bitterly, and say, 'My poor husband is dead! What shall I do? What shall I do?' " Then Nymo runs into the bush, digs a hole for his grave, and jumps into it. Medicine-Man hears Nymo's wife wailing, "My poor husband is dead! My poor husband is dead! What shall I do? What shall I do?" So Medicine-Man sends Death to Nymo's grave to find out who has killed him. Presently Death returns, and says, "Great teacher, it was not I who killed him." Then Disease is sent, to return quickly and say, "Great teacher, it was not I who killed him." Shame is sent. After a long while he returns, and says, "Great teacher, if Nymo is dead, as they say, I am sorry to say that I have killed him."

12. HUNTER TAKES NYMO'S PLACE.[1]

Elephant is king of a large town where all the animals live. Every day there is a big palaver, because Nymo is constantly going about gossipping about his neighbors. At last Elephant loses patience, and beats the town-drum to call the animals together. Elephant says, "My friends, Nymo has caused plenty trouble in this town by gossip. Take him to the river by the big bush and drown him." They make a very strong *kingja* (basket of palm-fronds and bamboo), catch Nymo, and tie him in. King Elephant appoints four trusted carriers to take the *kingja* to the river and throw it in. On their way, the carriers set the *kingja* down in the road, and withdraw to the shade to rest and chop. A hunter passes; and Nymo calls to him, and says, "Untie me, and I will tell you something!" Hunter unties him. Nymo says, "They are carrying me to Leopard's town to make me king. I don't want to go. I never have agreed, and never will agree, to it. They are taking me by force, anyhow." — "Tie me in the *kingja*," proposes Hunter. "I will go in your place." Nymo ties in Hunter, and runs into the bush to watch what happens. The carriers get the *kingja* and throw it into the river. Nymo goes far into the interior. He makes plenty friends. Every day, as the people cook their chop, they

[1] For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 82 (note 6); also compare Ewes (Spieth, 588), Bushman (Honeÿ, 84–86).—E. C. P.

give him a generous portion, more than he can eat. So he saves what is left over, and makes up a package to take to every one in his own town. On his return home, the animals welcome him when they learn that he brings a "dash" for each. Nymo asks to have the drum beaten to call all together. He hands each animal his package, and says, "My good friends, accept these presents I bring from your dead relatives. Also the plenty 'how do' they send." To King Elephant he gives the biggest "dash" of all, and says, "King, your relatives asked many, many questions about you, and wanted to know why you have not come to see them. They asked me to urge you to come, so they could make big play and give you plenty 'dash'." Elephant and all the animals beg Nymo to take them to see their dead relatives. Nymo finally agrees, and says that first each must make his own *kingja*. It is only possible to reach the land of their relatives tied in a *kingja*. They all reach the river; and Elephant stipulates, that, as he is king, he go first. Tied fast in his *kingja*, they throw him in. There is a great gurgle, gurgle, gurgle. "That is the rejoicing below, of Elephant's relatives over his coming," says Nymo. The others want to follow Elephant at once; but Nymo asks them to return home, he has something more to tell. At home, he asks, "Have any of you ever seen one drowned come back to life?" — "No." — "Well, Elephant has just been drowned, and he can never come back. I treated him as he tried to treat me." The animals grumble, but do not molest Nymo, for Elephant had been something of a tyrant as king.

13. IMPOSSIBLE AGAINST IMPOSSIBLE.[1]

The animals of the bush meet, and agree to build one big town and live together. A man with one eye, one ear, one arm, and one leg, comes out of a river, and gets them to make him their king. As king, to get complete power, he decrees that every one kill his parents. Nymo hides his parents in the bush. Next the king decrees that the people weave a mat of rice-grains for him to sleep on, and bring him his farm from a distance and set it down near the town. Nymo consults his parents. They advise him to tell the animals to spread the rice over the ground, and to station twenty of the strongest men around the king's farm. Then Nymo is to go to the king and tell him that they are ready to make him a sleeping-mat of rice-grains, but they must first have an old rice-mat for a pattern; and that the men have gone for his farm, but that, as a son of the Water people, he must first dry up the river they have to cross to reach the new site. Since the king can neither supply the mat nor dry up the river, he has to release the people from their tasks. "No town can prosper without the counsel and experience of the elders."

[1] Compare Bulu (JAFL 29 : 277). — Ed.

14. CAN YOU HAVE A FARM WITHOUT A ROAD TO IT?

Nymo is returning from the far interior with an elephant's tusk which his friend the king has "dashed" him. He has been many days on the road, and the tusk is a burden. He meets a bald-headed vulture, who offers to carry the tusk for him. When Nymo arrives home, he does not "meet" the tusk, so he sends his children to Vulture to fetch it. Vulture denies having any tusk belonging to Nymo. Nymo calls all the animals from the bush, and charges Vulture with keeping his tusk from him. The animals send for Vulture, and require him to answer the charge. "Good friends," says Vulture, "look carefully at Nymo's head and at mine. Which shows signs of having carried a heavy load from the far interior?" They find Vulture's head quite bald, and no sign about Nymo's head of carrying a load. Accordingly they let Vulture keep the tusk. The next year Vulture cuts the bush from a large piece of land for his rice-farm. With great labor he burns the bush, clears the land, and plants his seed. The rains come, and the rice grows so fast that in short time Vulture has a fine crop to harvest. Nymo has been watching; and when the rice is ready to cut, he opens a big wide road from his house straight to Vulture's farm. Then he takes with him his family and begins to cut rice, which they carry home and eat. Every day they return to the farm for more. Vulture catches them at it, and asks Nymo why he is gathering rice from his farm. Nymo rejoins, "How can you claim this rice? Don't you see the big wide road that runs from my house to this farm?" If the rice belongs to you, show me the road you have made." — "I always fly to my farm," says Vulture, "hence I have made no road." They agree to take the dispute to the animals. At the meeting, Vulture charges Nymo with stealing his rice, and Nymo proposes to the animals to visit the farm and see for themselves which shows evidence of having made the farm. When the animals come, Nymo shows them his road; but Vulture has none to show. The animals conclude it is not possible to have a farm without first making a road to it, so they decide in favor of Nymo. On the way home, Vulture thinks to himself, "No matter how clever one may be, he has a superior."

15. NYMO SEEKS WISDOM.[1]

Nymo visits Bush-Doctor and begs for wisdom, he wants to become the insect-man in the country. Bush-Doctor tells him first to bring him Python, all the rice-birds, and Leopard's tooth. Nymo cuts a long bamboo stick in the bush, and with it goes to find Python. He tells Python that Bush-Doctor had said Python was not as long as

[1] Compare Sierra Leone (Cronise and Ward, 40–49); Georgia (Jones, XL, XLVIII; Harris 2 : XXXIV, XXXV); Sea Islands, S.C. (Christensen, 36–41); Natchez, Hitchiti, Creek (Swanton, No. 4). See this number, pp. 404–405.

the stick. Python stretches himself alongside the stick, and Nymo ties him to it at each end and in the middle. He carries Python and the stick to Bush-Doctor.

Nymo makes a great fibre basket and takes it to the rice-farms. He calls the rice-birds, and tells them that Bush-Doctor had said they were not as numerous as the sparrows, and could not fill the basket. All the birds fly into the basket, and Nymo carries them to Bush-Doctor.

Nymo cuts himself a stout club, and, holding it behind himself, visits Leopard. He tells Leopard that Bush-Doctor had said that his teeth were not as white and strong as Elephant's. Leopard opens his mouth to show off his teeth, and Nymo strikes out a tooth with his club. He runs with it to Bush-Doctor. "You are wise enough," says Bush-Doctor. "My medicine tells me it would be unsafe to make you wiser."

16. PLAYING DEAD.[1]

King Leopard feels that he is disliked by his subjects: so, as a test, he withdraws to his house, and has word sent out by his servants that he is sick unto death. The bush animals hasten to King Leopard's house to show their sympathy. It is announced that Leopard is dead. Mr. Rabbit says that he believes there is some deception, that King Leopard is not dead, and that it would be well for them to mourn loudly. Mr. Deer believes that Leopard is dead, and declares that he intends to have himself marked like a leopard[2] and take Leopard's wife. Deer and Leopard's wife make off, but Leopard overtakes them and kills Deer. He declares that all leopards are to hold deer as their enemies, and to this day leopards never lose a chance to kill a deer.

17. LEOPARD AND TORTOISE.[3]

King Leopard has near his town a grove of kola-trees. From one of them he forbids the animals to gather nuts, and he hides Snail in the tree to watch. Monkey passes, sees the nuts, and decides to disobey Leopard. When he jumps into the tree, Snail pushes him down. He breaks one arm and a leg. Leopard arrives and devours him. 'Possum creeps out of the "bush" after sundown, and crawls up the tree to get the nuts. Snail knocks him down senseless, and Leopard devours him too. All the animals follow, and all are eaten up by Leopard. Tortoise only remains. He climbs the tree. Snail throws him down, but his shell protects him in falling. Leopard rushes

[1] For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 91 (note 1); RBAE 19 : 449–450; also compare Cherokee (RBAE 19 : 269–270). — E.C.P.

[2] People say that a certain species of deer got its white markings from imitating the spots of leopards.

[3] See p. 434 (No. 9).

up, but finds a strong, hard shell on the back of Tortoise, and, turning him over, another on his belly. "I don't want to eat him, anyhow," says Leopard. "There is a good reason; you can't," retorts Tortoise. So people began to say that, of all the animals in the bush, Tortoise alone does not fear Leopard.

18. 'POSSUM AND PALM-NUT.[1]

'Possum lives in the bush with his family, in a hole in the ground. There has been a great famine, and food is scarce. 'Possum finds a palm-nut, and starts home to share it with his family. Palm-Nut asks him to lay him on the ground to rest, he has kept hold of him so tight. 'Possum refuses. As 'Possum is about to enter his hole, a hunter shoots at him. 'Possum drops the nut and runs to his hole. The nut grows up into a plam-tree. Hunter passes by, takes fibre from the tree, and sets a trap before 'Possum's hole. 'Possum ventures out, and is caught by Trap. He begs to be let go. Trap refuses, reminding him of the time he refused to let Palm-Nut rest on the road. Hunter returns, and kills 'Possum. At the feast, Hunter tells about 'Possum, and warns the people: "Never abuse a man who is in your power; fortune may some day reverse conditions."

19. CROW'S COAT OF FEATHERS.

Mother Crow has a young son of whom she is very fond, and she resolves to teach him "plenty sense." She takes him out for a lesson in flying. She sets him on the ground, and hops along in front, always looking to the right or left, the front or rear. Young Crow asks her why she looks around at every hop. "To be on guard against enemies. In this world one should always look before moving." Soon after Young Crow has learned to fly, a big war breaks out between the Birds and the Snakes. The Snakes take all the palm-trees, and the Birds can get no palm-nuts and are hungry. The king of the Birds promises a beautiful coat of feathers to any one who can get palm-nuts from the trees held by the Snakes. Young Crow undertakes the task. He lights on a tree which is guarded by two Snakes. Turning to the right, he says to the first Snake, "Don't you know, my good friend, you are a relation of mine." Turning to the left, he says to the second Snake, "And you, too, belong to our family." From side to side Young Crow turns, and speaks of his liking for snakes, and at each turn he picks a palm-nut. Charmed by his words and manner, instead of attacking him, the snakes permit Young Crow to carry off a large quantity of palm-nuts. On his return with such a big supply of food,

[1] This tale the collector refers to as a Kru tale, likewise Tales 5–12, 14, 19–22, 24–26, 30, 33, 39–41, 43. Tale 29 he notes as Mandingo. The provenience of the other tales is not noted. — See p. 410 (No. 6), p. 432 (No. 5).

he is hailed as the greatest member of the Bird tribe. Each bird plucks from its wing a feather, and of these a coat is made and given to Young Crow. In this way he obtained the elegant coat he now wears. And in the Bird tribe it was first said, "In time of war, strategy often proves more successful than fighting."

20. DOG AND GOAT.

Dog and Goat are travelling together. Whenever they come to a town, even before greeting the people, they slip in and eat what they find, — Goat, the cassada (cassava); Dog, the rice and meat. On finding them, the people beat them with big clubs, and drive them out of town. Goat never opens his mouth, but Dog always howls. Finally Goat loses patience with Dog, and asks, "Why do you howl every time you are struck?" — "Because it hurts me." — "It hurts me too, but that's nothing; since you don't mean to stop stealing, why not do like me? I always run away and say nothing, knowing well enough that I intend to steal again at the next town."

21. EAGLE AND SPARROW.[1]

The animals choose Eagle king, and feast him. Sparrow wishes to visit Eagle; but Eagle will pay him no attention unless he first drinks a pot full of palm-wine. If Sparrow succeeds in this, Eagle agrees to share with him his kingdom. Sparrow stipulates that after each drink of palm-wine he be allowed to fly to the river for a drink of water. Sparrow hides all his relatives in the bush at the river. After the first drink of palm-wine, he flies to the river, and a relative takes his place for the second drink; another relative goes for the third drink; and so on until the pot is emptied. King Eagle is amazed; the more so, as all the sparrows fly up noisily, and demand their part wine. They also demand that Eagle keep his promise and share his kingdom. Eagle refuses; the animals confer, and dismiss him as king. So people began to say, whenever they heard a great chattering by sparrows, that the difficulties with King Eagle were being reviewed.

22. WHY CATS KILL RATS.

Mrs. Rat has a beautiful daughter old enough to marry. Each suitor is asked by Mrs. Rat to show his skill in making her farm, and in turn each suitor is found fault with and sent off. Mr. Cat comes, and works so fast, he soon has made a fine farm. Mrs. Rat is so pleased, that she gives her daughter to Mr. Cat. Miss Rat tells her

[1] This is an interesting variant of the familiar tale of the race between Turtle and Deer, or Conch and Horse, etc., — the Relay Race. For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 102 (note 1); also compare Bulu (JAFL 29 : 277), Philippines (Cole, 89), Cherokee (RBAE 19 : 290–291), Apache (Goddard, Jicarilla Apache Texts, p. 237). — E. C. P.

husband that she would like him better were he to shorten his teeth. He hastens to file them down. "You have filed them too short," says his wife. "I like you no better than I did before." In anger Mr. Cat jumps upon her and kills her. Since then cats kill rats, even when they don't want them for food.

23. WHY FROGS CROAK.

The animals arrange a wrestling-match between Frog and Elephant. Frog's family laments that so powerful a man as Elephant is coming against so small a man as Frog. It is agreed that at signal each shall rush forward to the contest. Elephant comes so fast, that he stumbles and falls over on his back. Frog jumps through Elephant's legs. All Frog's relatives shout that he is winner, and for him there is plenty chop and big play. So Frogs began to croak, and to this day they rejoice in the victory over Elephant.

24. FISHING WHERE THE WATER PEOPLE LIVE.[1]

Musa goes to fish in a stream through the bush near his father's hut. A stranger tells him not to fish there, it is the home of the Water people, and harm will come to him; but Musa persists. He catches a fish that gives him directions. "I must be taken to your house, cleaned, and my head cut off. Then I must be cut up and put into a pot with water, pepper, salt, and palm-oil, and set over the fire to boil. Then you must put on the fire a pot of rice and cover it well with water. When the soup and the rice are cooked, put the rice in a bowl, and pour over it the soup. If you do what I say, you will have fine, fine chop. But you must eat it at once." Musa goes home and does what he was told; but with the first mouthful a big fish-bone catches in his throat, and he strangles to death. "Hard-headed little boys must not fish where the Water people live," says the fish as he jumps out of the soup, joins his head on the ground, and goes back to the stream.

25. DOG AND MEDICINE-MAN.

Dog is dissatisfied with the way he is treated; so he goes to Medicine-Man for help, and asks for a medicine so powerful that, if he looks at the person who strikes him, that person will fall dead. Medicine-Man agrees to give him the medicine, but adds, that, if he puts his mouth on what does not belong to him, the medicine will lose its power. The first time Dog tests the medicine, it fails. He is caught eating the chop of his master's children, and he is beaten. As he runs away, he keeps looking back, expecting in vain to see his master drop dead. Dog goes to Medicine-Man to complain that the medicine is

[1] For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 62 (note 1). — E. C. P.

worthless. "Tell me, why were you being beaten?" asks Medicine-Man. "Really for nothing at all; only because I was eating some chop of my master's children," answers Dog carelessly. "So you call eating other people's chop nothing?" asks Medicine-Man. "Well, you have ruined the medicine, and I can do nothing more. You may therefore expect to be flogged to the end of time." To this day Dog looks back, as he runs away, at the person who has beaten him, vainly hoping that the medicine will work.

26. GRASSHOPPER AND BUSH-KING.

King Sacco has been a great warrior, and has acquired slaves and wealth. A friend asks him for a slave-boy from his household, and promises to treat the boy like a son. The king gives a boy; but the new master treats the boy harshly, works him hard all day, gives him little food and no clothes, flogs him, and makes him sleep in the bush. One day the slave-boy steals his master's wealth and runs away. The master goes to the king to complain. The king says he is reminded of what once happened between Bush-King and Grasshopper. Bush-King and Grasshopper were fast friends, and Bush-King invited Grasshopper to visit his country and have "big play." Grasshopper accepted; but, when he went to take his place at the feast spread in honor of Bush-King's return, they told him to step back, the food was not for him, he was to return the next day. At night they told him to sleep in the bush. In the morning, Grasshopper climbed up into a tree at the gate of the town, and waited for Bush-King and his people to pass underneath. Everybody knows that Grasshopper's long arms are covered with sharp spikes. As Bush-King passed under the branch, Grasshopper dropped down on his back and brought his right arm down heavily on his neck. "What have I done to be so treated by you?" cries Bush-King. "Nothing much," says Grasshopper, "I want to remind you of your broken promises. I am a stranger in this country; but they tell me that all the chop, the houses, and beds belong to Bush-King." And Grasshopper brought his left arm down heavily on the other side of Bush-King's neck. Bush-King cried for help; but Grasshopper jumped to the ground and disappeared in the bush. To this day Grasshopper is remembered in Bush-King's country. King Sacco concludes, "My friend, it is only natural for the mistreated to seek revenge."

27. HOW HUNGER FIRST GOT INTO BELLY.

They say that long ago hunger never "ketch the bellies" of the people in this country. But, eh bye! all this "be spoiled" now. This is the way the old people tell me it happened.

One day there was a "big play" at a distant town. Hunger invites Belly to go with him. Before they start, Hunger cooks "plenty chop" and asks Belly to eat. Then Hunger insists that he get on Belly and be carried to the play. Belly refuses, and there is "big, big palaver." In the end Hunger "gets best," and mounts Belly. When they arrive at the play, Belly asks Hunger to get off, but Hunger refuses and holds tight. He even succeeds in creeping inside of Belly. Belly is enraged. To quiet him, Hunger promises to come out if Belly carries him back home. Belly carries Hunger home, and then, tired and faint from carrying him inside, demands that he come out. Hunger laughs, and says, "I have no intention whatever of coming out, and you may surely expect to be reminded every day that I am your constant companion." Thus it happened that Hunger began to live in Belly, and lives there to this day.

28. WHY PEOPLE HAVE NAMES.

Great-Spirit sends his son to earth to see what is here. His son's name is Somebody. Somebody goes about doing evil until he is captured by four old women. People call a meeting to talk the palaver. They decide to put Somebody to death. A little boy proposes, that, before killing him, they ask him the reason of his misconduct. Somebody answers, "I wish to have every man given a name, and to end the practice of calling me and everybody 'Somebody.' Then every deed may be attributed to its doer." The wisdom of this reply gains for Somebody his release, and for every man a name.

29. WHY ONE GRAIN OF RICE NO LONGER FILLS THE POT.

Once one grain of rice covered well with water and cooked afforded a good meal for several persons. At that time Great-Spirit, the ruler of the country, had a wife from the people. One day her numerous relations come to visit her. She decides that one grain in the pot will not suffice for so many, therefore she puts in plenty rice. Great-Spirit sees the pot boiling, and is angry, and sees it is well that her family is at hand, otherwise she would get such a beating for breaking the law of the country, that none would ever recognize her again. One grain would have sufficed to feed all the people. "But since you have broken my law, hereafter, to get enough to eat, everybody must put plenty rice in the pot."

30. THE ORIGIN OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

For a long time after the world was made, plentiful rains came; but there was neither thunder nor lightning. One day Tiegbe (a dove)

is flying about, "taking breeze," when she sees a handsome man "up top." She wishes to have him for her husband; so every day she carries him new rice, fresh fish, and ripe palm-nuts for his "chop." The handsome man eats, but says nothing. His silence vexes Tiegbe, until she provokes him into saying, "Mind, I tell you! Better leave me! If I speak just once, you will run away and never return!" — "I am not afraid," answers Tiegbe. That night the winds rage, heavy clouds gather. From "up top" come loud mutterings. The handsome man has begun to speak. He blinks his eyes. When they are open, it is as bright as day; when they are closed, it is black. Peal after peal, terrific crashes, blinding flashes. Tiegbe clings to a tree that groans in the storm. Torrents of rain drench her. "After all," she says, "one could not have such an ill-tempered monster for a husband." — "Quite right you are," says the handsome man. And from that day he has denied himself to women who make visits "up top."

31. DAY AND NIGHT.

Long ago, when our grandfathers first came and "sat down" in this country, there was a bitter and violent dispute going on between Day and Night. Who was the more important, was their dispute. They submitted the question to the people of a town near here. The people decided in favor of Night, hoping that Night would live up to the decision about his importance, and become Day, and light would thereby always be present. The decision angered Day, and he left the country for a distant land. So it was always dark here. The people called Night, and said, "Since it is on your account Day left us, why don't you give us light?" Night tried, but failed. The people went to a country witch-doctor. She told them to send for Rooster, Doodoo,[1] and Bleto.[1] These three were to seek Day, and tell him that the people had concluded he was much more important than Night, and begged him to come back. The three find Day. Doodoo says, "We come to tell you, Great Lord, that the people now agree that you were in the right." Bleto says, "And we beg you to return at once." Rooster says, "And it is fitting that I announce your coming," and he went up a hill and crowed. The lesson of this tale is, Never undertake work you cannot do.

32. SUN AND MOON.

Once there were two suns and no moon. The suns are jealous of each other, and compete in tests of endurance and strength. Finally Ambitious-Sun decides to trick Rival-Sun, and invites him to go bathing. On the river's bank it is agreed that Ambitious-Sun go upstream,

[1] A bird that makes its characteristic call at dawn.

and Rival-Sun downstream; and that Ambitious-Sun jump first into the water, Rival-Sun to follow as soon as he hears the splash. But, instead of jumping into the water, Ambitious-Sun throws in a great rock. Rival-Sun jumps in, and the stream carries away much of his strength and power. Ambitious-Sun says to Rival-Sun, "Henceforth your name shall be Moon. I am now your master, and shall be king of day. You may rule the night." — Beware of the invitation of a jealous rival.

33. KING HUNGER.

"You have spoken well, for true, my friends, of the great kings you have visited; but I will tell you of a king greater than all. His country is not very large; but he has plenty, plenty people to pay his tax." One day a stranger comes, and asks the king how many people he has under him. The king rejoins that it is too late in the day to say, but that he will give an answer the next day. The next day the king takes watch of every person who eats; and at the end of the day he says to the stranger, "All you saw put something in my hand to-day are my subjects. So they do every day."

34. FOX AND ROOSTER.

The fox used to be very much afraid of the rooster. Whenever he heard him crow, he would run to the bush and hide. One day Rooster meets Fox in an open field, and asks Fox why he always runs from him. "Because I am afraid of the flame of fire you carry on your head, Mr. Rooster." — "Oh, that is not fire. Come close and look at it!" Fox feels Rooster's comb, and sees that there is not even a bone in it. Fox calls together his comrades, and tells them what he has learned. They decide to go to the farm and prey upon the chickens, as there is no longer any need to fear Rooster. And to this day Fox profits from the foolish confession of Rooster.

35. COCKROACH IN FOWL COUNTRY.

Old Fobei, the paramount chief of the Tungo country, has died without an heir: so all the petty chiefs agree to meet at Bakado and choose a successor. Of all the aspirants, Chief Tamba is thought to have the best chance; but after many days' deliberation, the council chooses Tamba's strongest rival. When asked by his friends the reason of his defeat, Tamba says, "You see, my friends, all the chiefs that come to Bakado were born in the Tungo country, and their fathers and grandfathers. I too was born in the Tungo country, but my father and grandfather came from the Bonno country. Before the council voted, the chiefs talked plenty about making a stranger king

of Tungo, and what they said defeated me. — A cockroach stands no show in a fowl country."

36. PREMATURE.

Bifo takes his son in a canoe to fish, and, that he may learn, lets him do all the fishing. Fishing is poor. As they are about to return to the beach, there is a big bite. "I've got a big one!" cries the boy. The head of a big gripper is seen. The boy cries, "He's mine, he's mine!" The fish jerks, the hook breaks. "I'm vexed too much, I thought so I had him for true," wails the boy. "You should never curse the crocodile, my son, until you have crossed the river."

37. THE WISDOM OF A LITTLE CHILD.

Karmo is anxious to become a wise man. He tells his wife to gather up his things, as he wishes to travel to a country of famous doctors. He stays in this far country in study with the doctors for five years. Ready to return home, he makes up his books and writings into a *kingja* to carry on his back. Meanwhile a son is born to his wife, and grows up. Karmo reaches home, and hastens to pass through the door of the house to greet his wife; but the *kingja* on his back keeps him from going through the door (the *kingja* is higher than the head). The child advises him to take off the *kingja* in order to come in. The father throws away the *kingja*, and says, "Even in that far country I was unable to gather all the wisdom from the great doctors. The child that I have never seen before can teach me."

38. MOTHER CRAB AND HER CHILDREN.

Tapla and Gofa are engaged in a dispute about whether or not to send their children to the day-school just opened in their town. Tapla, as a progressive man, is for the school; Gofa, as a conservative of tribal custom, is against it. "You remind me of Mother Crab," says Tapla. "She had two children, and she took them out for a walk. They had gone a little way, when she said, "Run on ahead, children, and have a good play! I will soon catch you." — "No," said the smaller child, "we came out to walk with you, and do not wish to leave you." — " Besides," said the larger child, "don't you see, mother, that we are made just like you, and can go no faster than you?"

39. PARABLE OF THE BULLOCK.

The parents of Sagbe and Tarhoh have agreed that when the boy and girl are old enough, they shall marry; and Kape, the father of Sagbe, has to pay over part of the purchase-price. Although Sagbe is but a little more than half grown, he is impatient to get married,

and keeps urging it upon his father. So one day Kape bids the boy help him dress a young bullock he intends to sell as meat in the village.

"When we have finished, I will give you a final answer," says Kape. He tells Sagbe to drive an iron peg as high as he can reach into the tree under which the bullock is tethered. Kape fells the bullock with his axe, and ropes its hind-legs. Then he bids Sagbe lift the carcass and hang it on the peg in the tree. Sagbe can raise the carcass only a few feet. Then Kape seizes the carcass and lightly hangs it on the peg. "Because you are a boy, you are not able to do the work of a man. . . . This is the reason I cannot agree to your marrying." Sagbe knows now that what his father often says is true, — "Forward boys are not men."

40. THE DEATH-GRIN.

Chief Gobe is known in the country about his town as a rich man; but misfortune overtakes him. Sickness carries off all his cattle and sheep; the rice-crop fails, and famine sets in; his neighbor raids his town, destroys it, and carries off his wife and slaves. Gobe, however, sets about mending his fortune so cheerfully, that he is a wonder to his people. "Thus," says old Yakporo, the village sŏothsayer, "should every true man meet trouble. When the teeth in a man's mouth protrude so that he seems always to grin, one can never tell when his face wears the death-grin."

41. OPPORTUNITY.

Chief Blamo has just married his twentieth wife, and there is great feasting and rejoicing in his town. He has paid for his wife two "wories," two bullocks, and a goat. His friends chide him for extravagance, and remind him of how he used to buy a wife with a brass kettle and a bolt of cloth or an iron pot. Chief Blamo replies, "Long ago Opportunity made love to a beautiful young woman, who refused him. Opportunity became poor and sick. The young woman failed to hear of this; and one day she made up her mind to marry him, and went to find him. As she crossed the creek near the town where Opportunity lived, she saw an old man setting fish-traps. He was crippled, blind in one eye, and shabby. She took him to be a slave. On arriving in the town, she asked to be directed to the house of Opportunity. The people answered, "The crippled old man with one eye, fishing in the creek you just passed, is Opportunity." With a heavy heart the woman returned home and mourned. . . . "You see, good friends," concludes Chief Blamo, "times are not what they used to be."

42. THE WAR PALAVER.

The "palaver" before King Nippe and his head men is whether or not war should be "carried" to the Gebbo people in the adjoining country. When old King Forke ruled the Gebboes, his name was everywhere spoken with fear and awe, so fierce and terrible were his raids. But King Forke is dead; and Nagbe, his son, rules. Of King Nagbe nothing is known except that he seeks to increase the power exerted by his father in the affairs of his neighbors, and that he possesses the old king's invincible war-medicine. King Nippe and some of the head men wish to humble the young upstart, and the arguments of the majority of the head men against war are not heeded. With impatience King Nippe dismisses the council, crying, "Enough! Enough! I'll hear no more. War I will make, and that settles it. What! Must I, who have fought Leopard himself, now be afraid of his skin?"

43. LEARN THE STEP.

Mussa is a visitor in the town of Buloba, over which rules his friend King Gbesi. Soon Mussa begins to find fault with things in Buloba: the rice-crop is not planted right, the fish-traps are made wrong, the roofs of the huts are not strong. One day King Gbesi has a big palaver to talk. With his decision Mussa also finds fault. King Gbesi retorts, "My friend, when a stranger comes to a town and the people are dancing, he should learn the step before joining in, otherwise he will spoil the dance."

BULU TALES.

BY GEORGE SCHWAB.

I. WHAT HAPPENS TO WIVES WHEN THEY THINK MORE HIGHLY OF ANYTHING ELSE THAN OF THEIR HUSBANDS.

It happened thus. Great hunger came upon the forest. Then Male-Gorilla took his wives, and they all went walking. As they walked, they found an *éngong*[1]-tree laden with ripe fruit. Then Male-Gorilla said to himself, "I am going to act wisely. I will test my wives." So he climbed an *ôtunga*-tree which grew beside the *éngong*-tree, and bent it down to the ground. His wives climbed it and from it to the *éngong*-tree, where they began eating with the greediness of hunger. Then said Male-Gorilla thus to his wives: "As you are eating up there, is it me or is it the fruit you like most?"[2] They answered him thus: "We like only you," and they came down laden with fruit. So he, too, ate until he was tired eating. Then they all returned to their village, passing the village of Chimpanzee, where there was also great hunger.

Now, when Husband-Chimpanzee saw the stains of the *éngong*-fruit on the hands and faces of Male-Gorilla and his wives, he asked of them the location of the tree *éngong* in the forest. Male-Gorilla instructed him.

Then Husband-Chimpanzee called all his wives, and they walked to the place of the tree *éngong* in the forest. They became tired searching for the place where Male-Gorilla and his wives had climbed up, until suddenly Husband-Chimpanzee spoke thus: "*Ke!* it was by the path of the *ôtunga*." So he climbed up and bent it to the ground, and then his wives climbed on to it and over on to the tree *éngong*. At once they began to eat greedily. "I will test them," said Husband-Chimpanzee to himself. So he asked, "You, up there! is it myself or is it the *éngong*-fruit which you like most?" They thus to him: "We like a bunch of *éngong*-fruit." Again Husband-Chimpanzee asked, "Myself or *éngong*-fruit, which is it you surpass liking?" They thus: "A bunch of the fruit *éngong*." So Husband-Chimpanzee let go of the *ôtunga*-tree, and began to eat the fruit that his wives dropped.

It happened that a man walking in the forest came to the *éngong*-

[1] Éngong-tree (*Trichoscypha* sp.), whose large plum-like fruit makes a blood-red stain, is much sought after by both natives and animals.

[2] Literally, "surpass liking."

tree. Husband-Chimpanzee saw him, ran away and hid himself. When Man looked up into the tree and saw the chimpanzees eating, he quickly returned to his village, called the people, who went out to the tree *éngong*, where they saw the chimpanzees. "Woe is us!" said Wives-of-Chimpanzee. "Let us quickly descend by way of the *ôtunga!*" But they could not reach it, so all were killed, dying with a great dying. Thus did Wives-of-Chimpanzee suffer because of their greed.

2. TURTLE DECEIVES ZOÉ,[1] GIVING LEOPARD THE BLAME FOR STEALING ZOÉ'S DAUGHTER.

It happened thus. Zoé made preparations for a great dance, inviting all his forest friends to come on the night that the moon would begin to (wane).[2] When Turtle heard of it, he said, "Woe is me! Leopard will be there! He and I are very great enemies."

So Turtle went to Porcupine's village to ask what he should do. Porcupine answered him thus: "Go to Okpweng[3] and ask him for his horns. Wear them; and when you meet Leopard, tell him it was not Turtle, but Viper, who killed Leopard's mother," said Porcupine.

So Turtle left Porcupine and went to Okpweng, begging him for his horns for a night. Okpweng answered, "Take them." Then Turtle went to the dancing-place.

Now, Turtle and Leopard met at the joining of the path, near Zoé's village, which they entered together. As soon as Zoé's daughters saw them coming, both fell in love. Turtle spoke thus in his heart: "There will be a blood-feud here to-night." As night fell, Leopard felt[4] great hunger in his stomach: so he took up a fruit of the *adjap*-tree[5] and ate it, leaving only a small piece.

Turtle saw Leopard eating. Now, Turtle wanted to marry Zoé's younger daughter. So he went to her hut, where she was ornamenting herself[6] for the dance, and said thus: "Ah, Daughter-of-Zoé! you will

[1] Zoé, the African civet-cat, *Viverra civetta*.

[2] Literally, "split."

[3] Okpweng, the small mouse-colored antelope, *Cephalophus melanorheus*.

[4] Literally, Bulu and other South Kamerun Fan peoples say "hear" for "feel," whether hunger, pain, cold, thirst, etc.

[5] *Adjap* or *ajap tree* (*Mimusops jave*, Lang. Eng.). The fruit, when its skin is pierced, exudes a white, sticky, stringy *latex*, which soon coagulates, and adheres to the fingers, mouth, or anything with which it comes in contact, much as does coagulating rubber *latex*.

[6] The ornamenting of the Fan women of the Southern Kamerun, outside of brass and beads, consists mainly of redwood-powder and oil. The body may be entirely smeared with redwood-powder, and then spots of oil in ornamental rows be made with the tip of the finger, or thick oil may be poured on the coiffured head, and allowed to run down the face, neck, and body.

get a real woman's present if you will go out behind the *adjap*-tree and await me, as soon as you hear the dance-drum begin to talk."[1]

As the moon began to rise, Zoé called all his guests to come to the place near the palaver-house. "Who will begin the dance, and who will pound the drum for him?" asked Zoé. "I will; and Leopard, who surpasses every one in the beating of the dance-drum, he will pound for me." Zoé thus: "Yes, Okpweng, even so shall it be."

So Leopard went to the dance-drum and began, while Turtle danced. And even as he danced, Turtle began to sing, "He! He! Where is beautiful Youngest-Daughter-of-Zoé? Has not he on whose mouth the *adjap*-fruit has stuck, has not even he hidden her to elope with him? He! He! Why is she not at the dance?"

The guests all looked at one another, but no *adjap*-fruit did they see sticking to the mouth of any one. No, not so much as would fill the eye of a needle. "He! He! under the *adjap*-tree she awaits him. The fruit on his hands stuck to hers! He! He!" continued Turtle as he danced.

Then rose Zoé and went to the *adjap*-tree, where he found his youngest daughter with *adjap*-fruit on her hands, which Turtle had put there as a sign that he might know her in the dark. Zoé carried her back. As Turtle saw them coming, he sang, "He! He! Why does the drum's head stick to the hands of the drummer? He! He!"

"It is even as Okpweng sings," said Zoé, who went over to Leopard and looked at his face. "I invited Leopard, and he is spoiling my village by way of thanks for my friendship!" So Zoé took his spear and wounded Leopard, so that he died. Then said Zoé to all the guests, "And where can I find a son-in-law who can surpass Okpweng in cunning?" So Turtle took her to his village.

3. HOW TURTLE INHERITED LEOPARD'S GOODS.[2]

It happened thus. Leopard and Turtle arose, and said they would go to the forest to camp and hunt and set traps. So they left their villages and went. They walked through the forest until they found a place to build a shelter.

When they had built it, they said, "Now we'll go out and set traps." So each went his own way into the forest, where he set his traps. When Leopard had finished setting his traps, Turtle set a noose-trap near a log. Then they both returned to the camp. Night fell. At dawn they went out to look at their traps to see if anything had been caught. Leopard had caught many animals in his traps.

[1] All musical instruments, drums included, are said to "talk." They have "good" and "bad" voices, according to whether they are pleasing in tone to the Fan ear or not pleasing.

[2] Variant of JAFL 27 : 284.

These he took along. He came upon Turtle, whom he found near a tree from which a noose-trap was suspended.

Then Leopard said to him, "Ah, my Brother Turtle! and do people set traps to catch animals as you have set this one?"

Turtle asked of him, "Ah, Leopard! how is it that traps are set? Show me how it is done."

So Leopard cut the end off a sapling, dug the shallow pit for the noose-trap, and then set the trap for Turtle. Now Turtle said, "Ah, Leopard! show me also how it is an animal can get caught in that thing you have made." Leopard answered him, "Is it that you wish to snare me?" Turtle thus to him: "I'll come quickly and release you."

So Leopard put his head through the noose of the trap, which caused the sapling to spring up, suspending Leopard in the air. Leopard struggled with a great struggling to free himself. Turtle took up his spear, wounded Leopard, who quickly died. Then Turtle cut him into pieces, took all the animals he had caught, put them into a basket, and went to his village.

Soon the wives of Leopard came to him, asking what had become of their husband. Turtle thus: "If he comes not to-day, he'll never come. This he said to me when we parted in the forest. He was tired living with homely wives like you, he said. But in my eyes you are all surpassingly beautiful."

Then the wives of Leopard went back to their village, waiting even until nightfall for the return of their husband Leopard. At last the head wife said, "And why is it that we wait here for him in whose eyes we are ugly?" So they took their baskets and all the things of Leopard's village, and went to live with Turtle. And thus it was that Turtle became rich at Leopard's cost.

4. HOW KNOWLEDGE SPOILS FRIENDSHIP.

It happened thus. The two young animals named Young-Leopard and Young-Otter lived in friendship all the time, never thinking of their fathers. When they were together, they did not know that one could kill the other.

Suddenly they separated one day, the one going to his village to see his father, the other doing likewise. As they were in the palaver-house, Father Leopard said to Young-Leopard, "Never again play with Young-Otter, seize him and bring him here. Father Otter, in his palaver-house, said to Young-Otter, "When you play again with Young-Leopard, be sure that it is on the river-bank, near the water."

Day dawned, and the two playmates met again. Young-Leopard addressed Young-Otter thus: "Come, let us play!" Then Young-Otter answered, "The thing your father told you, that same thing did

my father tell me." Now Young-Leopard tried to seize Young-Otter, but he jumped into the river and disappeared.

Thus it happens when two friends hear the things they should not know.

5. HYRAX'S ADVICE FALLS ON DEAF EARS.[1]

It happened thus. Men planted a field of *ngung*.[2] When Hyrax saw it, he called all the forest animals to his village. To them he said, "To-day I saw a large field. It was filled with the bad plant called *ngung*. Therefore I tell you thus: let us go and destroy the whole field."

To this they answered, "We came because you called us to talk a palaver; but this plant you call *ngung*, what can it do to us?"

Hyrax spoke thus: "Even though you scold me, I know that we shall perish; for I know that bad plant, and what it will do to us in the days to come."

Then all the animals separated, and returned to their villages; but the plant *ngung* quickly grew to maturity.[3] Men now came, cut and peeled it, and spread the bark out in the village streets that day. Then, after they had dried it, men made it into fibres, which they twisted on their thighs into strong cords. When enough cords had been made, they wove hunting-nets of them. Then said the men, "Come on! it's time to go to the forest with our nets to hunt." So they went. The nets were set up. Men and their dogs made a great noise, driving the animals before them into the nets, where other men speared them, so that they died. Then men returned to their villages laden with the bodies of animals.

Again Hyrax called a meeting of the surviving forest-dwellers. They came. "Death has come to us. Did I not say it would? Did I not tell you to come and help eat up the plant called *ngung?* And you all refused to listen." So said Hyrax, and broke up the meeting.

6. DO THE THINGS YOU CAN DO.[4]

It happened thus. Leopard and Hawk became friends. One day Leopard went to Hawk's village to pay him a visit. Hawk said to himself, "What thing is it that I'll cook for Leopard? I have nothing on hand." Then he flew up into a tree. A fowl came into the village street, *Kpwing!* Hawk swooped down and caught it. He took it and gave it to Wife-Hawk to cook for Leopard.

[1] Variant of JAFL 27 : 272; see also pp. 410–411, 418, of this number.

[2] *Ngung*, a plant of the family *Rubiaceae, Gaertnera paniculata*, Beuth.

[3] *A nga bo benya boto;* literally rendered, "they became real men," or matured.

[4] Compare p. 408 (No. 4) of this number. The present tale bears a striking resemblance to the North American stories of the bungling host.

After five nights had passed, Hawk went to Leopard's village to pay him a visit. "Woe is me! I have nothing to set before Hawk," said Leopard to himself. Now he remembered how Hawk had caught the fowl for him, so he climbed into a tree and waited. Soon a fowl came into his village street. *Kpwing!* Leopard jumped down to seize it. His bones were broken *ne pfi!* Then his wives came and made a great mourning over him. Thus it happens when one tries to do the things of another which are strange to him.

7. DOG TRIES TO DO SAME AS ELEPHANT, AND GETS BURNED.[1]

Dog went on a walk, and came to Elephant's town. Elephant went to his garden to cut a bunch of plantains to set before his guest. Then he kindled a fire in the street, set his pot on it, and waited for the plantains to cook. When they were nearly done, Elephant put his foot into the fire, took it out, and put it into the pot of plantains. Thus he filled his pot with fat.[2] Again he did this, and called for another pot, which he filled with the fat from his foot. Then he set his food before his guest, who ate until his abdomen was distended tight as a drum-head.

After a time Dog arose, saying to his host, as he was about to depart, "In three days you'll come to see me." So Elephant started for Dog's village on the third day, as requested. Dog went to the garden and cut plantains, which he had cooked for his guest. They also brought him another pot. Then he put his foot into the fire and burned it with a great burning, so that it fell off. Great were the cries he uttered as he drew his leg from the fire.

Then said Elephant, "You really are a foolish and deceitful fellow to invite me to a feast, and then try to provide for it in this way."

8. WHY THE SHEEP ARE ALWAYS FOUND GUILTY.[3]

Turtle went out walking in the forest, looking for game. He found a kola-nut under a tree, and, looking up, saw that the kola-nuts were ripe enough to pick. As he was standing under the tree, with the shells of the kola-nut pod lying near him, Leopard happened along. Turtle spoke to him thus: "Ah, Leopard! some one has been eating my kola-nuts."

So Leopard went home, beat the village-drum, calling all the forest-dwellers to come to talk a palaver. As the animals were gathering for the palaver, Turtle said to Leopard, "You will know the guilty ones when you see them trembling."

[1] See note 4, p. 432.

[2] Natives believe, that, were an elephant to put his foot on or into fire, the fatty tissue in the foot would exude oily fat. So fond of and hungry for fat meats are they, that it is next to impossible to obtain any fat animal for a zoölogical specimen from them.

[3] West African sheep, when standing still, are all of a tremble.

Now the palaver began. As Leopard looked at the assembled forest-dwellers, he noticed that all the sheep were trembling. "*Eke!*" said he, "and why should we continue this palaver? There are the guilty ones. See them tremble!"

So he called his children, who seized and killed the sheep.

9. WHY PANGOLIN DWELLS ALONE IN THE FOREST.[1]

Pangolin took a wife to himself. When she bore her child, she took an oath to eat no more real food.[2] Nothing but meat would she eat.

So Pangolin went out. He came to a bare rocky hill, on top of which stood a dead tree. He beat his drum, calling all the animals to come and be cut to relieve their pains.

Mian[3] was the first to arrive. He spoke thus: "I have come to be cut." Pangolin thus: "First climb the dead tree." Mian climbed it. "Now slide down upon the rock, so that the healing cuts I am going to make will properly work a cure." Mian slid down, fell upon the rock, and died.

Then Buffalo came, and said, "I have come to be cut for the curing of my pains." Pangolin thus: "Climb the dead tree." He climbed. "Slide down the tree, so that the healing cuts will properly work a cure," said Pangolin. Buffalo slid down, fell upon the rock, and killed himself.

Now Turtle said to himself, "What is going on there? All the animals have gone at the call of Pangolin's drum, but none do I see returning." He went out, picked up a large fruit and put it into his bag. Then he went to see Pangolin. "I've come to be slashed for healing," he said, his eyes searching the rocks where he saw the hair of animals scattered everywhere. "Climb the tree," said Pangolin. Turtle climbed up. "Jump!" Turtle threw the fruit from his bag. It made a great noise, *nekpwik'!* as it hit the rock. Pangolin came from his shelter to pick up Turtle, as he had picked up the other animals. He searched and searched, but did not find him.

Turtle called down from the tree thus: "*Eké!* so that's the way you kill the animals!" Pangolin began to climb the tree to seize Turtle, who slid down and reached the forest. When he reached his village, he called a great meeting of the forest-dwellers, telling them to keep away from Pangolin, as he was trying to get meat for his wife. From that day to this they have avoided Pangolin, leaving him to dwell alone.

[1] See JAFL 27 : 266; also p. 417 (No. 17) of this number.

[2] Real food, substantial food, in contrast to food which helps the heart, which we would call "dessert."

[3] Mian, the antelope *Cephalophus leucocastec.* The Bulu is *je bo* ("what makes" or "what does").

10. YOUNG OKPWENG [1] LEARNS OBEDIENCE AT THE COST OF HIS LIFE.

Mother Okpweng told her youngest child thus: "My child, walk not thus! the earth will open under you." Child Okpweng answered, "How can the ground open? Whoever heard of the ground's opening underneath one?" — "It will," said Mother Okpweng, and she went out to get food for her family.

When she returned, she found that Child Okpweng had gone out, but he soon returned. She said, "*Ekél* My child, do not go walking thus! Do not close your ears to me!" But Child Okpweng refused to listen, and disobeyed every day.

One day, when Mother Okpweng had gone as usual to hunt food for her children, Child Okpweng went walking, and fell into a pit, in the bottom of which spears had been set up. So he died from the wounds. "Woe is me!" said Mother Okpweng, "my child has died because he refused to listen to my voice." [2]

11. HOW PIGEON LEARNED THAT NO MAN STANDS ALONE.

Pigeon and Branch-of-Tree had been friends for many years. Truly, their friendship was great. Then one day Pigeon insulted Branch-of-Tree's wife. "Let us adjust this thing that has come between us, lest our friendship be broken," said he to Pigeon. "No, the matter will rest as it stands," answered Pigeon, and then he flew away. Up high into the air he flew, looking down scornfully at Branch-of-Tree. "Who are you? Why don't you follow me? See how you must remain just where you are! And do I need your friendship?" These and many other taunting and insulting remarks he made as he flew by Branch-of-Tree from time to time that day.

The latter had for answer only the words, "Come, let us renew our friendship!"

As the afternoon went on, Pigeon's flights by Branch-of-Tree became less frequent. After a time he ceased looking at his former friend as he passed him. Not even a single word did he speak. But every time he came within sight, Branch-of-Tree repeated, "Let us settle this matter!" Slower and slower became Pigeon's flight. His wings refused to bear him along. "When I get to Branch-of-Tree this time, I'll stop and rest, and talk over this matter," he finally said, as he started towards the place where his friend was. But before he reached there, his wings refused to longer carry him, and down Pigeon flew, *ne bim* dying as he struck the earth.

Thus it happens when a person despises and forsakes his friends.

[1] Okpweng, the small mouse-colored antelope, *Cephalophus melanorheus*.

[2] To listen to one's voice, native way of saying "to take one's advice."

12. HOW TURTLE GOT ALL LEOPARD'S FOOD.

Turtle and Leopard went to the forest and dug pits to kill animals. After a time, Turtle left Leopard, went to another part of the forest, and began digging pits alone. He not even told Leopard that he was going, but just left him. As he went home, he looked into Leopard's pits, where he found Hyrax in one of them. So he called Leopard, saying, "Come, let us look into our pits!" So they went. They found Hyrax in one of Leopard's pits. "Wait, I want to tell you about it." Turtle answered him, "And do animals talk palavers and tell us about themselves?" Then he wounded Hyrax with his spear, so that Hyrax died. Then they cut him up to carry him home.

Now Turtle said to Leopard, "Let us first roast the liver and eat it, before we go home!" Leopard agreed. So Turtle left the gall-bladder in with the liver, and also took many other bad-tasting and bitter herbs, putting them with the liver,[1] because he wished to eat it all himself. When it had finished cooking, Turtle took it over to Leopard, who tasted it. "That thing you have cooked surpasses anything in the forest for bitterness," he said. Turtle replied, "Your saying is true; give it to me, and I'll throw it all away." So Leopard gave him the bundle, because he did not know Turtle was deceiving him. Thus he spoiled the whole animal, Leopard not being able to eat a morsel.

13. HOW MEN FIRST LEARNED TO QUARREL.

It happened thus, that man dug pits to kill animals. Then he sent Son out into the forest to see if anything had fallen into the pits. Son found an animal which was called Bijo (Blame). So Son returned home and called the men of the village. They found the animal in the pit. "Those who have spears, come and kill me!" said Bijo. They came and threw their spears at him. "Do you see any wounds in me?" asked Bijo. "No."

"Now those who have bow-guns come and kill me!" said Bijo. So they came and shot arrows into him. "Do you see any wounds?" asked Bijo. "Now let those who have clubs come and kill me!" he said. So they who had clubs came and beat him. "Do you see any wounds?" he asked. "Now which party is to blame that you will eat no meat to-day?" Having spoken thus, he leaped out of the pit and disappeared in the forest.

The men now began to accuse and blame one another for having let the animal called Bijo get away; and soon there was a great quarrel, many men being wounded and even killed. Thus it happened that

[1] Tortoises and turtles are believed to have a decided preference for bitter and bad-tasting things.

from that day we find Bijo among the people, always leading them into strife.

14. NEVER TELL THE THINGS OF TABOO YOU HAPPEN TO SEE.

Son-of-Man went to the forest, where he found a honey-tree. He cut the vines about the tree, and prepared it otherwise for climbing to the beehive. Thus he said to himself: "To-morrow I'll come and get the honey." Away he went.

Then came Kôn,[1] who also saw the tree. "I'll come to-morrow and get the honey," he said.

When he arrived the next morning, he divided himself into three parts. The part with his head climbed the tree. The part consisting of buttocks and legs he left at the foot of the tree. The trunk was put aside.

While this was going on, Son-of-Man came along, saw the thing that Kôn did, and watched the head-part climb the tree. He hid himself to see what would happen.

When Kôn finished taking out the honey from the tree, he descended. Suddenly he saw Son-of-Man where he was standing. "Where have you come from?" he asked. "Was it when I climbed up, or when I came down, when was it you came?" Son-of-Man thus: "While you were yet standing at the foot of the tree, then it was I came." So Kôn took the honey, dividing evenly with Son-of-Man. As he was doing this, for the second time he asked Son-of-Man when it was he came. Again Kôn was told, "While you were yet standing at the foot of the tree." Then Son-of-Man turned to leave for his village. But ere he left, Kôn asked him the same question again, twice. "You will not tell this thing to any other person," said Kôn as Son-of-Man left him.

When Son-of-Man reached his village, he called his wife, asking her to bring him his food. When she had given it to him, he gave her a portion of the honey. "Where have you gotten this?" she asked. "Go to your hut, I'll remain here," he answered. But again she asked where he had gotten the honey. So he told her the wonderful thing he had seen Kôn do. When he had ended telling her, Son-of-Man fell over dead. His wife cried the death-cry. Her mother heard it, and came rushing out to see what had happened. Wife of Son-of-Man told her all the things her husband had told her, and of his death. Then she too fell down dead.

From that day even to this, when Kôn gives a taboo, the sons of men refuse to break it.

[1] When a man dies, he becomes a *kôn*. They are believed to be small, black people-spirits.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

AMERICAN INDIFFERENCE TO STUDY OF FOLK-LORE. — I am taking the liberty of asking you, Mr. Editor, or my fellow-members of the American Folk-Lore Society through you, a few questions. I see by the list of members of the Society that about one out of every five hundred thousand Americans cares enough about the folk-lore of his own country to subscribe for the Journal. In looking through the libraries of several colleges, universities, and cities, I find, in among their thousands upon thousands of volumes on almost every known topic, a paltry two or three non-representative, accidentally acquired, books on folk-lore. I find in the college curricula that have come to my notice no courses on folk-lore. Am I justified in the general assumption, from these observations, that the American people are quite indifferent to this phase of their own culture? Assuming a positive answer, I wonder why. As a lover of folk-lore and as an American, the conviction that such a condition exists gives me real pain. I have felt that a knowledge of the naïve culture of the masses past and present was really fundamental to a thorough understanding of our so-called "higher" civilization. I have assumed that the flowering, indeed the very inner life itself, of literature, music, dance, — all arts, in fact, — is dependent on the roots of such arts being well nourished in this sub-soil of mass-culture. Am I right, or wrong, in this assumption? Taking for granted an affirmative answer also to this question, my pessimism becomes deeper; for it appears that this American indifference is in regard to a *basically worth-while thing*.

Again I wonder why. Is it a part of that supposed general indifference, in a land of the pressing present, to things which are past, either in time or development? I do not believe so. Our schools and colleges delve into the past. Courses in political history and in history of literature are common and well attended. Less common, but still offered in numerous institutions, are history of church, of art, music, architecture, ceramics, etc. Each of these branches strives to reach back to the "beginning." But does it reach that far back? And, if so, do they collectively make a study of primitive culture as such dispensable? What kind of a mental picture would the individual student get of the home environment, so to speak, of all these arts, when they were young, even if he studied all these histories and others? Probably a very good one, we must admit. But who studies all these, even superficially? Nobody! One studies one, another studies another, "history." The result is a dim and fragmentary concept, or no concept at all, of that primitive home environment. Take folk-song, for instance, a fairly representative detail in the ideal mental picture of primitive human art activity. The student in conservatory or college reads in his history of music a page or so about the folk-song *form*, but never a word about the poetry, the dance, the instrument-playing, etc., which were, and are still, in primitive society, bound up in the concept "folk-song." Again, take your student of literature. In his historical courses he may hear a little something of "folk-poetry" or "popular bal-

lads." He *may* learn also that these ballads were once sung. But into their real souls, as uncut gems of *essentially musical folk-art*, as primitive music-dramas of the simpler folk of the past and of the present, not only in the Old World, but also even in many parts of his own country, — into all this the student gets little or no insight. I am not familiar with the conditions surrounding other historical subjects as they are presented in colleges, in their relationship to the primitive or traditional in human culture, but I see no reason why they should be essentially different.

If, then, our best educational thought does recognize that we learn the present through the past, the developed through the primitive, the complex through the simple, how are we to explain the practically complete absence of ethnology, and its important branch folk-lore, from our whole system of learning? Is this another exhibition of that "superficiality" of which some of our world-neighbors accuse us? Or is it just plain every-day ignorance, even among educators, of a rather new phase of education, — one that has not yet been pulled into the lime-light by any economic force?

But what of it?

My little girl came home one day from school (in one of our larger cities) singing something the teacher had taught them, the general trend of which was, —

"Good mor——ning Mister Zipp, Zipp, Zipp,
With your hair cut just as short as——
Your hair cut just as short as——
Your hair cut just as short as————mine."

Is this — in view of the rich stores of children's songs available to all teachers from the folk-lore of our own land and many others — funny, or shameful?

Surely the present art-cravings of our youth are being satisfied. After a fashion. But if we feed them on the untried products of the present alone, will not their artistic natures be hopelessly malnourished?

What are folk-lorists going to do about it?

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RIDDLES AND PROVERBS FROM THE BAHAMA ISLANDS. *Riddles.* — Riddles 1 to 16 were collected at Wemyss Bight, Eleuthera, from Ellen Johnson and Nehemiah Hall by Father Wade; Riddles 17 to 24 were written by Benjamin Farquharson of Watling's Island. They all began with the opening given in connection with Riddle 17.

1. Poor little Wee-wee, only one eye. — *Ans.* Needle.

2. My father has some things to hang, but they don't bear. — *Ans.* Windows.

3. Four foot up, four foot down,
Soft in the middle, and hard all roun'.
Ans. Bedstead.

4. Whitey sent Whitey to stop Whitey eating Whitey.[1] — *Ans.* White man sent white boy to stop cow eating white clothes.

[1] This is one of the most current riddles in the Sea Islands of South Carolina. Riddles 3, 5, 13, 16, 17, 20, 21, 22, have also been recorded there. See p. 375.—E. C. P.

5. White man sitting on the black man's head. — *Ans.* Reel of thread.

6. My mother has something with a thousand windows and only one door. — *Ans.* Thimble.

7. My father sent to Africa to buy some slave; every one came with their heart on their back. — *Ans.* Ring.

8. My father has a rooster; every time it crow, it crow fire. — *Ans.* Gun.

9. My father had a trunk, it only had two suit of clo'es. — *Ans.* Ground-nut.[1]

10. Build the house with one post. — *Ans.* Mill.[2]

11. Build the house with no post. — *Ans.* Oven.

12. My father had a fig-tree all hung over a well.
All the leaf dry, an' not one fall in the well.
Ans. Eye-vinker[3] never fall in your eye.

13. Humpy Dumpy on the wall,
Humpy Dumpy had a fall,
All the doctor in the world could not cure Humpy Dumpy.
Ans. Fowl egg.

14. Old Linkan[4] died, but never rose agin. — *Ans.* Glass bottle.

15. My father went to Egypt to buy some corn; the corn fell down before him. — *Ans.* Cocoanut.

16. House full, kitchen full, yet can't get a thimble full. — *Ans.* Smoke.

17. Me riddle me riddle me yandio,
Perhaps you can tell me this riddle,
Perhaps you can't.[5]
Humpy Dumpy on the wall,
Humpy Dumpy had a fall,
All the doctor in the world
Couldn't cure Humpy Dumpy's fall.
Ans. Fowl Eggs.[6]

18. My father had a dog,
Every bark he bark fire.
Ans. A gun.[7]

19. A man with two heads, no foot, no hand,
Yet he stands up but on one of his head.
Ans. Barrel.

20. Little Miss Nancy with the blue nose,
The longer she stays, the shorter she grows.
Ans. Candle.[8]

21. My father has a large sheet,
Covers the whole world, and full of small change.
Ans. Star in the sky.[9]

[1] Peanut.

[2] Compare Sierra Leone, Cronise and Ward, 195.

[3] Eyelid.

[4] Lincoln (?)

[5] For like openings, cf. "Riddles from Andros Island, Bahamas" (JAFL 30 [1917]: 275–277). — E. C. P.

[6] Compare *Ibid.*, 30: 276, No. 13; also No. 13, above. — E. C. P

[7] Compare No. 8, above. —E. C. P.

[8] Compare "Riddles from Andros Island, Bahamas" (JAFL 30: 275, No. 5).

[9] Compare *Ibid.*, 30: 276, No. 11.

22. Two legs sit on four legs with one leg in his lap.
Up comes four legs and takes one leg,
Up jumps two legs and takes four legs to get one leg back.
Ans. A man sitting on a chair with a leg of mutton in his lap. A dog took it, and the man took the chair, knock the dog, and got the leg of mutton back.

23. It's a thing you have been wearing over two years. — *Ans.* Hat over two ears.

24. It's a thing you have that I use more than you. — *Ans.* Your name.

Proverbs. — The following proverbs were collected in Eleuthera, and were written by H. H. Finlay of Bannerman Town.

1. When man dead, grass grow to 'em door.
2. Yer play with puppy, him lick you mouth.[1]
3. Mad dogs bite the hand that feed them.
4. A boaster and liar are first-cousins.
5. Don't trust people who talk much.
6. Fool talk much, wise men talk less.
7. Clean you door mouth first, then tell you neighbor 'bout dem own.
8. Some man bu'n dem hand when they only mean to warm dem.
9. In time of prosperity, friends will be plenty;
In time of adversity, not one in twenty.
10. Don't hang yer basket higher than you can reach 'em.[2]
11. Don't hollow out "fried fish" til you catch 'em.
12. Long o' long, short o' short, we die.

ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

GEECHEE AND OTHER PROVERBS. — With two exceptions, the Geechee proverbs in the following collection were published in the "Southern Workman," November, 1905.

1. If you dig a pit for me, you dig one for yourself. (This is equivalent to, "What you are planning for me will happen to you.")

2. Pitcher goes to the well every day. One day more than all, it will probably leave its handle. (This means, "You have escaped thus far, but sooner or later you will be caught and punished.")

3. Seven years is not too long for a rabbit to wear a rough-bosom shirt. (This is said to a boasting person, or to a person who is pretending that he can get along without other people's help.)

4. It rains, and every man feels it some day. (This is the same as, "Fortune changes. You may have something to-day, and I to-morrow.")

5. A hard head makes a soft back. (This is equivalent to, "If a child will not be admonished, he will be beaten.")

6. Stand further better more than beg pardon. (This means, "It is much better to keep out of trouble than to beg pardon after getting into it.")

[1] Compare Izett Anderson and Frank Cundall, Jamaica Negro Proverbs and Sayings (Kingston, 1910), No. 180.

[2] Compare *Ibid.*, No. 14.

7. Trust no mistakes; when a bush shakes, tear out.[1]

8. One rain won't make a crop. (This rather far-fetched interpretation is given: "If you do a person a favor, he may surprise you by doing you some injury.")

9. I may have, and you will not(?), changes in fortune.

10. What goes over the Devil's back has to come under his belly.[2]

Other proverbs are, —

11. Better let well do done.

12. Live, learn, die, and forget all.

13. 'Tain't no good to kill de crane after he done fly ober de roof er de house and call fer a corpse.

14. Whickerin' mares don't hatter ax de road to de cabin whar de ol' folks live. (The whickering mares are little brown birds known by that name to the plantation-hands. They are said to fly in flocks, and to come out about a cabin only when some old dweller therein approaches death. At such times they fly and whicker anear, and cannot be driven away.)

15. Day's short as ever, time's long as it has been.

16. Day's des a arm long, you can reach clean across it.

17. Night's a shadder, day's a shine,
Gone 'fo' you catch it gwine.

18. Mistakes ain't haystacks, or dar'd be mo' fat ponies den dar is.

19. Burn up de axe-helve dat can't hold up de blade.

20. Let the flatiron rust dat puts cats' faces on de cloze.

21. Don't fly so high dat you lit on a candle.

22. Trouble follers sin as sho' as fever follers a chill.

23. Fire don't crack a full pot.

24. Des hold up your end er do beam, an' de world'll roll on.

25. De fool'll hang a horseshoe on a dead man's do' for luck.

MONROE N. WORK.

A WEST-INDIAN TALE. — The following tale was told to me in New York City by Charles Penny of Trinidad. To him and to Grace Nail Johnson, who introduced him, editorial thanks are due.

Little girl, Mama Glau, and Humming-Bird.[3] — One time there was a little girl called Babé, and Babé was livin' at she *nenine* (godmother). One day Babé did want to see she muma and she pupa, so she asked she *nenine* to le' she go to see them. Now, on the way dere was a very deep river, an' this day dere was a big shower of rain an' the whole place was covered over with water. When Babé reached the river an' couldn' get over, she begin cryin'. Den a *mama glau* (mermaid) came up an' asked Babé what she was cryin' fo'. Babé tell she that she want to go over an' see she muma an' she pupa, but she couldn' get over de river. De *mama glau* tell she, "I will take you over de river, but you musn' let nobody know how you get over." So Mama Glau carry Babé over de river. Now you know *Kilibwi* (humming-bird) got very light ears. Mama Glau call Kilibwi and sen' him to listen to hear if Babé would tell anybody how she got over de

[1] Compare this number, p. 360.

[2] Compare this number, p. 375.

[3] Compare Georgia, Jones, XXI.

river. Babé reached de house, an' everybody was surprise; an' dey wanted to fin' out how she got over, because dey all did know dat de river did wash away de whole place. Babé keep on tellin' dem dat she cross it she self. But dey wouldn' believe she. Den in a easy way she tell dem, "Mama Glau cross me." Kilibwi was very far, but he hear Babé, an' he begin singin', —

"Casa bilau bilau bil
I Babé *qui toyai* Mama Glau." [1]

Kilibwi come right up to de house, singin', —

"Casa bilau bilau bil
I Babé *qui toyai* Mama Glau."

Now, when Babé was goin' back, she muma an' she pupa know dat if Kilibwi reach Mama Glau firs' an' tell she that Babé give out de secret, Mama Glau would kill Babé, so dey pick a lot of flowers an' scatter dem in de road. Kilibwi come down, singin' —

"Casa bilau bilau bil
I Babé *qui toyai* Mama Glau."

But he was so greedy, he had to stop to suck these flowers. So Babé reach de river before Kilibwi, an' she tell Mama Glau dat she didn' tell anybody how she get over. So Mama Glau cross she over again.

Now, Mr. Kilibwi come down, singin', —

"Casa bilau bilau bil
I Babé *qui toyai* Mama Glau."

So Mama Glau says to Kilibwi, "Get on me right shoulder an' sing dat song." He sing it on de right shoulder. She say, "Get on me left shoulder."

"Casa bilau bilau bil
I Babé *qui toyai* Mama Glau."

She say, "Get on me right ear."

"Casa bilau bilau bil
I Babé *qui toyai* Mama Glau."

She say, "Get on me left ear."

"Casa bilau bilau bil
I Babé *qui toyai* Mama Glau."

Den she say, "Get in de palm of me lef' han'." An' after he get t'rough singin', Mama Glau hit him one slap an' grin' him up. An' de foam you see on de river whenever de rain fall is from Kilibwi. De people kill Mama Glau an' buil' a bridge over de river.

E. C. P.

A Brer Rabbit Story. — The following story was collected by me at Fort Mitchell, Ala., from plantation Negroes. The song, both the "words" and the air, I have verified by having it sung by different members of the family. They tell me that the story as told by their grandfather always included the song.

Lil' girl had some greens in her garden. Brer Rabbit kep' er eatin' up her greens. Lil' girl say, "Brer Rabbit, don't you eat all dem bigges' greens! Come ober here where I is, and I let'cher eat dese here lil' ones."

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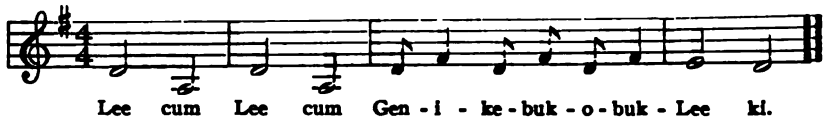

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EMILY N. HARVEY.

FORT MITCHELL, ALA.

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lads." He *may* learn also that these ballads were once sung. But into their real souls, as uncut gems of *essentially musical folk-art*, as primitive music-dramas of the simpler folk of the past and of the present, not only in the Old World, but also even in many parts of his own country, — into all this the student gets little or no insight. I am not familiar with the conditions surrounding other historical subjects as they are presented in colleges, in their relationship to the primitive or traditional in human culture, but I see no reason why they should be essentially different.

If, then, our best educational thought does recognize that we learn the present through the past, the developed through the primitive, the complex through the simple, how are we to explain the practically complete absence of ethnology, and its important branch folk-lore, from our whole system of learning? Is this another exhibition of that "superficiality" of which some of our world-neighbors accuse us? Or is it just plain every-day ignorance, even among educators, of a rather new phase of education, — one that has not yet been pulled into the lime-light by any economic force?

But what of it?

My little girl came home one day from school (in one of our larger cities) singing something the teacher had taught them, the general trend of which was, —

"Good mor——ning Mister Zipp, Zipp, Zipp,
With your hair cut just as short as——
Your hair cut just as short as——
Your hair cut just as short as————mine."

Is this — in view of the rich stores of children's songs available to all teachers from the folk-lore of our own land and many others — funny, or shameful?

Surely the present art-cravings of our youth are being satisfied. After a fashion. But if we feed them on the untried products of the present alone, will not their artistic natures be hopelessly malnourished?

What are folk-lorists going to do about it?

GEORGE PULLEN JACKSON.

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY,
NASHVILLE, TENN.

RIDDLES AND PROVERBS FROM THE BAHAMA ISLANDS. *Riddles.* — Riddles 1 to 16 were collected at Wemyss Bight, Eleuthera, from Ellen Johnson and Nehemiah Hall by Father Wade; Riddles 17 to 24 were written by Benjamin Farquharson of Watling's Island. They all began with the opening given in connection with Riddle 17.

1. Poor little Wee-wee, only one eye. — *Ans.* Needle.

2. My father has some things to hang, but they don't bear. — *Ans.* Windows.

3. Four foot up, four foot down,
Soft in the middle, and hard all roun'.
Ans. Bedstead.

4. Whitey sent Whitey to stop Whitey eating Whitey.[1] — *Ans.* White man sent white boy to stop cow eating white clothes.

[1] This is one of the most current riddles in the Sea Islands of South Carolina. Riddles 3, 5, 13, 16, 17, 20, 21, 22, have also been recorded there. See p. 375.—E. C. P.

5. White man sitting on the black man's head. — *Ans.* Reel of thread.

6. My mother has something with a thousand windows and only one door. — *Ans.* Thimble.

7. My father sent to Africa to buy some slave; every one came with their heart on their back. — *Ans.* Ring.

8. My father has a rooster; every time it crow, it crow fire. — *Ans.* Gun.

9. My father had a trunk, it only had two suit of clo'es. — *Ans.* Ground-nut.[1]

10. Build the house with one post. — *Ans.* Mill.[2]

11. Build the house with no post. — *Ans.* Oven.

12. My father had a fig-tree all hung over a well.
All the leaf dry, an' not one fall in the well.
Ans. Eye-vinker[3] never fall in your eye.

13. Humpy Dumpy on the wall,
Humpy Dumpy had a fall,
All the doctor in the world could not cure Humpy Dumpy.
Ans. Fowl egg.

14. Old Linkan[4] died, but never rose agin. — *Ans.* Glass bottle.

15. My father went to Egypt to buy some corn; the corn fell down before him. — *Ans.* Cocoanut.

16. House full, kitchen full, yet can't get a thimble full. — *Ans.* Smoke.

17. Me riddle me riddle me yandio,
Perhaps you can tell me this riddle,
Perhaps you can't.[5]
Humpy Dumpy on the wall,
Humpy Dumpy had a fall,
All the doctor in the world
Couldn't cure Humpy Dumpy's fall.
Ans. Fowl Eggs.[6]

18. My father had a dog,
Every bark he bark fire.
Ans. A gun.[7]

19. A man with two heads, no foot, no hand,
Yet he stands up but on one of his head.
Ans. Barrel.

20. Little Miss Nancy with the blue nose,
The longer she stays, the shorter she grows.
Ans. Candle.[8]

21. My father has a large sheet,
Covers the whole world, and full of small change.
Ans. Star in the sky.[9]

[1] Peanut.

[2] Compare Sierra Leone, Cronise and Ward, 195.

[3] Eyelid.

[4] Lincoln (?)

[5] For like openings, cf. "Riddles from Andros Island, Bahamas" (JAFL 30 [1917]: 275–277). — E. C. P.

[6] Compare *Ibid.*, 30: 276, No. 13; also No. 13, above. — E. C. P

[7] Compare No. 8, above. —E. C. P.

[8] Compare "Riddles from Andros Island, Bahamas" (JAFL 30: 275, No. 5).

[9] Compare *Ibid.*, 30: 276, No. 11.

22. Two legs sit on four legs with one leg in his lap.
Up comes four legs and takes one leg,
Up jumps two legs and takes four legs to get one leg back.
Ans. A man sitting on a chair with a leg of mutton in his lap. A dog took it, and the man took the chair, knock the dog, and got the leg of mutton back.

23. It's a thing you have been wearing over two years. — *Ans.* Hat over two ears.

24. It's a thing you have that I use more than you. — *Ans.* Your name.

Proverbs. — The following proverbs were collected in Eleuthera, and were written by H. H. Finlay of Bannerman Town.

1. When man dead, grass grow to 'em door.
2. Yer play with puppy, him lick you mouth.[1]
3. Mad dogs bite the hand that feed them.
4. A boaster and liar are first-cousins.
5. Don't trust people who talk much.
6. Fool talk much, wise men talk less.
7. Clean you door mouth first, then tell you neighbor 'bout dem own.
8. Some man bu'n dem hand when they only mean to warm dem.
9. In time of prosperity, friends will be plenty;
In time of adversity, not one in twenty.
10. Don't hang yer basket higher than you can reach 'em.[2]
11. Don't hollow out "fried fish" til you catch 'em.
12. Long o' long, short o' short, we die.

ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

GEECHEE AND OTHER PROVERBS. — With two exceptions, the Geechee proverbs in the following collection were published in the "Southern Workman," November, 1905.

1. If you dig a pit for me, you dig one for yourself. (This is equivalent to, "What you are planning for me will happen to you.")

2. Pitcher goes to the well every day. One day more than all, it will probably leave its handle. (This means, "You have escaped thus far, but sooner or later you will be caught and punished.")

3. Seven years is not too long for a rabbit to wear a rough-bosom shirt. (This is said to a boasting person, or to a person who is pretending that he can get along without other people's help.)

4. It rains, and every man feels it some day. (This is the same as, "Fortune changes. You may have something to-day, and I to-morrow.")

5. A hard head makes a soft back. (This is equivalent to, "If a child will not be admonished, he will be beaten.")

6. Stand further better more than beg pardon. (This means, "It is much better to keep out of trouble than to beg pardon after getting into it.")

[1] Compare Izett Anderson and Frank Cundall, Jamaica Negro Proverbs and Sayings (Kingston, 1910), No. 180.

[2] Compare *Ibid.*, No. 14.

7. Trust no mistakes; when a bush shakes, tear out.[1]

8. One rain won't make a crop. (This rather far-fetched interpretation is given: "If you do a person a favor, he may surprise you by doing you some injury.")

9. I may have, and you will not(?), changes in fortune.

10. What goes over the Devil's back has to come under his belly.[2]

Other proverbs are, —

11. Better let well do done.

12. Live, learn, die, and forget all.

13. 'Tain't no good to kill de crane after he done fly ober de roof er de house and call fer a corpse.

14. Whickerin' mares don't hatter ax de road to de cabin whar de ol' folks live. (The whickering mares are little brown birds known by that name to the plantation-hands. They are said to fly in flocks, and to come out about a cabin only when some old dweller therein approaches death. At such times they fly and whicker anear, and cannot be driven away.)

15. Day's short as ever, time's long as it has been.

16. Day's des a arm long, you can reach clean across it.

17. Night's a shadder, day's a shine,
Gone 'fo' you catch it gwine.

18. Mistakes ain't haystacks, or dar'd be mo' fat ponies den dar is.

19. Burn up de axe-helve dat can't hold up de blade.

20. Let the flatiron rust dat puts cats' faces on de cloze.

21. Don't fly so high dat you lit on a candle.

22. Trouble follers sin as sho' as fever follers a chill.

23. Fire don't crack a full pot.

24. Des hold up your end er do beam, an' de world'll roll on.

25. De fool'll hang a horseshoe on a dead man's do' for luck.

MONROE N. WORK.

A WEST-INDIAN TALE. — The following tale was told to me in New York City by Charles Penny of Trinidad. To him and to Grace Nail Johnson, who introduced him, editorial thanks are due.

Little girl, Mama Glau, and Humming-Bird.[3] — One time there was a little girl called Babé, and Babé was livin' at she *nenine* (godmother). One day Babé did want to see she muma and she pupa, so she asked she *nenine* to le' she go to see them. Now, on the way dere was a very deep river, an' this day dere was a big shower of rain an' the whole place was covered over with water. When Babé reached the river an' couldn' get over, she begin cryin'. Den a *mama glau* (mermaid) came up an' asked Babé what she was cryin' fo'. Babé tell she that she want to go over an' see she muma an' she pupa, but she couldn' get over de river. De *mama glau* tell she, "I will take you over de river, but you musn' let nobody know how you get over." So Mama Glau carry Babé over de river. Now you know *Kilibwi* (humming-bird) got very light ears. Mama Glau call Kilibwi and sen' him to listen to hear if Babé would tell anybody how she got over de

[1] Compare this number, p. 360.

[2] Compare this number, p. 375.

[3] Compare Georgia, Jones, XXI.

river. Babé reached de house, an' everybody was surprise; an' dey wanted to fin' out how she got over, because dey all did know dat de river did wash away de whole place. Babé keep on tellin' dem dat she cross it she self. But dey wouldn' believe she. Den in a easy way she tell dem, "Mama Glau cross me." Kilibwi was very far, but he hear Babé, an' he begin singin', —

"Casa bilau bilau bil
I Babé *qui toyai* Mama Glau." [1]

Kilibwi come right up to de house, singin', —

"Casa bilau bilau bil
I Babé *qui toyai* Mama Glau."

Now, when Babé was goin' back, she muma an' she pupa know dat if Kilibwi reach Mama Glau firs' an' tell she that Babé give out de secret, Mama Glau would kill Babé, so dey pick a lot of flowers an' scatter dem in de road. Kilibwi come down, singin' —

"Casa bilau bilau bil
I Babé *qui toyai* Mama Glau."

But he was so greedy, he had to stop to suck these flowers. So Babé reach de river before Kilibwi, an' she tell Mama Glau dat she didn' tell anybody how she get over. So Mama Glau cross she over again.

Now, Mr. Kilibwi come down, singin', —

"Casa bilau bilau bil
I Babé *qui toyai* Mama Glau."

So Mama Glau says to Kilibwi, "Get on me right shoulder an' sing dat song." He sing it on de right shoulder. She say, "Get on me left shoulder."

"Casa bilau bilau bil
I Babé *qui toyai* Mama Glau."

She say, "Get on me right ear."

"Casa bilau bilau bil
I Babé *qui toyai* Mama Glau."

She say, "Get on me left ear."

"Casa bilau bilau bil
I Babé *qui toyai* Mama Glau."

Den she say, "Get in de palm of me lef' han'." An' after he get t'rough singin', Mama Glau hit him one slap an' grin' him up. An' de foam you see on de river whenever de rain fall is from Kilibwi. De people kill Mama Glau an' buil' a bridge over de river.

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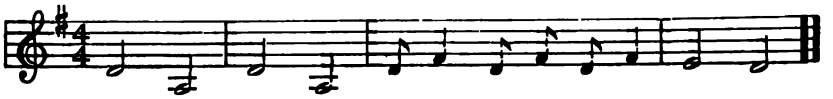

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WITCHCRAFT AND MAGIC IN THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA.[1]

BY H. W. HERRINGTON.

THE most interesting period of English witchcraft falls in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. These are pre-eminently the centuries of the great documentary war over the dogma; of eager discussion in pulpit, in council, and on the street; of fevered outbreaks of prosecution; of the great trials. Naturally a subject of such universal interest is abundantly represented in literature, and nowhere is it revealed more fully than in that most typical of the literary forms in this period, the Elizabethan drama. The outstanding witchcraft plays of the period are well known, and have attracted the most earnest attention from historians, literary critics, and students of folk-lore. The most famous specimens are Shakespeare's "Macbeth;" Middleton's "Witch;" Jonson's "Masque of Queens" and "Sad Shepherd;" Dekker, Ford, and Rowley's "Witch of Edmonton;" Heywood and Brome's "Late Lancashire Witches;" and Shadwell's "Lancashire Witches." In each of these, witchcraft enters as a leading motive. As a group, they fall relatively late in the Elizabethan period (Shadwell's, indeed, belonging to the Restoration drama). The earliest of them, "Macbeth," is usually dated about 1605 or 1606. Yet no one will assert that the witchcraft creed was not vehemently, even passionately, believed in the earlier years of Elizabeth's reign; while, if epidemics of witch persecution be taken as evidence, it will be recalled that some of the most famous of all English witch trials took place before 1600.[2] Why the late appearance of witchcraft as an important dramatic motive? Does this delay throw any light on

[1] The following material is re-arranged and condensed from a thesis presented in 1916 to the Division of Modern Languages of Harvard University, in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. The writer is profoundly indebted throughout to Professor George Lyman Kittredge of Harvard University. Professor Kittredge, at the outset of the investigation, generously placed at the writer's disposal his own extensive notes on the same topics; and on these the writer has freely drawn. It is impossible adequately to acknowledge the aid thus extended, and even more so the sustained helpfulness of his suggestions, advice, and encouragement.

[2] For a mention of some of the most famous, see below, pp. 469, 470.

the state of the public mind in regard to witchcraft? Or do the public attitude on these questions, the controversies concerning them, and the celebrated "epidemics," explain the appearance of the plays? Or is the solution of the problem to be found in causes purely literary; in, for instance, the history of the vogue of dramatic forms? These and similar questions the writer proposes to examine.

Plays on related themes show a somewhat different chronology. Thus the most famous Elizabethan play of magic, Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus," appeared perhaps as early as 1589; while plays with fairy elements were already well developed in the days of John Lyly, early in the 1580's. Convincing conclusions on the problems above stated can hardly be reached without some survey of most of the important plays which employ either human beings who operate with spirits, or the spirits themselves.[1] The rapid analysis to follow will accordingly cover the employment in the Elizabethan drama of fairies, magicians, devils, conjurers, wise women, witches, and similar figures.

I.

The fairy plays may be first disposed of. For the extensive and continued use of fairy actors, reasons purely literary may readily be established. Fairy mythology in England is ancient, far antedating the accession of Elizabeth, and in its development no sudden or unusual incidents (so far as the lore of the folk is concerned) can be discovered. John Lyly, the first important English dramatist to employ the fairies, demonstrably uses them as a theatric device. In his "Gallathea" (1584 or earlier)[2] one Raffe, a clown, rather out of sorts at his ill success in seeking his fortune, finds himself in the woods alone. As he soliloquizes, he notices the appearance of some strange figures. Then the stage-direction reads, "Enter Fayries dauncing & playing, & so, Exeunt."[3] These fairies have no influence on Raffe or any one else; they serve to exhibit no mythology; they are not heard of in this play again. They are accordingly an admirable example of a totally inorganic fairy ballet, brought on solely as a lyric *divertissement.* The choir-boys who were Lyly's performers[4] made admirable stage fairies, who might very prettily dance in a ring; and the Elizabethan playwright or producer, knowing the insatiable craving for the lyric on the part of his audiences, would have been dull of wit if he had failed

[1] Not including ghosts. The problems concerning them seem quite distinct from those of the groups here proposed for examination.

[2] R. W. Bond dates between 1582 and 1585, probably 1584 (The Complete Works of John Lyly, 2: 424–427). A. Feuillerat dates 1584 (John Lyly, 136, 139, 140, 575).

[3] II. iii. 1–8 (Bond's Lyly, vol. 2).

[4] The title-pages of all of Lyly's plays except The Woman in the Moon state that they were acted by "Her Majesty's Children" or (more frequently) by "the Children of Paul's" (see title-pages in Bond's Lyly, vols. 2, 3).

to avail himself of fairy antics. Add but a song from the boys' clear, well-trained throats, and the success of his scene was assured. In "Endimion" (1585?) [1] they do sing a song, while their irruption upon the scene and subsequent dance is almost as pointless as in "Gallathea." In Robert Greene's well-known romantic comedy, "James IV" (entered 1594),[2] occur fairy ballets in great profusion, some seven or eight of them.[3] In this drama, however, Oberon and his crew play a part of considerable importance, performing an elaborate chorus function throughout. Yet even here they stand apart in an enveloping action which is quite distinct from the plot of the play. The pseudo-fairy scene in the last act of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," where the pretended fairies congregate at Herne's oak, and dance in circle about Falstaff, is clearly introduced by Shakespeare to round off the play with a lyric scene. Its tone is quite different from the robust humor of the rest of the play, — from the boisterous practical jokes of the buck-basket and the fat woman of Brainford.

A more curious use of the fairies for song and dance occurs in the turbulent and bloody play, "Lust's Dominion" (*c.* 1590?).[4] Enters Oberon, with "fairies dancing before him, and music with them," in the midst of a scene of the heaviest emotion, — lust, revenge, and impending ruthless murder; Oberon [5] delivers a warning, too late; off go the fairies "dancing and singing;" and immediately the bloody deed is done.[6] The incongruity of this lyric interlude (as "relief" it is in questionable taste) demonstrates forcibly the subserviency of the playwright and stage-manager to the demand of the pit for spectacle, for music, and for the evolutions of the dance.

Thus the fairy as a stage figure was well known by the beginning of that marvellous decade the 1590's. Some of the fairy mythology had already been exploited, particularly that connected with the imported figure Oberon, doubtless a borrowing from the French

[1] IV. iii. 25 sqq. See Bond (3 : 10–13) for the date of composition. Both Bond and Feuillerat (John Lyly, 576, 577) place Feb. 2, 1586, as the "Candlemas Day" on which, according to the title-page of the 1591 quarto, the play was performed at court.

[2] Ent. Sta. Reg. May 14, 1594; pub. 1598.

[3] In Plays and Poems of Robert Greene (ed. J. Churton Collins), vol. 2, stage dir. for Prol., Introd. to act. III, after acts I, III, and IV, and at ll. 90, 674, 675, 1631.

[4] In Works of Christopher Marlowe (1826), vol. 3. Pub. in 1657 as Marlowe's, but certainly not his. The play belongs in the period with The Spanish Tragedy, Titus Andronicus, and other bloody plays; *c.* 1590 is a good guess.

[5] Oberon here appears in his familiar character as a friendly presiding genius. He exhibits this character in the romance Huon of Bordeaux, — an early French work translated into English by 1534, and thus readily accessible to the Elizabethan dramatists (ed. Sir Sidney Lee, E. E. T. S., 1882–87). His function is similar in Greene's James IV. In A Midsummer Night's Dream he endeavors to straighten the tangled affairs of the Athenian lovers, blesses the bed and offspring of Theseus and the rest.

[6] See act III. sc. ii (pp. 251 ff.).

through the romance "Huon of Bordeaux,"[1] — a literary, not a popular source. We need not search, therefore, for any special stimulus which urged Shakespeare more fully to display the fairy-lore in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." He took up the established dramatic vogue of the fairy, and directed it into new channels, gathering in figures, traditions, beliefs, — new to the drama, but old in popular story, — which were doubtless familiar to him from infancy; refining, too, as he went along, transforming the "lubber fiend" of folk-legend[2] into a light and delicate Robin Goodfellow, ready to put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes. The lyric tradition which had come down through the earlier dramatists he likewise perfects, and at last makes thoroughly organic. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" abounds in fairy rounds and fairy songs;[3] but they are of the very essence of the play, integral to construction and atmosphere. How deeply the fairy material had impressed the poet's imagination is seen from his use of it in Mercutio's famous speech in "Romeo and Juliet,"[4] — lines which were certainly composed prior to the full development of these themes in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

By this time the fairies had entered upon an enduring vogue. A long line of plays that utilize them need little more than an enumeration. "The King of Fairies" as a stage character is mentioned by Greene in 1592.[5] "Huon of Bordeaux," which must have made much use of our old friend Oberon, was performed by Henslowe's company in 1593.[6] "The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll" (*c.* 1596?)[7] presents a group of

[1] See footnote 5, p. 449.

[2] As presented in the familiar lines of Milton's L'Allegro, the "drudging goblin," "The lubber fiend," who, "stretched out all the chimney's length, Basks at the fire his hairy strength;" as seen also in the pamphlet Robin Goodfellow, his Mad Pranks and Merry Jests, printed in 1628, illustrated with a woodcut of Robin, in which he has a dwarf's stature, a beard, hairy body and loins, goats' legs and feet, and horns. Just how Puck was represented on the stage under Shakespeare's direction it is impossible to say; at the present time he is made first cousin, in his slightness, daintiness, sprightliness, and beauty, to Prospero's Ariel. Certainly the lines of the play show that swift motion is characteristic of him, and poetry—of a kind peculiarly ethereal and delicate—is everywhere his. One of the fairies, to be sure, calls him "thou lob of spirits," and this may mean much the same thing as Milton's "lubber fiend." Yet the lines of the play and the acting tradition do not bear out the epithet. Shakespeare's conception is now *the* Robin Goodfellow for most people.

[3] See II. i. 140, 141; II. ii. 1–26; V. i. 360–429; and songs throughout the play. The "bergomask" by Bottom's crew (v. i. 359) is a parody on the fairies' graceful dancing, like the grotesque revels of an anti-masque.

[4] I. iv. 50–102.

[5] Groatsworth of Wit (in Huth Lib. ed., Life and Complete Works of Robert Greene [ed. A. B. Grosart], 12 : 131).

[6] Henslowe's Diary (ed. W. W. Greg), p. 16. Spelled characteristically by Henslowe "hewen of burdokes," — a commentary on the pronunciation of the name.

[7] A. H. Bullen, Old English Plays, 3 : 130–137 (see act III, sc. iii, v).

fairies, here inconsistently under the control of an enchanter, who, to the accompaniment of music, bring in a banquet.[1] The anonymous "Wily Beguiled" (before 1595)[2] trades on the popular interest, using the name of Robin Goodfellow for a character who resembles little either Shakespeare's creation or the popular figure. A fairy ballet is a prominent feature in "The Maid's Metamorphosis" (1599),[3] formerly attributed to Lyly. Early in the new century W. Percy wrote "The Fairy Pastoral."[4]

The masque as it was developed at court readily admitted the fairies into its *dramatis personæ*. They suited well this decorative and spectacular form of entertainment: the graceful young people of the court proved suitable actors, as the choir-boys had earlier done; and the dance motive, now long established as the dramatic function of the fairies, favored their inclusion in the masque, the origin and very centre of which was a dance. Jonson's "Masque of Oberon" (1611), "Love Restored" (1612), and "Gipsies Metamorphosed" (1621),[5] all make some use of fairy material. His charming royal entertainment, "The Satyr" (1603),[6] gives prominent parts to Queen Mab and her bevy of fairies. Puck Hairy, in his unfinished pastoral "The Sad Shepherd," is his original version of Puck or Robin Goodfellow.[7] The burlesque scene of the fraudulent "Queen of Fairy" in his "Alchemist" (1610) should not be overlooked.[8] Jonson may thus be regarded as the most conspicuous user of the fairy theme in the later period.

A scene similar to the one in Jonson's "Alchemist" occurs in "The

[1] Of course these should properly be an enchanter's spirits, not fairies. The "magic repast" is one of the commonest pieces of "business" connected with the stage-magician. At once one recalls the banquet brought on by the "shapes" in The Tempest (III. iii). Friar Bacon, in Greene's drama, after a bit of comedy in offering the King and Emperor his mess of pottage, promises a splendid banquet, in mouth-watery language, for their royal and imperial stomachs (III. ii. 1337–1358, in Churton Collins's ed.). Such a banquet, if it is not conjured on, is at any rate conjured off when Faustus snatches away dish and cup from which the Holy Father is about to eat and quaff. So universally expected is the device of a magic repast where spirits are operating, that Slightall, in A New Trick to Cheat the Devil (see below, p. 464), readily accepts one which is part of the elaborate deception practised upon him.

[2] Dodsley's Old Plays (ed. W. C. Hazlitt), vol. 9 (pub. 1606).

[3] See R. W. Bond, Complete Works of John Lyly, 3 : 359–361 (II. ii, 52–116).

[4] Pr. 1824 for the Roxburghe Club from a MS. in library of Joseph Haslewood. A letter from Oberon, occurring in the play, is dated 1647; but the play appears to have been a revision, in old age, of a work of the author's youth, and may date not far from the same writer's Cuck-Queans and Cuckolds Errant (1601). (See Preface to Roxburghe Club ed.)

[5] Col. F. Cunningham and W. Gifford, Works of Ben Jonson, vol. 7.

[6] *Ibid.*, vol. 6.

[7] *Ibid.*, vol. 6. On date of The Sad Shepherd, see below, p. 482, footnote 10.

[8] III. v.

Valiant Welshman," by "R. A." (before 1615).[1] Several lost plays then attest the continued popularity of the motive.[2] About 1620 there was produced "The Fairy Masque."[3] In 1624 was licensed "The Fairy Knight," by Dekker and Ford.[4] Probably some time in the Elizabethan period belongs "The Fairy Queen" of Warburton's list,[5] although this play may have been based on Spenser's romance. Thus well along through the Elizabethan period the fairies continued to be popular on the stage, particularly in masques and similar entertainments, to which they lend themselves unusually well. As handled by Jonson, they become a decorative feature even more than before. The attitude assumed toward them was not unlike that toward the "fairy" to-day. They had, in other words, become a pure convention. Any serious treatment was hardly possible after Thomas Randolph's delightful parody and gentle burlesque in his "Amyntas" (before 1635). Randolph, remarks Mr. Schelling, laughed the fairies off the stage.[6]

The long history of the Elizabethan stage fairy[7] is a striking example of the persistence of a dramatic type. No historical events, no popular fever, are needed to explain his enduring popularity. The character of the material renders it, at least in part, independent of shifts in the vogue of dramatic forms, since nearly any kind of play, to the liberal tastes of the Elizabethan, might have a lyric interlude. Yet it is interesting to note that about the turn of the century, so far as we can judge from the extant material, the fairies were vanishing from the general drama, to find a safe harborage in the court masque. Perhaps this was because the Elizabethan had lost what faith he formerly held in the fairy-folk, and only a form which conventionally used dead mythology might continue to present this material.[8] Surer reasons can be shown, however, in a decided shift in dramatic values which took place just before 1600, and which after that date would have rendered the fanciful fairy material unacceptable to the general.

[1] Ed. Dr. Valentin Kreb, Münchener Beiträge, vol. 23, 1902 (II. i, and II. v); also in Tudor Facsimile Texts.

[2] R. P. Collier forged in Henslowe's Diary the title "Robin Goodfellow" to a play for which Henslowe made payments to Henry Chettle in 1602 (see Henslowe's Diary, ed. W. W. Greg, xliv).

[3] See Halliwell, Dict. of Old Eng. Plays, 91.

[4] See J. Q. Adams, The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, 29.

[5] Gentleman's Magazine, 85 (pt. 2): 221 (September, 1815).

[6] See F. E. Schelling, Elizabethan Drama, I : 396 (pr. in Works of Thos. Randolph, ed. W. C. Hazlitt).

[7] Surely much longer than here set down, when we reckon plays lost. Many Elizabethan plays, masques, and entertainments also contain figures of similar appearance and functions, variously called satyrs, sylvans, fauns, etc.

[8] Classic mythology is the stock source for the masques. The great majority of them use classical story.

A full exposition of this point must wait until the evidence from other sources has been gathered in.

II.

Oberon, Robin Goodfellow, Queen Mab, and all their crew, formed for the Elizabethans a real mythology, received with wavering degrees of faith, with scepticism, with an amused tolerance, or with a purely poetical acceptance. The magician, on the other hand, was an actual figure in contemporary life, pointed at, resorted to. Especially well known were various less pretentious dealers in magic, — conjurers, exorcisers, and the like. Yet one type of magician, clearly to be distinguished in the drama, still seemed remote and unsubstantial. This was the mediæval enchanter, best represented by the Arthurian Merlin. His powers are typically almost illimitable, and are wielded, in contradistinction to those of the later magicians, with inconceivable ease, with no laborious poring over ponderous books, no sweating over artfully contrived spells, no pledging of the magician's soul to the fiend. Frequently his eyes see the future as clearly as the past. He may be of devil birth. Now, this figure, originating in the folk-tale, was developed into the familiar enchanter of the mediæval romances, and survived in them, and because of their influence, long after his analogues in contemporary life had become quite different personages. We may accordingly expect to find him in plays which derive from the romances.

Plays of the romance type were most popular in the 1570's and 1580's. In those decades flourished a dramatic form which, after Mr. Schelling, may be defined as the "heroical romance," "the romance of old mediæval tales," or "the romance of heroic exploit and interminable adventure." Wild and flamboyant these plays are, like the romances on which they are based; filled with impossible characters, extraordinary adventures, sudden and violent shifts of scene. The best-known example of the type is "Common Conditions" (*c.* 1570?).[1] Particularly at court was this type of play popular, as many titles in the Revels' accounts bear witness.[2] The finding of a play, otherwise characteristic of this *genre*, which turns mainly on magic, has *a priori* no special significance. The author was merely using a romance story, in which it so happened that enchantment was the centre of the plot. The most typical extant romance play which contains magic

[1] Recent ed. by Tucker Brooke, Elizabethan Club Reprints (New Haven, 1915). An older ed. is by Brandl in Quellen u. Forschungen, vol. 80 (1898).

[2] For example, Herpetulus the Blewknight and Perobia; The Red Knight; The Solitary Knight; The Knight in the Burning Rock; Paris and Vienna; Cloridon and Radiamanta; Predor and Lucia; Phredastus and Phigon and Lucia, Titus and Gisippus; Philemon and Philecia; Serpedon; Ariodante and Genevora; Felix and Philemona; The Irish Knight. Most of these are mentioned in Schelling's Elizabethan Drama, 1: 198, 199.

is "Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes," of undetermined authorship,[1] assignable to the 1570's or at latest the early 80's. The outlandish adventures in this drama are those of the "heroical romance." There are two irreproachable knights, with correspondent ladies fair for whom they engage in frequent combat. The scene shifts with great speed all the way from Denmark to the court of Alexander of Macedon. The magician is Sir Bryan Sans Foy,[2] who keeps the "forest of strange marvels," in which prowls the Flying Serpent.[3] Over knights who essay this adventure in order to win the Princess Juliana of Denmark, he casts a magic sleep, and he keeps them herded as prisoners in his castle. When Clamydes actually kills the fearsome beast, Sir Bryan robs the brave knight of his dress and shield, and, lugging along the serpent's head, arrives in Denmark to claim the lady as his own. Of course he is at length discovered and discredited. The dragon-slaying incident, and the identification by means of the severed head, link this story to one of the most widely spread of all folk-motives, the legend of Perseus.[4]

Unlike "Sir Clyomon" and similar dramas, which spring merely from the vogue of the romance play, some plays of magic with Arthurian subject-matter belong rather to the general type of chronicle history. Arthur as the great British king, a veritable monarch, ruling a real and not a shadowy Britain, had been duly set forth by the early chroniclers; and no less real did they deem his sire, Uther Pendragon, the warlock Merlin, the Saxon invaders Hengist and Horsa,

[1] Dyce, Peele. G. L. Kittredge, Preston, the author of Cambyses (Journal of Germanic Philology, 2 : 8). Tucker Brooke seems to dissent (Common Conditions, 1915, p. 84). Printed conveniently in Works of George Peele (ed. A. H. Bullen), vol. 2.

[2] Compare the Saracen Sans Foy in Spenser's Fairie Queen.

[3] This pitiless monster is evidently modelled on the classical Minotaur, to whom, in fact, he is compared (sc. i, l. 101), since he is represented as fetching daily to himself a lady "to feed his hungry paunch withal." It is to save the "coasts adjacent" from the fearful ravage due to his delicate appetite that Juliana modestly offers herself as prize to its conqueror (sc. i, ll. 45–54). Another form of the classical story is used in Lyly's Gallathea, mentioned above for its fairy material.

[4] As studied by E. S. Hartland, The Legend of Perseus. The naïve identification of the slayer—identification accepted as absolute by those concerned — by means of the head of the slain dragon is a motive of the folk-tale. In characteristic forms of the story the villain takes on himself the credit for the great feat by producing the head or the like. The hero, however, has usually retained some private token which ultimately establishes his claim; as, say, the tongues of the beast. — The play of Sir Clyomon is connected, in a way, with the Alexander cycle of romances, since part of the action takes place at that monarch's court. A play showing a firmer relation to the Charlemagne cycle is The Distracted Emperor, as A. H. Bullen called it when he reprinted it from manuscript (Old English Plays, vol. 3); or Charlemagne, as Fleay and others have dubbed it. This deals with certain practices of the treacherous Ganelon. The chief magic item is a charmed ring which has the power of drawing upon its possessor a senile, doting admiration from the aged emperor, Charlemagne. The play may be Chapman's (see Bullen, *loc. cit.*, 161, 162; and T. M. Parrott, Mod. Phil., 13: No. 5, September, 1915).

and other figures who, in the standard accounts, play rôles in the various preludes to the tales of the Table Round. First appearing in the composite chronicle of Nennius, these stories passed through a line of chroniclers, ever with changes, ever with the inclusion of new material, to the popular twelfth-century Geoffrey of Monmouth, where they are set down *in extenso* as a sober account of British origins.[1] They appear as well, though in somewhat more critical form, in Holinshed and other late chroniclers.

These tales, then, the playwrights discovered as records of the national past when, in the great rush of patriotic feeling that accompanied and followed the contest with Spain, they searched for suitable historical material to place upon the stage, back through the accounts of reign after reign to the very beginnings of history in the British Isles.[2] The period of the chronicle plays was from the latter part of the 1580's, through the 1590's, and then, with waning popularity, until a few years after the death of Elizabeth. In this period, and definitely referable to the vogue of the chronicle histories, occur certain plays based on Arthurian story, but without magic.

There is, for instance, the entertainment known as "The Misfortunes of Arthur" (presented before her Majesty by the gentlemen of Gray's Inn on Feb. 28, 1587),[3] which sets forth soberly enough, in the style of the chronicle history, the story of Mordred's treason. Middleton's "Mayor of Queenborough" [4] similarly employs reputed "history" for its main plot, treating of the overcoming, through craft and guile, of the weak and dissolute British monarch Vortigern by the Saxon invaders Hengist and Horsa.

William Rowley's "Birth of Merlin" [5] is the conspicuous example of

[1] See R. H. Fletcher, "The Arthurian Material in the Chronicles" (Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature, vol. 10), for a careful survey of this material in the early chronicles.

[2] "There is record, within the [Elizabethan] period, of upwards of two hundred and twenty titles of plays dealing with subjects drawn from English history, biography, and legend. . . . From 1588 to a year or two after the close of the reign [of Elizabeth], the period of their popularity, they must have constituted more than a fifth of all contemporary plays. . . . From Edward the Confessor to Queen Elizabeth and apparently to King James himself, no English monarch remains unrepresented in this comprehensive historical drama." — SCHELLING, *Elizabethan Drama*, 1 : 251, 252.

[3] Ed. Harvey C. Grumbine in Litterarhistorische Forschungen (Berlin, 1900), vol. 14.

[4] Pub. 1661. Written perhaps (or revised) early in the seventeenth century (see Schelling, 1 : 510, and below, p. 456). Printed in Works of Thomas Middleton (ed. A. H. Bullen), vol. 2.

[5] Ed. Karl Warnke and Ludwig Proescholdt, Pseudo-Shakespearian Plays (Halle, 1887), and by C. F. Tucker Brooke in The Shakespeare Apocrypha. Pub. 1662 as "by William Shakespear, and William Rowley." No one has seriously considered Shakespeare as even in part responsible, although various collaborators with Rowley have been proposed; e.g., Middleton, or Dekker, or others. See F. A. Howe in Mod. Phil., 4 : 193–205; F. W. Moorman in Camb. Hist. Eng. Lit., 5 : 279–281; and references cited by Brooke in Shakespeare Apocrypha, xlvi, xlvii. Composed doubtless some time during the reign of James I.

a play on Arthurian story which contains magic. Utherpendragon is the hero; but he does not here act his most famous part, — that of the lover of Igrayne, and the begetter of Arthur. Instead he is presented as patriot and warrior, by his valor becoming the savior of his land. Meantime Merlin, who is of devil parentage, mature at birth, plays various tricks by his art, confutes false magicians, and in floridly oracular style interprets portents as signifying the glory of the Britons under Arthur, and their final fall before the Saxons.

This play, like "The Mayor of Queenborough," is known to us only in a relatively late Elizabethan form. There was, however, a vogue of plays on the Hengist-Vortigern-Uther material in 1596–97, as the diary of Philip Henslowe shows; and perhaps the plays which enjoyed considerable popularity in those years under the titles "Valteger" (a variant spelling of "Vortigern") and "Utherpendragon" [1] were earlier forms of those now credited to Middleton and William Rowley. In any event, they were in all likelihood not widely different in type; and we may accordingly assume that the romantic possibilities of Merlin as the mysterious "enchanter of romance" were not in Elizabethan times utilized, but that he remained as indispensable court magician to Uther and other supposedly historical personages. Contemporary interest in magic does not affect him, except as it magnifies the number of his tricks. To the Elizabethans and their successors he was known, as a matter of fact, chiefly as prophet and seer.[2]

[1] Henslowe's Diary (ed. W. W. Greg), 50–53. The "henges" played on June 22, 1597 (not a "ne" [new] play) was probably a revival or altered version of Valteger, since the crafty Saxon invader had much to do with the weak British monarch. Vortigern appears to have been revived, with changes, in 1601 (*Ibid.*, 151).

[2] Wm. E. Mead, in Outlines of the Hist. of the Legend of Merlin (pt. 4 of the prose Merlin, pub. E. E. T. S., 1899), collects material bearing on this point. Various prophecies attributed to Merlin occur in English verse of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. (Mead, lxxi). See Lear, III. ii. 95: "This prophecy Merlin shall make." In 1641 appeared in London The Life of Merlin, sirnamed Ambrosius, his Prophisies and Predictions interpreted; and their Truth made good by our English Annals, by Thos. Heywood (Mead, lxxvi). In the course of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a considerable number of general prophecies and almanac predictions were fathered upon the national prophet. William Lilly (1602–82) published, under the name "Merlinus Anglicus," Englands Propheticall Merline.

The oracular, floridly rhetorical forecasting of events in British history, in the version passed down as Merlin's utterance (to be found in Geoffrey of Monmouth's History, and also in a separate document earlier written by him) under a veiled allegory of lions, dragons, wolves, eagles, and various other beasts, evoked earnest belief, and was cited more than once to sway credulous minds.

Owen Glendower, in 1 Henry IV, believed in Merlin. The sceptical Hotspur was of another mind; Owen angered him, he says, —

> "With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
> Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,

Merlin's proper type — the mediæval enchanter — was never popular on the stage. The enchanter in Milton's "Comus" is a poetic survival. The Sacrapant of Peele's "Old Wives Tale" is rather of his type; but Peele is transcribing folk-lore, not romance.

Peele's play and Dekker's "Old Fortunatus" are the two best examples of plays on folk-motives, — a *genre* which bears a close relation to the magic of romance, since such magic is an elaboration of material borrowed from the folk. Yet the manner of the true folk-play, like Peele's, is very different from the "heroical romance." In "The Old Wives Tale" the presentation is childlike; the text retains the tricks of phrase of the folk-tale; [1] the whole manner has the

> And of a dragon and a finless fish,
> A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
> A couching lion and a ramping cat,
> And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
> As puts me from my faith."
>
> *1 Henry IV*, III. i. 148–155.

Those who wade through Merlin's prophecies in Book VII of Geoffrey will echo the sentiments (though not, perhaps, in the same spirit) expressed by the historian: "Merlin, by delivering these and many other prophecies, caused in all that were present an admiration at the ambiguity of his expressions" (see transl. in Giles, Six Old English Chronicles [Bohn], p. 206).

The popularity of magicians' prophecies on the stage is illustrated by Friar Bacon's at the conclusion of Greene's play.

[1] In A. H. Bullen's Works of George Peele, vol. I. For example: —

> "Hips and haws, and sticks and straws,
> And things that I gather on the ground, my son."
> (ll. 148, 149.)

"Riddle me, riddle me, what's this?" — (l. 287.)

"Fair enough, and far enough from thy fingering." — (l. 319.)

> "Spread, table, spread,
> Meat, drink, and bread,
> Ever may I have
> What I ever crave,
> When I am spread,
> Meat for my black cock,
> And meat for my red."
> (ll. 382–389.)

The light which is Sacrapant's life-token may be extinguished only by her "that's neither wife, widow, nor maid" (l. 446). It is his destiny "never to die but by a dead man's hand" (l. 448).

"Fee, fa, fum." — (l. 563.)

> "Gently dip, but not too deep,
> For fear you make the golden beard to weep.
> Fair maiden, white and red,
> Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
> And thou shalt have some cockell-bread.

ingenuous simplicity of the media which, without much alteration, it reproduces. A rare spirit was George Peele's in his love for nursery yarns; and a rare product is his delicate imaginative mingling of such folk-stories as "Childe Rowland," "East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon," "Jack the Giant Killer," and "The Three Heads of the Well." [1]

Something of Peele's spirit is to be seen in cheerful, warm-hearted, lovable Thomas Dekker, though Dekker's play of the wishing-hat and the inexhaustible purse, "Old Fortunatus," is much more conventional in treatment than Peele's. The verse is invested with pomp and dignity; the whole play is cast in a heroic mould, with allegorical personages brought in to elevate and adorn. It is therefore by no means a work of such originality as Peele's. Much more definitely it jogs along in the regular ways of the Elizabethan drama.

Both of the folk-lore plays just mentioned are in their time solitary, written because their respective authors felt an interest in these themes. At no time has there been any vogue of folk-lore plays.[2] The very special appeal of the subject-matter forbids it.

The magic both of romance and folk-lore is very scantily represented in the Elizabethan drama. It seems, in that bustling period, hardly the stuff of which great drama was to be made. Especially in the 1590's, with their growing bent toward realism, must this manifestly fabulous material have seemed far removed from men's business and bosoms. No relations with contemporary life can be discovered, because it had in contemporary life no close analogues, no serious expression. But another kind of magic and another type of magician were to the Elizabethan thoroughly familiar, earnestly believed in. The magician of this type is seen in Dr. Faustus and Friar Bacon.

III.

Faustus, Bacon, and their fellows during the Renaissance may be termed "practising magicians." Magic is for them a science, an art,

> Gently dip, but not too deep,
> For fear thou make the golden beard to weep.
> Fair maid, white and red,
> Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
> And every hair a sheaf shall be,
> And every sheaf a golden tree."
>
> (ll. 656–660, 806–816.)

"Three blue beans in a blue bladder, rattle, bladder, rattle." — (l. 679.)

[The latter phrase is found as well in Dekker's Old Fortunatus (Dekker's Dramatic Works, I [1873]: 103).]

[1] The late F. B. Gummere, in his ed. of The Old Wives Tale in C. M. Gayley's Rep. Eng. Comedies, vol. I, has illuminating notes on much of this folk-lore. See also notes in Joseph Jacobs's English Fairy Tales.

[2] Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, with its burlesque of certain folk-material, should of course not be overlooked.

practised like the other learned professions, and mastered only after the most arduous and prolonged study. For the fuller possession of supernatural powers they have either bartered away their souls, or else placed themselves in constant peril lest the unruly spirits who grudgingly do them service obtain the upper hand. They are gentlemen, scholars, and philosophers, with the frailty as well as the strength of human beings, torn in conscience like all of us, kindly in motive with the best of us, impelled toward their unholy and dangerous studies through very human ambitions for knowledge and power. As such they stand far apart from the mystical, malevolent enchanter of romance, who may be part demon, or is at any rate allied to the powers of darkness.

The typical "practising magician" is far closer to actual reality than any figure hitherto considered. The popular conception of him in the time of Elizabeth is a development from actual figures, broadly represented all over Europe from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries. Sometimes these persons were primarily profound scholars, enlightened investigators, like the great Roger Bacon; but if their researches were devoted to the obscurer branches of knowledge, — among which, in those times, all scientific pursuits were included, — they were sure to be reported, in common fame, as workers in the forbidden arts. But frequently there was more excuse for the imputation of mysterious powers. Many of them in their own belief actually practised magic. Countless numbers labored by secret processes to reproduce the "philosopher's stone" to transmute the baser metals to gold. Others openly engaged in more vulgar conjurations, fortune-telling, or mystic medical quackery.

Many names from Friar Bacon's time down might be mentioned, — names famed for astrology, alchemy, necromancy, or the allied arts. In every century of the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance they flourished in abundance. A group of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries acquired particular renown, — Tritheim, Cornelius Agrippa, and Paracelsus. All three belonged to the type of cosmopolitan *scholastici vagantes*, wandering from university to university, from capital to capital, although their activities were mainly associated with Teutonic lands. The most famous of the three is the celebrated Paracelsus, or, to give his name in all its high-sounding completeness, Philippus Aureolus Theophrastus Bombast von Hohenheim. Born in the canton of Zürich, his travels extended over Germany, Hungary, Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden, and Russia. In this nomadic life he appears to have turned his learning in any direction where an odd penny might be earned: he drew horoscopes, sold prophecies, told fortunes, interpreted dreams, raised spirits, and finally practised medical quackery.

His most famous exploits, indeed, are concerned with his teaching of medicine at Basel. His fame, and the controversy over the extent of his charlatanism, have persisted in unbated vigor to our own day.[1]

The magician of the type of Tritheim, Cornelius Agrippa, and Paracelsus is seen to have been a perfectly familiar figure, persisting in popular knowledge down to the period which we are treating. Indeed, some of the most famous of the wandering magicians were very close to Elizabethan times: Cornelius Agrippa had been dead but twenty-three years, Paracelsus but seventeen, when Elizabeth ascended the throne. Nor were English examples, or practitioners actually contemporary with the Elizabethan public, lacking, though the lives of these local and living magicians were perhaps shorn of some of the romantic features attached to the great continental figures of the past. The most interesting of the reputed Elizabethan magicians was the celebrated Dr. John Dee (1527–1608),[2] who has left his own record of countless experiments performed in the occult — "psychical research," as we should call it to-day — and in labors toward transmutation; who was deeply learned in astrological lore; who thought he could locate treasures in mines and wrecks. According to his own belief, his experiments were innocent of any diabolic connection; he was indeed an earnest and high-minded investigator. The public, however, were not so charitable. Constantly does Dee complain of the imputations of black magic which were made against him, and more than once were his person and property placed in jeopardy by the actions of the mob.[3] The type-figure of the "practising magician" is thus seen to have been very close to the actual experience of the Elizabethans of the 1580's and the 1590's.

Why this type-figure, with its manifold attractiveness in an age of faith, did not really appear in the drama before the end of the eighties, is a question not entirely easy to determine. Probably the answer may be given in a word: there was no vogue of him. The drama was concerning itself with other themes, chiefly Italian,[4] and the magician had not hitherto been brought on the stage. An occasional early play makes a glance askew at him, catches some distorted reflection of him; but certainly it may be affirmed with some confidence that no

[1] An easily accessible popular biography is that of Hartmann, many times reprinted.

[2] See Charlotte Fell Smith, John Dee, and Private Diary of Dr. John Dee (ed. J. O. Halliwell).

[3] An incident furnishes convincing proof of the attitude of the Elizabethan public toward Dee. When, like his prototypes of the middle ages, in the search for a beneficent patron, he had entered on his *Wanderjahre* over Poland, Austria, Bohemia, and various German states, a mob broke into his house at Mortlake and destroyed many of the books which he loved more than his life, which he had spent years of labor and relatively huge sums from an always scanty income to procure.

[4] See Schelling's Elizabethan Drama, I : chaps. iii, v.

representation, in anything like his typical form, was known to the stage before the epoch-making production of Marlowe's "Faustus."

Dr. Johann Faustus has now eclipsed in celebrity all others of his class; yet in actual life he appears to have been a relatively obscure, less dignified version of some of the magicians we have been discussing, — a "philosophus," conjurer, and medical quack of the early sixteenth century. His fame grew after his death, until his legend had gathered to itself all the old tales told of those magicians who gained their powers by selling their souls to the Devil, and who had to pay the penalty of their bargain in a violent death. On some English translation of this story, published soon after the first German "Faustbuch" of 1587, it seems likely that Christopher Marlowe cast his eye.[1]

What attracted Marlowe to the story of Faustus is not difficult to see, when we recall what we know of his other plays and of his own personality. Faustus has Marlowe's hunger, and the hunger of Marlowe's heroes, for experience and power; his soul "still climbing after knowledge infinite, and always moving as the restless spheres." This it is that leads him, at the beginning of Marlowe's play, to reject the learned professions one by one, and settle on magic; that alone opens endless vistas, grants boundless dominion, "stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man." So the protagonist takes the most tremendous of all steps: he contracts his immortal soul to the Devil for the delights of knowledge, sensual indulgence, and power; persists, withal, in his contract, though frequently wavering and repentant; and at length, when the time is out, delivers his soul in horrible agony to the fiend. The terrible catastrophe of the Faustus legend stirred Marlowe powerfully: for him the great tragedy of existence lay in man's utter inability to make real the infinite aspirations toward which his spirit climbed. It was the tragedy of the poet's own life as well.

Thus it appears that the subject-matter alone of the Faustus legend was to Marlowe incentive enough for the writing of his play. No interest in magic *per se* drew him to the story, since nowhere else does he show any preoccupation with such themes.[2] As with other works, he pushed boldly into uncharted seas. With his "Faustus," as with his "Tamburlaine," he was an innovator. The vision of no English writer before Marlowe had seen powerful drama in either the annals of Turkey or the lives of the mediæval magicians.[3]

[1] See Introduction to A. W. Ward's Old English Drama (4th ed., 1901), and The English Faust-Book of 1592, ed. by H. Logeman.

[2] Hardly a reference to them in any of his plays except Faustus. Sharply contrasted is the attitude of such dramatists as Dekker, Greene, Heywood, and Middleton, all of whom dwell persistently on the supernatural, although on very different aspects.

[3] See C. H. Herford's Studies in the Literary Relations of England and Germany in the Sixteenth Century, 186, 187.

Marlowe's play seems to have been first produced in 1588 or at latest early in 1589.[1] It must have been popular from the first;[2] its enthusiastic acceptance speedily initiated a vogue; and before long many playwrights were seeing the rich dramatic possibilities in such material — alike in the serious study of the magician's guilt, in the spectacular quality of the "shows" which were raised by his art, and in the comic parodies or facile slapsticks which readily crept in. Two plays in particular follow very close in the Marlowe line: they are Robert Greene's "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay" and the less well known "John a Kent and John a Cumber," attributed to Anthony Munday.[3]

Once the flattering success of Marlowe's play had pointed the way, Greene, with his practised theatric sense, seized readily the spectacular and comic possibilities of the legend which had grown up about the famous twelfth-century Oxford scholar, Roger Bacon. Greene elaborates with evident gusto on the incident where the brazen head speaks; on Bacon's overcoming of the German pretender Vandermast; on the revelations of the perspective glass; on the confusion of Miles, the Friar's poor scholar, by the Devil; on the carting away of various characters on his Devilship's back. Of the magic elements, these are what Greene stresses. He does not attempt to follow Marlowe into the stern arena of tragedy.[4] His hero is not the sin-tossed, nerve-racked figure, with soul bartered away and body forfeit, but rather a guiltless magician, genial, benevolent, who commands his spirits by the all-compelling supremacy of his learned art.

The comedy of "John a Kent and John a Cumber" tracks closely the trail of "Faustus" and "Friar Bacon." This play takes up one of the leading motives of "Friar Bacon," presenting at much length a contest of magicians, who are respectively the champions of opposing contenders in an affair of crossed love. In a setting of the greenwood, instead of the universities, are placed magicians much trivialized, much rationalized. They are "guiltless" beyond a doubt; no suspicion of hellish aid or deep damnation hangs over the genial, high-spirited pair. Moreover, their means are largely human: much that they

[1] See summary of the evidence in Introduction to Ward's Old English Drama.

[2] The first record of a performance was one by Henslowe's company, Sept. 30, 1594 (not as a "ne" [new] play — doubtless a revival). Henslowe produced the play twenty-five times in all, down to Oct. 13 (?), 1597, and apparently revived it (with alterations) in 1602. (Diary, ed. W. W. Greg, 19–54, 172.) The sums received were relatively large, — proof that the play was a favorite.

[3] For the text of this play we are dependent upon a manuscript copy signed, according to J. P. Collier (its editor), in the same hand as the rest, "[FIN]IS: ANTHONY MUNDY," and thereafter dated in a different "handwriting of the time," "Decembris, 1595." (See Collier's ed. pub. for Shakespeare Soc., 1851, p. vii.)

[4] A serious note, however, is struck by the Friar's renunciation of his magic at the end of the play (cf. Prospero's burning of his books). See Herford, Studies, 191–193.

accomplish is done by craft. The play, much less impressive than the other two, shows the wearing down and weakening of a literary tradition in the hands of a lesser man, who catered to the public demand. Ironic it is that Marlowe's tremendous conception, as it was echoed on the stage, had descended from a tragic searching of the secret places of the soul to a pleasant entertainment which should while away an idle afternoon.

The trilogy of "practising magician" plays just discussed forms a striking example of the establishment of a dramatic vogue, after a single play of original type had pointed the way. Once on the stage, the figure of the "practising magician" endured in popular favor for decades.

Quite naturally, he appears in various aspects. Faustus represents the wandering scholar; Bacon, the ecclesiastic as magician,[1] — two very familiar types. John a Kent and his friend belong rather to the former than to the latter category. A third type is late to be developed, though it has some early representation. It is the banished nobleman, who takes up magic in his retirement as a solace or for purposes of revenge. A slight glimpse of him is seen long prior to "Faustus" in the character Bomelio of the mythological, masque-like court drama, "The Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune" (1582).[2] A cross-classification, previously noted, separates the magician who has signed the Devil-compact from him who practises magic by the mere force of his art.

All of these motives remained for a long time popular. It is almost impossible to see any significant ebb and flow in the material. The Devil-compact is a feature of Chapman's "Cæsar and Pompey," written early in the seventeenth century.[3] It is the centre of the charming anonymous play, "The Merry Devil of Edmonton" (lic. 1607),[4] in which the famous Peter Fabel, after luring the spirit Corbel

[1] Magic and damnable practices in general had, in the Protestant countries of the Renaissance, identified themselves with such ecclesiastics, partly because learning, so easily confusable with occult practices, was in fact largely in their hands; partly because the luxurious life of many of the Catholic prelates and clergy, and their acquisition of wordly power, had fostered the conception of nefarious compacts. "Luther," as Professor Ward remarks, "meant no metaphor when he described the clergy of the church of Rome as the Devil's priests, and the monk's hood as the proper way of Satan himself; and Calvin was in earnest when he termed necromants and magicians the agents of Hell, and Papists their slavish imitators" (Ward, Old English Drama, xxxii).

[2] "Shewed before her maiestie at Wyndesor, on the sondaie at night next before newe yeares daie," 1582 (A. Feuillerat, Documents relating to the Office of the Revels, 349; Dodsley's Old Plays [ed. W. C. Hazlitt], vol. 6 [see acts IV and V]).

[3] Variously dated 1604–13 (see T. M. Parrott's Plays and Poems of George Chapman, 1 : 655). Lic. 1631 (Arber's Stationers' Register, 4 : 219).

[4] *Ibid.*, 3 : 362. Text in Dodsley's Old Plays (ed. W. C. Hazlitt), vol. 10, and in C. F. Tucker Brooke's Shakespeare Apocrypha.

to sit in a magic chair from which he cannot escape, wrenches from him seven more years of freedom on earth. Carried out in a prologue of elaborate dumb-show, the signing of the contract forms a harrowing feature of Barnabe Barnes's "Devil's Charter" (1607),[1] where Alexander Borgia, by the usual exchange, obtains from the Devil the Popeship. Another Devil-contract may have been the theme of the non-extant "Machiavel and the Devil" of R. Daborne (1613).[2] The well-known story of the early Christian saint, Theophilus, is told in Massinger and Dekker's "Virgin Martyr" (lic. 1621).[3] A similar story of the early times of the church, employed by Calderon in his "Magico Prodigioso," is utilized by the author of "The Two Noble Ladies, or The Converted Conjurer."[4] A pseudo-contract, with a clever conclusion, is a feature of Davenport's "New Trick to Cheat the Devil" (pub. 1639).[5]

Belonging usually to the stock types are those who in the above-mentioned plays enter into contracts with the Devil. The mediæval magician is represented by Peter Fabel and by Cyprian of "The Two Noble Ladies." Such a one is the Landoff of "The Two Merry Milkmaids" (1620),[6] — a genial and helpful magician who by his art aids his friends and provides a pleasant entertainment for his ruler. "The Wizard" in the manuscript play of that name may be of the same confraternity.[7] The ecclesiastic as magician appears in Pope Alexander of "The Devil's Charter," and in Friar John of "A New Trick;" perhaps also he occurred in Henslowe's "Friar Fox and Gillian of Brentford (1599),[8] which may have been a comic rendering of the theme. Not as actual magician, but rather as controller of the powers of evil, Bishop Dunstan appeared in "A Merry Knack to Know a Knave" (1592).[9] His association in the popular mind with the Devil caused him to be used in "Grim, the Collier of Croydon" (1600)[10] as a "presenter." The third distinct stock figure among the magicians, the nobleman in banishment, is supremely exemplified in Pros-

[1] Ed. R. B. McKerrow in Bang's Materialen z. Kunde d. ält-Engl. Dramas, vol. 6 (see p. v).

[2] Referred to in Henslowe's Papers (ed. W. W. Greg), 65, 67, 68, 70–74, 90.

[3] (Arber's Stationers' Register, 4 : 24.) See Cunningham's ed. of Gifford's Plays of Massinger, xxi.

[4] See Bullen, Old Plays, 2 : 430. Dated by Fleay (Biog. Chron. Eng. Drama, 2 : 334), 1619–22. See Schelling, Elizabethan Drama, 2 : 239.

[5] Though probably written earlier. Pr. by Bullen, Old Plays (n. s.), vol. 3.

[6] By "J. C." (John Cumber?). Repr. Tudor Facsimile Texts.

[7] See Schelling, 1 : 360; Brit. Mus. Addit. MS. 10306 (not seen by the writer).

[8] Henslowe's Diary (ed. W. W. Greg), 102.

[9] Dodsley's Old Plays (ed. W. C. Hazlitt), vol. 6 (see Henslowe's Diary, ed. W. W. Greg, Part II, p. 156). Pub. 1594.

[10] Dodsley, vol. 8.

pero. The seer Aramanthus in "The Maid's Metamorphosis" (pub. 1600) [1] tells a story which clearly classifies him in the same group.[2]

Of important female magicians there are no full portraits, although several slight sketches. Here should be mentioned the Dipsas of Lyly's "Endimion" (1585?),[3] the Medea of Greene's "Alphonsus" (*c.* 1591?),[4] the Melissa of his "Orlando Furioso" (prod. 1592),[5] the Circe of William Browne's "Inner Temple Masque" (1615),[6] and the Delphia of "The Prophetess," attributed to Fletcher and Massinger (lic. 1622).[7] Most of these female wielders of magic are, as their names imply, an inheritance from classical literature. Since, according to Elizabethan experience, the only women engaged in magic were of a very vulgar sort indeed, the dignified enchantress was hardly possible except in a conception derived from, and closely modelled on, the classics. She is usually a minor character; and her occasional appearance seems accidental, depending solely on her occurrence in the subject-matter taken up by the dramatists for independent reasons.

The magician is now seen to have had, in his many forms, a very extended vogue. Hardly appearing before the production of Marlowe's "Faustus," in the late 80's, he enjoyed continuous and assured popularity until the end of the Jacobean period, — a popularity that was fully deserved, when we consider the effectiveness of the novel and spectacular scenes through which he strutted. The public continuously favored him for his theatric interest, just as it continuously shuddered over strange tales of his famous historical prototypes and his analogues in contemporary life. No special events in the history of his vogue need be sought for.

One special reason for his unusual popularity deserves mention, —

[1] Formerly ascribed to Lyly; and pr. in R. W. Bond's Lyly, vol. 3, and in Bullen's Old Plays, vol. 1.

[2] There are various plays containing figures bearing relations, close or distant, to the "practising magician." There are, for example, "Magi" in Greene and Lodge's Looking Glass for London and England (prod. by Henslowe, 1592, and written probably 1589 or 1590 [see Henslowe's Diary, ed. W. W. Greg, 13–15; and Introduction to the play in C. Collins's Greene, vol. 1]). These create a magic arbor (*Ibid.*, II. i. 490 sqq.; see also III. ii, 1173–1197), and perform other functions. A biblical influence seems to be present. In the very delightful anonymous comedy of bright ballad atmosphere, George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield (prod. by Henslowe, 1593 [see Diary, ed. W. W. Greg, 16]), the protagonist masquerades as a hermit-seer or fortune-teller (C. Collins's Greene, 2 : 524 sqq. [act II, sc. iii]; on the authorship of this play, formerly attributed to Greene, see W. W. Greg, quoting R. B. McKerrow, in Malone Soc. Collections, 1 [pt. 4] : 289, 290).

[3] See p. 449.

[4] Pub. 1599. Pr. in C. Collins's Greene, vol. 1 (see Introduction, p. 70).

[5] *Ibid.*, vol. 1. Prod. by Henslowe Feb. 21, 1592 (Diary, ed. W. W. Greg, 13).

[6] Hazlitt's Browne, 2 (1868) : 239.

[7] Works of Beaumont and Fletcher (ed. A. R. Waller), vol. 5 (see Schelling, Elizabethan Drama, 2 : 40; and J. Q. Adams, Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, 23).

the comedy to which the material concerning him readily lent itself. Even the dignified magician indulges freely in comic tricks, makes fun with his art. Still more fun is furnished by the parodies of some clown, typically the magician's stupid famulus or servant-scholar, or by the encounters of the latter with the Devil. The Devil himself is more apt to be a comic than a tragic figure, showing here an inheritance from one aspect of the Vice in the old moralities. The stomachs of the Elizabethans were less queasy, their appetites were more robust, than our own; and they got a rare satisfaction in making fun of the things which they believed — and feared.

The changing era made of the magician himself a jest. The living type, handed down from the middle ages, was in the early seventeenth century in the throes of approaching death: Dr. Dee was among the last of his line. Moreover, there had been so many exposures of fraudulent conjurers and sorcerers, that any special profession of high magic powers was open to suspicion. For these reasons, increasingly as the age progressed, any serious treatment of the figure was likely to seem to rational minds absurd. Most characteristically we should expect to see sceptical, hard-headed Ben Jonson ridiculing the magician's hocus-pocus and mystic balderdash; and we find him so doing, in his usual robust satirical style, in his masque of "The Fortunate Isles" (1624). The magician's paraphernalia, his illusions of spirits, his very devils, are irreverently joked with.

IV.

In several of the plays of magicians just considered, the Devil — or, if not his Majesty, then some potent evil spirit — has appeared as a major character. Usually he comes when summoned, as Mephistophilis to Faustus, remains to grant the magician the indulgences he has bought, and reappears at the end to claim the victim's soul. In other plays the Evil Powers intervene in the world on their own account. In many of the stories of magicians, the Devil, at the moment when the hero is in "despair," willing to renounce his religion, cursing his God, seizes the opportunity to run post-haste from hell, and, by sophistry or material inducements, to entice the soul when its powers of resistance are weakest. So he appears, without being summoned, to Fronto in "Cæsar and Pompey."

In other plays he appears of himself on mischief bent; sent, perhaps, to get information in the world, or to insnare souls, as the result of the deliberation of a council of devils. Such a theme is presented in "Grim, the Collier of Croydon" (1600).[1] The devils despatch Belphegor to earth to investigate amazing accounts of woman's wickedness. He is to marry, observe, return, and report.

[1] Dodsley's Old Plays (ed. W. C. Hazlitt), vol. 8.

Needless to say, he finds the worst to be true, and is finally glad to discover a convenient hole, through which he willingly sinks to hell. A similar story forms the basis of Ben Jonson's "Devil is an Ass" (1616). There the poor devil, Pug, is indeed a *dummer Teufel*, — outwitted, cozened at every turn. The satirical possibilities of the story made it attractive to Ben Jonson, and also gave it some permanency as a stage theme. It is used once more, after the Restoration, in John Wilson's "Belphegor" (1690).[1]

Meantime, in 1610, Dekker had got out a play,[2] based also on the theme of "the emissary to earth," in which not one devil, but three several devils, are sent out to investigate. One of these enters a monastery, becomes the cook, and corrupts the monks by rich fare. Here Dekker utilizes the well-known story of "Friar Rush."[3] Perhaps he had got the hint from a play of 1601 recorded by Henslowe, "Friar Rush and the Proud Woman of Antwerp."[4]

This motive of "the emissary to earth" is seen to be developed relatively late. Its characteristic making free with the Devil, vigorously satirizing the cult of him, and using him as a medium for equally vigorous satire of human foibles, and the equally characteristic presenting of accurate pictures of domestic life, fit very well the kind of realistic and satiric drama popular from Jonson's time on, but are not in keeping with the more highly romantic style of the 1590's. The motive was utilized when dramatic practice was ready for it. The conditions here are not very different from those of the real witch plays shortly to be discussed.

V.

All of the more vulgar traffickers in the supernatural may conveniently be considered in an inclusive grouping. In their number are prominent the conjurer, the wise woman, the witch, and similar figures, by whatever names called. Included are also even more vulgar frauds, charlatans, and knaves, who deluded credulous customers by any trick of legerdemain or mystic nonsense.

Elizabethan life was crowded with these figures, — all of them. Every person of ordinary experience had heard of many such. Con-

[1] Dramatic Works of John Wilson, 1874. The suggestion for this whole line of plays probably came in the first instance from Macchiavelli's story, The Marriage of Belphegor.

[2] If it Be not Good, the Devil is in It. Pr. Dramatic Works of Thos. Dekker, 1873, vol. 3.

[3] In the many versions of his printed history he appears as a malignant fiend, who, under the disguise of a friar, brings a religious house to dire confusion. In ultimate origin, probably a house cobold (see references in G. L. Kittredge's article, "The Friar's Lantern and Friar Rush," in Pub. Mod. Lang. Ass'n, 15 : 415, No. 4, footnote).

[4] Payments made to John Day and Wm. Haughton July 4, 14, Nov. 9, 29, 1601 (Henslowe's Diary, ed. W. W. Greg, 143–151, 164).

jurers, for example, of one type or another, were common. The careers of persons like Reade, Forman, Lambe, and Hartley,[1] are well known. Such conjurers drove a brisk and varied trade. Perhaps most commonly they performed some species of medical quackery, or "unwitched" the diseased with a vulgar sort of exorcism. By various charms, incantations, and philters they professed to excite or to cool love. Often they performed divination for the location of hidden treasure or lost or stolen goods; or they told fortunes or cast horoscopes. If the conjurer were unscrupulous and willing to take the risk, — a risk freely assumed when convictions were difficult to secure and relatively few, — he might even furnish powders and charms, or perform magic rites, to lame and to kill.

The more trivial, more innocuous of these activities were the regular stock in trade of numerous professional *wise* or *cunning women*. In addition, they commonly practised midwifery. The *wise woman*, as such, appears to have a more definite status than the *wise man*. Actual examples, with well-attested histories, are, from the relative obscurity of the subject, difficult to adduce, but references to such persons are numerous.[2] Heywood's "Wise Woman of Hogsdon" may be taken as a racy, faithful portrait of the least rascally, most benevolent type.

The witch who was tried and condemned in the Elizabethan courts differed from the wise woman, customarily, in having no professional status. Her nefarious practices were usually for her own petty advancement or to satisfy her own petty grudges. Typically — though by no means always — from the lowest stratum of society, she lived in some hovel in abject poverty, in grossest immorality. She was reputed to employ — usually, on trial, was made to confess that she kept at her house, in the form of dogs, cats, toads, or other "lewd"

[1] Simon Reade was a quack physician and cunning man of Southwark. In the former capacity he was finally prosecuted by the College of Physicians (1602) for practising without a license; in the latter he was indicted for conjuration and the invocation of unclean spirits, though eventually he received the royal pardon (1608). Simon Forman practised quackery and necromantic arts from 1597 to his death in 1611. He claimed the power to discover lost treasure, and was especially successful in his dealings with women, being called in by the infamous Countess of Essex to practise magic inducing love. Lambe and Hartley were on a lower level. The former was a rogue willing to turn his hand to nearly any conjuration, or quackery, or crime. Edmund Hartley is now remembered chiefly through his connection with the celebrated Starchie case (1596–97). As a noted conjurer, he had been called in to quiet the stricken Starchie children, but was accused eventually of having communicated an evil spirit to them, and was convicted and hanged for drawing a magic circle (see G. L. Kittredge, "English Witchcraft and James I," in Toy Presentation Volume; Dict. Nat. Biog.; Social England, vol. 4; Wm. Lilly's History; Forman's Diary; Notestein's History of English Witchcraft). See reference to Reade in Ben Jonson's Alchemist, I. i.; and to Lambe, in his Staple of News, conversation of the gossips at end act III.

[2] See Notestein's History, 20–22, and references there cited.

small animals — familiar spirits to do her bidding. Their services she had obtained from the Devil by selling her soul. Them she rewarded by allowing them to suck her body. Sexual relations with the familiars or the Devil himself were confidently believed in, and frequently confessed, as well as participation in orgiastic "Witches' Sabbaths." Their familiars the witches employed nearly always for personal ends, — sometimes to obtain love for the witch; more often to steal goods; still more often to feed fat the witches' grudges against neighbors who had reviled them or refused them alms or petty gifts. Accordingly the familiars were used to spoil domestic processes, such as baking or brewing; to cause ailments in neighbors' geese, hogs, or cattle; to afflict neighbors or their more easily susceptible children with wasting sickness or fits; to lame and even to kill.

Such was the ordinary conception of the witch during the reigns of Elizabeth and James, as brought out in dozens of trials.[1] We shall not be wrong if we describe witchcraft agitation during this period as simply continuous. For the playwrights and the public, witchcraft in general, and known cases thereof, must have been a topic of unceasing conversation. Everybody knew some old hag who was reputed to be a witch; there were prosecutions for witchcraft, particularly in Middlesex and the neighboring counties, almost every year;[2] and that the facts of witchcraft might not become stale and dull, sensational cases periodically excited the imagination of the public, — cases that were typically reported in the greedily devoured tracts which in that day served instead of the lucubrations of the modern yellow press.

Some of the more famous trials may be briefly mentioned. In 1566, at Chelmsford, Essex, not far from London, Mother Waterhouse was executed for the keeping of cat and toad familiars that she used "to kill geese, hogs, and cattle of neighbors," and "at length . . . to kill a neighbor whom she disliked, and finally her own husband."[3] In 1579, and again in 1589, further outbreaks at Chelmsford resulted in the execution of three women on each occasion.[4] Meantime, in the same county, and not far from Chelmsford, at St. Oses, or St. Osyth's, had occurred one of the most remarkable affairs in Elizabethan times. Ursley Kemp, accused of laming and killing neighbors and

[1] The details are repeated again and again. Dr. Notestein's History summarises conveniently a vast quantity of this evidence.

[2] Of all the years of Elizabeth's reign, only in eight early years has Dr. Notestein failed to find prosecutions for witchcraft, and the gaps here are in all likelihood merely a lack of extant evidence. His records for James's reign show only one blank year (see Appendix C to his History). "London was . . . the centre of the belief, . . . [and] the counties adjacent to it could . . . claim more than two-thirds of the executions" (51).

[3] See Notestein's History, 35, 385, and references.

[4] *Ibid.*, 38–40, 387, 390, and references.

their children, was made to confess to feeding four imps, — Tyffin, Tittey, Piggen, and Jacket. Her confessions involved others, until ultimately sixteen persons were accused, of whom thirteen seem to have been executed.[1] Another trial of unusual interest was that at Warboys, Huntingdonshire (1593). Mother Samuel, her daughter Agnes, and her husband John, were all executed for tormenting by spirits the children of the prominent Throckmorton family.[2] The activities of John Darrel (chiefly 1596–97), who professed to exorcise the possessed, and controversy over whom started an elaborate pamphlet war, should not be overlooked.[3] In 1602–03 the trial of Elizabeth Jackson at London excited much attention.[4]

Aroused by these and other less famous cases, public opinion put through, in the second year of James's reign, a new statute imposing death as the penalty for all maleficent witchcraft, whether it resulted in death or not, and otherwise slightly increasing the severity of the existing law.[5] For a number of years after the passing of this statute, the agitation, though continuous, was mild. Then occurred, in 1612, the sensational case at Pendle, Lancashire, as a result of which ten persons were sentenced to death.[6] Of special interest in this study of the drama are the case at Edmonton, Middlesex, in 1621, when Elizabeth Sawyer was hanged; and the second Lancashire case, 1633, when probably seventeen witches were tried and condemned, although later reprieved by the King.[7] Both of these cases, especially the latter, aroused widespread interest, and were abundantly represented in pamphlet publications and in literature.

The cases just mentioned are only a few of the most celebrated.[8] The agitation, in fact, seems endemic throughout practically the whole sweep of the Elizabethan drama. It should be observed in particular that public interest and discussion on witchcraft and all related themes must have been active for several decades before 1600. The whole group of conjurers, wise women, and witches was thoroughly familiar. Hence portraits of such persons in literature were sure to be readily recognized and understood. Yet, surprisingly enough, the occurrences of these figures in the drama down almost to the new century

[1] See Notestein's History, 40–46, 388, and references.

[2] *Ibid.*, 46–51, 391, and references.

[3] *Ibid.*, chap. iv, and references.

[4] *Ibid.*, 395, and references.

[5] *Ibid.*, 101–106. King James was not responsible. His reputation has been conclusively cleared by G. L. Kittredge, "English Witchcraft and James I," in Toy Presentation Volume, pp. 9 ff.

[6] Notestein, *loc. cit.*, 121–130, 397, 398, and references.

[7] *Ibid.*, 136 (footnote), 146–157, 400, 402, and references.

[8] See Notestein's book, *passim*, for descriptions of others and reference to the original literature.

are few, and such representations as do find place are seldom sketched from contemporary life.

The earlier conjurers and witches in the drama are borrowed, instead, with little change, from conventional "characters" in other literatures. In particular, a debt to the Italian is shown in a number of interesting plays. In Gascoigne's well-known "Supposes" (1566),[1] translated from Ariosto's "I Suppositi," the parasite Pasiphilo exhibits a pretended knowledge of palmistry.[2] In two other plays adapted from the Italian, or showing Italian influences, a stock character is brought over bodily. This person, the fraudulent or pretended conjurer, had a well-established vogue in Italian comedy of the sixteenth century [3] before Grazzini took it up in his "La Spiritata" (1561), and combined with it another motive, — that of hoaxing a man into the belief that his house is haunted by spirits. This play the unknown English author [4] of "The Bugbears" of the middle sixties has followed with reasonable fidelity. In the chief "nigromantick" scene of the play,[5] the English writer has added to the burlesque enumeration of spirits in the original a few from English nursery tales, — etins and pickhorns,

> "puckes, puckerels, hob howlard, bygorn, & Robin Goodfellow;"
> "hob Goblin, Rawhead, & bloudibone the ouglie."

He has at the same time added to his "cunning man," one Trappola, the significant attribute of quack medicine, — a profession which he knew was practised by English analogues of Grazzini's type-character. We may accordingly regard the Englishman as making an approach in his own way, and according to the standards of his time, toward a realistic portrait.[6]

Unlike "The Bugbears," the "education play," "Misogonus," [7] of unproved authorship, and of date undetermined within the sixties or seventies,[8] is not translated from the Italian. It evinces, however, many Italian influences. It exhibits once more a "pretended con-

[1] For text and discussion, see R. W. Bond, Early Plays from the Italian.

[2] I. ii.

[3] See full discussion by Bond, *loc. cit.*, Introd.

[4] Signed at the end of act V of the manuscript "Johannus Jeffere scribebat hoc." Author, or merely a scribe? See Bond's Introd. for this and for the question of date.

[5] III. iii.

[6] Of course the whole thing is a pretence, but, barring its obvious burlesque features, is within itself consistent.

[7] Also in Bond's Early Plays from the Italian.

[8] Bond dates 1576–77. Previous commentators had dated in the sixties. The leading candidate for authorship is "Laurentius Barlœus," whose name adorns the title-page of the manuscript. Professor Kittredge is inclined to consider this a pseudonymous anagram (Bar = "son of," Iona = "John," — "Johnson") for "Laurence Johnson" (Journ. of Germanic Philol., 3 [1901] : 335–341; and Bond's Introd.).

jurer," one Cacurgus, who, like Trappola, professes both magic and medical arts.[1] His portrait is clearly a feebler drawing of the same Italian stock character.

The Italian group includes another play, of much later date and firmer workmanship, featuring this time a witch (or wise woman) and bawd. The play is "Fidele and Fortunio, or The Two Italian Gentlemen"[2] (1584), an adaptation of the "Il Fedele" of Luigi Pasqualigo (1575).[3] The particular character of interest in "Fidele and Fortunio" is Medusa, called a witch, who in one scene names over a long list of charms, and who later in a graveyard attempts with a waxen image a conjuration for love. She also exercises the trade of bawd under cover of peddling. The whole conception of Medusa is conventional and foreign. There are few English borrowings;[4] we have only another stock Italian character bodily transported, and even this appears to have had no influence.[5] The time for the witch on the stage was not yet ripe.

The figure in "Fidele and Fortunio," sunk in the practice of black sorcery as she was, could hardly be called by any other name than "witch;" yet in her generally handy character, particularly in her capacity as bawd, she bears some analogies to the more harmless professional wise or cunning woman. A clear example of the latter type, in a very English dress, of a realism not hitherto approached, is John Lyly's "Mother Bombie" (*c.* 1590?). The indefatigable seeker after sources has been unable to discover a definite source for this play; and in particular the title-character seems, contrary to Lyly's

[1] See III. iii.

[2] Pub. in Malone Soc. Reprints, 1909. See W. W. Greg's spirited discussion of the authorship in Malone Soc. Collections, 1 (pt. 3) : 218–226. Collier (in Hist. Eng. Dramatic Poetry, 3 : 242) quoted a somewhat suspicious dedication on a copy which apparently no one else has ever seen, signed "A. M." Charles Crawford, in his ed. of England's Parnassus, ascribed the play to Chapman, chiefly on the strength of some lines from Fidele and Fortunio there quoted over Chapman's name. T. M. Parrott, Chapman's latest editor, is inclined to think that, even though Collier's dedication may be a forgery, the play is in all probability Munday's (Mod. Philol., 13 : 65 ff., No. 5 [September, 1915]).

[3] Another version was made by Abraham Fraunce, in his Latin comedy Victoria, prior to the year 1583. Ed. G. C. Moore Smith in Bang's Materialen, vol. 14 (1906).

[4] The Pedant, who observes the conjuration from the harborage of a tomb, parodies Medusa's enumeration of devils, adding a few of his own, *sotto voce:* —

> "Ottamanus, Sophye, Turke, and the great Cham:
> Robin goodfellowe, Hobgoblin, the deuill and his dam."
> (II. ii.)

There may also be something of an English conception in Medusa's side-trade of bawd under cover of peddling (IV. i).

[5] Collier doubted that the play was ever acted (Hist. Eng. Dramatic Poetry, 3 : 241), and his opinion has been echoed by Fleay (Biog. Chron., 2 : 113) and by Ward (Eng. Dramatic Lit., 1 : 431). Greg believes the play saw some popularity on the stage (Malone Soc. Collections, 1 [pt. 3] : 226).

practice, to be a portrait, according to the standards of the time and the author, of an English type.[1] Mother Bombie is represented as a benevolent "wise woman," who, though accused of being a witch, denies it, and gives no evidence of trafficking with infernal powers. She is able, according to repute, to "tell fortunes, expound dreames, tell of things that be lost, and devine of accidents to come;" and all these attributes she exemplifies in the play. To her nearly all the characters in the tangled web of the plot troop for advice; and although they are for the moment much mystified by her prognostications in oracular doggerel, at the end, when they all compare notes, they agree that the old woman has spoken true, and praise her kindliness and good works.

The gentleness of this portrait, if, as seems probable, it is an idealized drawing from observation, is remarkable, yet, on fuller consideration, is fully consistent with Lyly's dramatic practice. He has taken as model a racy figure (the very highest of her type, in the first place), and refined and ennobled her to fit into his usual graceful comedy, — a comedy which, in contrast to later Elizabethan practice, did not allow the vulgarly grotesque. The comedy of Lyly's period is not realistic, and Lyly's own work least of all so.

In chronological progression we turn now to four plays of the highest interest, all belonging to the Shakespearean canon, — the first and second parts of "Henry VI" (1590–92?), "Richard III" (1593), and "The Comedy of Errors" (1591?). In these we find very illuminating use of the witch and conjurer.

Shakespeare and his collaborators in "1 Henry VI" have often been reviled for degrading the heroic figure of Joan of Arc to a common witch; yet they were but perpetuating the English national tradition; following, moreover, the well-reputed authority of Holinshed. The chronicler is nevertheless everywhere greatly expanded; brief incidents are made over into lengthy scenes, and the merest hints into important passages. Throughout the play, Talbot and others are made to hurl at Joan the accusation of witchcraft.[2] The real witch scenes, which show significant elaboration of Holinshed, are in the fifth act. In v. iii we are suddenly in the midst of genuine witch-lore, which bases on Holinshed only for the general hint that Joan practised witchcraft. Here Joan, or "La Pucelle," dismayed at the failure of the French, calls on her spirits for help; but they refuse their aid, as the spirits customarily did when the witch was about to fall. Joan offers increasing rewards, — she will feed them with her blood, "lop a member off," "pay recompense" with her body, or finally give "body, soul, and all." But the spirits troop silently away, and

[1] See R. W. Bond's Lyly, vol. 3, Introd.

[2] I. v. 5–7; II. i. 14, 15, 25, 26; III. ii. 38, 39, 52, 121, 122; III. iii. 58, 59.

immediately thereafter Joan is captured. Act v, scene iv, shows further elaborations, repeating incidents found in many a witch trial. There is the usual denial of the crime: and then, when Joan sees that avowal of her pure virgin life will avail not a whit to save her, she makes a plea often heard to stay execution of witches; namely, that she is with child.[1] This feature comes from Holinshed, but not the gloating elaboration of the plea, Pucelle fathering her child upon three men in succession. All failing, the witch goes forth to her execution, cursing in characteristic fashion, and calling down vengeance on her prosecutors: —

> "Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave my curse:
> May never glorious sun reflex his beams
> Upon the country where you make abode!
> But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
> Environ you; till mischief and despair
> Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!"

Certain details, gathered from current knowledge of witches, are thus seen in "1 Henry VI" to have been added to the meagre material of Holinshed. But these are the most commonplace stock features of witchcraft; there is none of the tang of individual cases and incidents; moreover, the whole treatment of the thing is formal, — the verse is lofty, the statement couched in stiff, conventional, almost affected style. We are still a long way from any faithful study of the Elizabethan witch.

The second part of "Henry VI" provides a scene[2] which is somewhat more vulgar. "Margery Jordan, the cunning witch, and Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer," at the instance of the Duchess of Gloucester, raise with due ceremonies the spirit Asmath, who, on demand, speaks the fates that shall befall the king and other prominent political personages. Hardly has the fiend given his information when the party is surprised and apprehended. Needless to say, their punishment is severe; the Duchess being condemned to banishment, the witch to be burned in Smithfield, and Bolingbroke and other men concerned to be strangled on the gallows.[3] The punishment meted out to the sorcerers would have been readily understood by the Elizabethan, since the statute of 1562 had fixed the death-penalty for those who used conjurations of evil and wicked

[1] An interesting example is that of Mother Samuel in the celebrated Warboys case (1593) previously alluded to. I quote Notestein (50): "The mother was induced to plead pregnancy as a delay to execution, but after an examination by a jury was adjudged not pregnant. The daughter [Agnes] had been urged to make the same defence, but spiritedly replied, 'It shall never be said that I was both a witch and a whore.'" The plea was a very common one.

[2] I. iv.

[3] II. iii. 1–13.

spirits;[1] and conjurations such as those of the play, directed toward finding out from spirits when Elizabeth's life would end, or, more heinously, toward actually practising against her life, were common, and greatly disturbed the Queen's ministers.[2] Yet, close to contemporary life as the thing is, the outlines are supplied by the chronicles much more absolutely than in the La Pucelle scenes.[3] The writers of "2 Henry VI" (or, rather, the writers of the old play, "The First Part of the Contention," from which the witchcraft scenes are reproduced, with no significant change, in "2 Henry VI") are merely reporting history with artistic alterations and the supplying of detail from stores of common knowledge.

A further historical witchcraft allusion, which has in fact actually condensed the chronicle, may briefly be dismissed. It is the well-known scene in "Richard III" (III. iv) where Gloucester, pulling back his left sleeve, exhibits his arm which had been shrunken from birth, and charges the deformity to witchcraft: —

> "Look how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
> Is like a blasted sapling, wither'd up;
> And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
> Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
> That by their witchcraft thus have marked me."

This is Holinshed, III. 722, with only verbal alterations. The scene may be regarded as entirely historical.

Of greater significance than any of the preceding plays is "The Comedy of Errors." Mere hints in the "Menaechmi" of Plautus, and perhaps a scene also in the same writer's "Amphitryon," are made the occasion for racy commentary and faithful detail copied seemingly from actual observation. The inextricable confusion caused by the mistakes in identity furnish the cue. Whereas in the "Menaechmi" the characters only consider that they are being made fun of or that their interlocutors are out of their heads,[4] the Antipholuses and the Dromios conjecture the explanation that would naturally occur to the Elizabethan; namely, that the confusion can be explained only on the supposition that witchcraft and sorcery have been at work. "Lapland sorcerers" inhabit the place, aver Antipholus of Syracuse and his man Dromio; the Courtesan is "Mistress Satan, the Devil, the Devil's dam, fiend, witch, sorceress," — "as you are all."[5] But one conclusion is to be drawn from all this wild

[1] For analysis of the law, see G. L. Kittredge, "English Witchcraft and James I," in Toy Presentation Volume, p. 8.

[2] See Notestein, 18, 19, 24–28; and, for additional brief notices, Notestein's Appendix C, under years 1578, 1584, 1589, 1594.

[3] Hall is here closer than Holinshed (Hall's Chronicle, 1850, p. 202).

[4] Menaechmi, II. ii, iv; III. iii; IV. iii; V. ii.

[5] I. ii. 97–102; II. ii. 190–202; III. ii. 149–161; IV. iii. 45–82.

talk: Antipholus of Syracuse and his man are mad, and require treatment. The very funny scene where this is given (IV. iv) is shifted from the Latin, and made to conform to Elizabethan life. The legitimate physician of Plautus has become the schoolmaster Pinch, —

"A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch," —

who is known as a conjurer, and who (following Elizabethan practice) attempts to eject the fiend from the possessed by exorcism: —

"I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven." [1]

Pinch's charms being too weak, master and man are bound,[2] — only to escape, and nearly kill the conjurer.

Now, this scene has a strongly realistic smack. A case of madness was regularly assumed as "possession" by the Elizabethan; and either a clergyman (under certain circumstances),[3] or more often the local conjurer, was called upon to eject the fiend. In "The Comedy of Errors" we accordingly have a bit of realism far in advance of anything hitherto encountered, — an innovation, indeed, in the dramatic practice of the 1590's.

Certain confident generalizations can now be made as to the handling of witch and conjurer down to the middle 90's, to be more specific down to 1597 or 1598, — years which, as will appear shortly, mark a significant break for this material. Prior to these years there are the figures of conjurer and witch borrowed from other literatures, as the Italian, and also similar figures brought over quite incidentally from historical accounts into chronicle histories retold to display the great incidents of the national past. In both groups some elaboration from the writer's observation is to be expected. In only very few plays, like "Mother Bombie" and "The Comedy of Errors," and those plays comedies or actual farces, to which realism easily adapts itself, do we find racy portraits from life.

[1] IV. iv. 57–60.

[2] Compare the practical joke on Malvolio in Twelfth Night, III. iv, IV. ii. Here Malvolio, whom the conspirators pretend to consider mad, is confined and bound in order that he may be freed of the evil spirit, who has no liking for straight-jackets. The practice was common in such circumstances.

[3] Particularly by the Catholics. Rev. John Darrel (himself a Puritan) was the most notorious of the exorcists. See full discussion, with many contemporary references, in Notestein, chap. IV. Over the exorcists raged an extended pamphlet controversy, in which the most celebrated document is Harsnett's Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures (L., 1605). For the fits of the Starchie children (1597) Dr. Dee had advised the help of "godlie preachers" (Notestein, 79). See Ben Jonson's attitude on pretended possession and exorcism, below, p. 481.

Yet even here there is nothing drastic, nothing photographic, none of that "dirty drab" which we are accustomed to associate with the word "realism," and which surely finds expression abundantly in the works, of a later date, from the pens of such men as Jonson. The gross sensationalism of the witch accounts over which the public gloated, — the revolting details, for instance (rather than a mere mention), of intercourse with familiars, of the petty animosities of wrinkled old hags, of the vulgar tricks of our Faces and Subtles, — are prior to 1597 strangely absent. Enough has been said to show that throughout the reign of Elizabeth no figures were to the masses, high and low, more familiar than those of the wise woman and the witch. The playwrights, men of their time, show besides, by casual allusion, full knowledge of the ordinary facts of witchcraft and sorcery. Yet material basing thereon is scanty almost to the turn of the century; while such utilizations as exist are treated "romantically," — idealized and purified. Why, — the question insistently forces itself on us, — why, with the continuous and abounding interest clearly seen in all aspects of the supernatural, in none more than in the vulgar figures we have just been discussing, is there no topical drama of witchcraft whatever, and only a very meagre expression of anything that could be likened to realism?

The reasons can be none other than purely literary reasons, explicable solely from the history of Elizabethan dramatic practice and the vogue of dramatic types. First, the drama up to the middle 90's is not as a whole topical. Its plots are borrowed from English history, Italian story, classic legends, mediæval tales[1] — from any source rather than contemporary life. It does not photograph its own times. It hardly copies even court life, and ignores almost completely, except for very rough comedy, the life of the lower classes. Some progress toward realism is evident in the 90's, but the fashion of dramatizing any and every thing had not yet set in.

That being true, the omission is not difficult to understand. Certainly the witch and her coterie were figures too unpoetical for tragedy of the higher sort. For comic effect they were more suitable; yet, if they were to be used here, some readjustments were necessary. The guiltless wise woman was easily adaptable, as was the relatively trivial figure of the magician's man; but the shadow of her terrible compact and fearful doom still hung over the witch. Low comedy was not yet ready for her. With the tone of "domestic drama" she harmonized more perfectly, but "domestic drama" as a type was yet unknown on the English stage.

Finally, her vogue was simply not established. There was at

[1] A glance at the topical chapters in Schelling's Elizabethan Drama will establish this point.

hand, to be sure, abundant material for plays of witchcraft; but such an abundance by no means assures the writing and production of plays based thereon, even if the public is actually in a mood to receive them. As in the case of "Faustus" a successful magician play started a long line of dramas on similar themes, so here a successful witch play was needed to initiate the dramatic vogue of this particular type.

VI.

The evidence for the initiation of such a vogue in 1597 is not conclusive only because the plays no longer survive. The indispensable Henslowe tells the story. In December, 1597, he mentions "Mother Redcap." [1] This is probably a study of a wise woman, continuing the type of play got under way by Lyly's "Mother Bombie." [2] Earlier in the same year Henslowe notes a performance of "The Witch of Islington." [3] By the next year had been written "Black Joan." [4] The former was either an out-and-out witch play, or else such a play with political bearings.[5] The latter, in all probability, was a witch play also. If we may judge from the titles and the growing realism of dramatic treatment, they were of a kind far closer to actual life than those hitherto considered. The approach toward realistic drama, especially comedy, may be studied in the pages of the literary historians. It is especially associated with a new group of writers, all of whom began to produce very close to this time. The dramatic careers of Ben Jonson and of Dekker start about 1597; of Heywood, probably in 1596; of Chapman, probably in 1596; of Marston, about 1599. In some degree in all these writers a trend toward realism is evident, — a trend continued in others who shortly followed. The stage career of Middleton, for instance, begins by 1602; of Webster, *c.* 1602.[6]

[1] Payments made to Munday and Drayton, Dec. 22, 28, 1597; Jan. 5, 1598 (Henslowe's Diary, ed. W. W. Greg, 82, 83).

[2] Mother Redcap is mentioned in Heywood's Wise Woman of Hogsdon (I. ii; IV).

[3] July 14, 28, 1597 (Henslowe's Diary, ed. W. W. Greg, 54).

[4] In Henslowe's inventory of books belonging to the stock, and bought since March 3, 1598 (Henslowe's Papers, ed. W. W. Greg, 121). It is mentioned there along with other plays of recent production.

[5] One of Ben Jonson's notes to his Masque of Queens may be apposite. He is speaking of waxen images: "Bodin. Daemon., lib. ii. cap. 8, hath . . . a relation of a French ambassador's, out of England, of certain pictures of wax, found in a dunghill near Islington, of our late queen's: which rumour I myself (being then very young) can yet remember to have been current" (Note to passage on pp. 111, 112, in Gifford's ed., revised by Cunningham, vol. 7).

[6] Jonson received money from Henslowe on July 28, 1597; he was engaged on a play on Dec. 3, 1597. Dekker received payments for a play called Phaeton on Jan. 15, 1598. Money is recorded as lent by Henslowe "for Heywood's book" in a list of sums put out

It was high time that witchcraft themes should be taken up, for, as previously pointed out, the witchcraft agitation had been continuous and strong in England from the early years of the reign of Elizabeth. The dramatists, finally responding to the interest of the public of which they formed a part, manifest the fullest preoccupation with witchcraft and all related themes during the thirty years 1597–1627 or thereabouts. Their most active concern is indicated in the first two decades of the seventeenth century. In the period of dramatic activity there are numerous scenes and more numerous references in vast variety of kind and treatment. Much of the material is new to the English drama, or, if not entirely new, is yet for the first time clearly revealed.

The careers of conjurers like Lambe and Forman have already been mentioned. With the advance in realistic treatment, such figures now become very popular in the drama. It is difficult to distinguish between the conjurer who had some belief in his own powers, and arrant rascals who were merely bleeding credulous dupes. All such persons may be conveniently grouped together.

Their vogue in the first few decades of the seventeenth century may be seen from a rapid survey of the principal plays which feature them. Dekker's "Whore of Babylon" (1604) [1] presents two doctors, Paridel and Ropus, as well as a hired conjurer, who practise in various ways — by means of a waxen image, poison, or actual violence — to murder the Queen. In the lively "Puritan, or The Widow of Watling Street" (pr. 1607),[2] usually referred to as "The Puritan Widow," is presented a group of more downright rogues and impostors, particularly one George Pye-Board, who pretends to be a fortune-teller and physician, and one Peter Skirmish, a "figure-caster, or a conjurer." A rogue of suave professional manners is the quack physician, said to be "exquisite in the art of magic," Dr. Glister of Middleton's "Family of Love" (1607).[3] Jonson's "Alchemist" (1610) is a very notable exposure of a group of rogues, who with only a smattering of learned terms, or what pass as such with their dupes, are ready to practise almost any art that will bring them in money. Their leading line is of course transmutation of metals, but they have many

"since October 14," 1596. Chapman's Blind Beggar of Alexandria was prod. by Henslowe Feb. 12, 1596. Marston received from Henslowe money toward a play on Sept. 28, 1599. Middleton's Blurt, Master Constable was pub. 1602, but The Old Law may have been written in 1599. Webster collaborated in the plays Caesar's Fall and The Two Harpies, for which Henslowe made payments May 22, 29, 1602 (see Henslowe's Diary, ed. W. W. Greg, 28, 45, 70, 82, 83, 112, 166, 167; and Works of Thomas Middleton, ed. A. H. Bullen, I. xiv, xv).

[1] Pub. 1607, but doubtless written shortly after Elizabeth's death. See Dramatic Works of Thomas Dekker, 2 (1873) : especially 189, 195, 196, 226, 227, 250, 263, 264.

[2] In C. F. Tucker Brooke's Shakespeare Apocrypha.

[3] In Bullen's Middleton, vol. 3 (II. iii, iv; III. iv, v, vi).

other strings to their bow. Chiefly as an astrologer does Albumazra, in Tomkins's play of that name (1614),[1] convince his dupes, although his rogueries range widely.

A group of very low cheats and rascals must now claim our attention. In "The Widow," by Middleton and others (*c.* 1616?),[2] there operates a pretended mountebank empiric, Latrocina, who does not display, however, the usual magic and mysticism. Not so in "The Mountebank's Masque" (1618), attributed to Marston,[3] where the title-character exercises the double function of physician and conjurer. In "The Bloody Brother, or Rollo, Duke of Normandy" (*c.* 1616?),[4] by Fletcher (and others?), figure prominently a group of very low quacks and rogues indeed, five in number, who practise astrology, medicine, fortune-telling, divination for the recovery of stolen goods, the figuring of distant events in a magic glass, and in general all the more disreputable pursuits of the rascally "cunning man." A rogue certainly no more respectable is the Forobosco of "The Fair Maid of the Inn" (lic. 1626).[5] Forobosco is a pretended astrologer and conjurer who has a "clown" as assistant, — a figure parallel to the magician's comic famulus.

It is refreshing to turn from these cheats to a few persons of respectability and honesty. Such is the Peter Vecchio of Fletcher's "The Chances" (*c.* 1615?),[6] a gentle schoolmaster who for benevolent ends plays a part as wizard and astrologer. Another respectable character is a gentleman devoted to alchemy who is introduced in Middleton's "Anything for a Quiet Life" (1617?).[7]

Conjurers, astrologers, wise men, cheats, and frauds of every grade of respectability, of diverse attributes and practices, are thus seen to have been extremely popular on the stage for the first three decades of the century. Such figures lend themselves readily to comic or satiric

[1] In Dodsley's Old Plays (ed. W. C. Hazlitt), vol. 11. See also Ward, Eng. Dramatic Lit., 3 : 179, 180.

[2] In Bullen's Middleton, vol. 5 (see especially IV. i, ii). Variously dated 1608–25. See Bullen, *loc. cit.*, 1 : lxxxvii; Fleay, Biog. Chron., 2 : 106; and Ward, Eng. Dramatic Lit., 2 : 520.

[3] In Works of Marston (ed. A. H. Bullen), vol. 3. J. P. Collier professed to have seen a manuscript copy on which Marston's name was pencilled in a contemporary hand.

[4] In Works of Beaumont and Fletcher (ed. A. R. Waller), vol. 4 (see especially IV. i, ii; v. ii). On date, see Ward, Eng. Dramatic Lit., 2 : 734; and G. C. Macaulay in Camb. Hist. Eng. Lit., 6 : 146.

[5] J. Q. Adams, Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, 31. In Waller's Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. 6 (see especially II. i; III. i; IV. i; v. i). Fletcher's authorship (even in part) is doubtful. See G. C. Macaulay in Camb. Hist. Eng. Lit., 6 : 149, 158.

[6] In Waller's Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. 4 (see especially act v). On date, see Schelling, Elizabethan Drama, 2 : 207. The Prol. in the printed version (1647) was written for a revival after Fletcher's death, probably 1625 or 1626.

[7] So Bullen (Middleton, 1 : lxxxvii) and Ward (Eng. Dramatic Lit., 2 : 523). In Bullen's Middleton, vol. 5 (especially I. i. 91–93, 318–335; v. ii. 275–280).

effect, and are constantly so used. Their portraits are decidedly realistic: their originals were well known in Elizabethan life, and the copies follow the models closely. The vogue of the figures survived well into the Restoration. John Wilson, whom we have already noticed as concerned with themes of this kind, presents in the Mopus of his "Cheats" (1662) an impecunious astrologer and physician, and in the Sir Gudgeon Credulous of his "Projectors" (1664),[1] a projecting knight who is called a "star-gazer, quack, Chaldean," and the like.

Nor are women's parts, of nature similar to those just discussed, unrepresented. The Fat Woman of Brainford or Brentford, often referred to in "The Merry Wives" as a cunning woman, will be at once recalled, and the humiliation to which the Fat Knight was put in assuming her character. Finally, in Heywood's "Wise Woman of Hogsdon" (*c.* 1604) [2] we have a perfectly inimitable portrait of this familiar figure in Elizabethan life. Vulgar, resourceful, with dozens of trades, and with innumerable tricks up her sleeve, she nevertheless, through her vigorous if coarse humor, her abounding good nature, and her essential kindliness, endears herself to the reader.

One favorite device of imposture has not so far received mention. It is a pretended possession by spirits, to imitate actual madness as it was conceived by the Elizabethans. The case of Edgar in "Lear," who was troubled by the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet, will at once be recalled, and the treatment of Malvolio in "Twelfth Night" (here the imposture is on the part of his tormentors). The motive was a favorite one with Jonson. There is a scene of possession in act v, scene viii, of "Volpone;" but it is in "The Devil Is an Ass" that he has used the motive most notably, in the elaborate counterfeit attack of Fitzdottrel.[3] Middleton also used the motive. A pretended possession is mentioned in his "Game of Chess" (1624),[4] and what seems a real one in his "Phoenix" (1607).[5] A hit at the Catholic exorcisers may be seen in the efforts of the Irish priest, Tegue O'Divelly, in the Restoration Lancashire witch play, — Shadwell's, of 1681.[6]

The "haunted house" theme, previously noted in "The Bugbears," had, after the turn of the century, considerable popularity. It may be studied in Middleton's "Blurt, Master Constable" (pub. 1602),[7] in

[1] Dramatic Works of John Wilson (ed. Jas. Maidment and W. H. Logan), 1874 (see especially pp. 23–25, 36, 39, 40, 48–50, 56–58, 71–74, 85–87, 221).

[2] In Dramatic Works of Thomas Heywood, vol. 5 (1874). On date, see Fleay, Biog. Chron., 1 : 291.

[3] v. iii, v. See a full discussion of this scene and its sources in G. L. Kittredge's paper, "King James I and the Devil Is an Ass" (Mod. Philol., 9 [Oct., 1911] : 195–209).

[4] Bullen's Middleton, vol. 7 (see especially iv. i; v. i).

[5] *Ibid.*, vol. 1 (see especially ii. ii; v. ii).

[6] See below, p. 484.

[7] Bullen's Middleton, vol. 1 (see iii. iii; ii. ii, iii).

Ben Jonson's "Tale of a Tub," [1] in Fletcher and Shirley's "Night Walker, or the Little Thief" (lic. 1634),[2] in Heywood's "Late Lancashire Witches,"[3] and also in Shadwell's play.[4] The motive persisted down to the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it was utilized in Addison's "Drummer" (1716).[5]

With all these lesser strands disposed of, we may finally approach the plays of witchcraft itself. Handled with anything like realism, this is a new motive in the drama. The non-extant 1597–98 group, "The Witch of Islington" and "Black Joan," has already been noted. In 1603 appeared Marston's "Sophonisba," in which, as Mr. Kittredge puts it, he presents Erictho in a scene which out-Lucans Lucan.[6] In 1608, in Middleton's "Mad World, My Masters," [7] a real succubus figures, — not the counterfeit sort with which we are elsewhere familiar. The distinguished witchcraft scenes of "Macbeth" (1605–06?) need here only the recalling. In 1609 appeared Jonson's "Masque of Queens," with a demonology most full and erudite, compiled from the most diverse sources in the classics and witch-mongers.[8] In 1615 was published "The Valiant Welshman," by "R. A.," which employs a very dignified and pompous witch, as well as her wizard son.[9] Some time between 1614 and the thirties was composed Ben Jonson's beautiful fragmentary pastoral, "The Sad Shepherd." [10] In this imaginative piece, the witch Maudlin, although poetically conceived, is endowed with most of the vulgar attributes of her kind. She transforms herself into a hare, curses in characteristic

[1] IV. v. Lic. 1633 (J. Q. Adams, Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, 19, 34), but probably a revision of a play written at a much earlier period, perhaps as early as 1601. See Cunningham-Gifford, Jonson, I : xv; Fleay, Biog. Chron., I : 370; and Schelling, Elizabethan Drama, I : 326.

[2] In Waller's Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. 7 (see II. ii; III. iii; IV. i). Pr. in 1640 as Fletcher's. According to Herbert's license (1633), "corrected" by Shirley (J. Q. Adams, Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, 34). Original play put by Fleay as early as 1614 (Biog. Chron., I : 197), by Oliphant, before 1610–11 (Eng. Stud., xv. 350, 1891).

[3] In act V (the haunted mill). See below, p. 484.

[4] IV. i, iii; V.

[5] "Works of Addison" in Bohn's Standard Library, vol. 5 (1891) (see especially I. i; II. i; IV. i; V. i). Pub. anonymously, 1716. See bibliographical note, p. liv, in Selections from the Writings of Joseph Addison, "Athenaeum Press Ser." (ed. B. Wendell and C. N. Greenough).

[6] Works (ed. A. H. Bullen), vol. 2 (see IV. i. 99–125; and G. L. Kittredge, "English Witchcraft and James I" in Toy Presentation Volume, p. 45).

[7] Bullen's Middleton, vol. 3 (see IV. i., 29–99; IV. iv. 17–62).

[8] The sources being indicated by Jonson in learned notes.

[9] See p. 452, footnote 1.

[10] See W. W. Greg, who holds for a late date ("Ben Jonson's Sad Shepherd," in Bang's Materialen z. Kunde d. altengl. Dramas, II [1905] : xviii); and F. E. Schelling, who holds for an early date (Elizabethan Drama, 2 : 166–168).

fashion, and practises witchcraft for her own ends and to harm neighbors, —

> "To make ewes cast their lambs, swine eat their farrow,
> The housewives' tun not work, nor the milk churn!
> Writhe children's wrists, and suck their breath in sleep,
> Get vials of their blood! and where the sea
> Casts up his slimy ooze, search for a weed
> To open locks with, and to rivet charms." [1]

Clearly this is a highly realistic portrait to be introduced into a pastoral!

Continuing with the enumeration of plays, we may observe Dekker, Ford, and Rowley's "Witch of Edmonton" (doubtless 1621 [2]), based on the recent trial of Mother Sawyer,[3] but handling the old hag, her temptation and submission to the Devil, her traffic with her dog-familiar, and all the hard facts of her life as a social outcast, with a sympathy unknown to the trials, and seldom found anywhere in the literature of the age. In 1623 was licensed "The Black Lady" (non-extant),[4] which may have been a witch play. Some time in the twenties probably was written Middleton's "Witch," which, like Jonson's "Masque of Queens," gathers together a vast amount of devil-lore from the witch-mongers and others.[5] In 1631 was printed Thomas May's "Antigone," which includes three hags who, when consulted by Creon, as the weird sisters are consulted by Macbeth, cause a corpse to prophesy.[6]

Two other important dramas may appropriately conclude the list. They are the two plays based on the witch trials in Lancashire. The first, shortly after the trials of 1633–34, and before the fate of the witches had been finally settled, came "hot off the press," like a newspaper extra. This is "The Late Lancashire Witches" of Heywood and Brome.[7] It contains witches' revels, to which the apparently honest wife of a gentleman rides on a boy whom she has transformed

[1] II. ii.

[2] The date of Mother Sawyer's trial and execution. In Works of Thomas Dekker, vol. 4 (1873).

[3] See above, p. 470.

[4] See J. Q. Adams, Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, 23; and Fleay, Biog. Chron., 2 : 325.

[5] In Bullen's Middleton, vol. 5. Bullen dates toward the end of Middleton's career (1 : liii). Middleton d. 1627.

[6] See Schelling's Elizabethan Drama, 2 : 44, 45 (play not seen by the present writer).

[7] In Dramatic Works of Thomas Heywood, vol. 4 (1874). Pub. 1634. The Epilogue shows the affair was not yet concluded: —

> "Perhaps great mercy may,
> After just condemnation give them day
> Of longer life."

See also Notestein's History, 158–160.

into a horse, and from which she is herself ridden back, the boy having learned her charm. There are other changes of shape into hares, there are queer tricks played at a wedding feast, there is rough treatment of the soldier who guards the haunted mill, there is the identification of the gentleman's wife as a witch by means of a severed hand. In short, there are represented in this topical play most of the stories which were narrated at the trial on which it was based, and at others like it. The last play calling for pointed mention is Shadwell's revival of the "Lancashire Witch" story in 1681, with many additions and changes, the whole constituting the most composite as well as the most confused mass of witch-lore in our dramatic literature.[1] The drama is set in a comic key by the interpolated Irish priest and exorciser, Tegue O'Divelly.

Among these plays, two groups call for special comment. The first group may be said to exemplify "the mythology of witchcraft." In this group may be gathered "Sophonisba," "Macbeth," "The Masque of Queens," "The Witch," and perhaps others. In these dramas the traditional conceptions of the witch as handed down from the classics, from the treatises on witchcraft, and from the conventional features of popular superstition, have influenced the poet powerfully. His play may be a compendium of learning on these matters; or, if his treatment be freer, more artistic, at any rate he has had his eye very largely on these sources. There is nothing from recent cases or recent discussion, much less any attempt to present notorious figures.

The second group embraces the two Lancashire witch plays and "The Witch of Edmonton." They purport to give, in reportorial style, accounts of celebrated trials. Actual known incidents are introduced; although much may be changed, much added, and the whole coloring may be accordant to the author's attitude and purpose. Only in "The Witch of Edmonton," however, is there any emotional approach to the material. In the other plays the attitude is one of detachment, of impersonality. They are in the highest sense "realistic."

After this review of Elizabethan magic and witchcraft plays, the summary may be brief.

The public interest in the themes under consideration was continuous throughout the period usually called "Elizabethan" (1558–1642). The appearance and popularity of the themes in the drama are to be explained, not by any specific shifts in public interest, but by the history of dramatic vogue. The vogue of the fairy plays was strong in the 80's. They continued later, particularly because of their lyric and decorative qualities and ready adaptability to the

[1] In Works of Thomas Shadwell, vol. 3 (1720).

court masque. Plays containing magic of the romance type are few and incidental, occurring just as the romances or chronicles on which they were based contained such material. Folk-lore plays are even rarer, a few specimens standing quite isolated, apart from any vogue. The motive of the "practising magician," initiated by Marlowe, proved very attractive, and had a long and extended dramatic history. The "emissary to earth" plays were popular relatively late. Conjurers, wise women, and witches, when they appear early, are usually in characters borrowed from other literatures or from the chronicles; some approach toward realistic treatment is evident in the 1590's; there seems to be an irruption of more realistic plays in 1597–98; and thereafter the vogue of such plays is established, although the real "topical" play is extremely late in development. The vogue of all the plays considered seems to tally very well with trends in the development of the Elizabethan drama generally, particularly the development of realistic and satiric plays in the late 90's.[1]

[1] In view of the persistent attacks on King James I as a violent and bigoted persecutor of witches, and the spirited defence of the monarch's record by G. L. Kittredge ("English Witchcraft and James I," in Studies in the History of Religions, presented to C. H. Toy, 1912), the evidence of this study should be brought to bear. Nothing has shown any special intensity of persecution in the reign of James I, nor any special intervention by the King. The development of the dramatic *genres* serves well enough to explain the various types of witchcraft plays when they appear.

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY.

SOME PLAY-PARTY SONGS FROM EASTERN ILLINOIS.

BY CARL VAN DOREN.

THE following songs, for the most part, by 1900 were no longer current in the section of Vermilion County, Illinois, from which they have been collected, but were remembered, if at all, only by the older members of the community, and by the young people in certain families which had been little touched by a more sophisticated world. They are here given as they were taken down in 1907 from the recitation of Mr. and Mrs. Knight of Muncie, in that county, who remembered them from the day, not long after the Civil War, when they were widely known in the neighborhood, and furnished the music for all dances or "play-parties." A previous intention to study them at length, when opportunity offered, has given way before the feeling that it is perhaps better to print them (I have only the words) for the use of scholars who have devoted special attention to the subject of American song and dance.

I. THERE COMES TWO DUKES A-ROVING.

There comes two dukes a-roving, a-roving, a-roving,
There comes two dukes a-roving,
With a ramsey tamsey team.

"Please, what is your good-will, sir, good-will, sir, good-will, sir,
Please what is your good-will, sir,
With a ramsey tamsey team?"

"My good-will is to marry, to marry, to marry,
My good-will is to marry,
With a ramsey tamsey team."

"Pray, won't you have one of us, sir, us, sir, us, sir,
Pray, won't you have one of us, sir,
With a ramsey tamsey team?"

"Oh, no! you're too dark and drowsy, drowsy, drowsy,
Oh, no! you're too dark and drowsy,
With a ramsey tamsey team."

"We're just as good as you, sir, you, sir, you, sir,
We're just as good as you, sir,
With a ramsey tamsey team."

This piece will be recognized as the one discussed by Newell ("Games and Songs of American Children," No. 3), under the title "Here comes

a Duke;" but Mr. and Mrs. Knight had never heard of it as a children's game, and knew it only as a common dance-song, of which the words had no special significance except that the parts spoken by the girls in the dialogue were emphasized by the girls in the dance. It is interesting to observe that the word "tea" or "dee," given by Newell as the last word of the refrain, becomes "team" in the Illinois version by the natural substitution of an intelligible for an unintelligible term. In the same fashion, "blowsy," a word not common in the neighborhood where this song was found, is given as "drowsy," which makes the worse sense.

2. BUFFALO GIRLS.

"O Buffalo Girls! are you coming out to-night,
Are you coming out to-night,
Are you coming out to-night?
O Buffalo Girls! are you coming out to-night,
To dance by the light of the moon?"

"Oh, yes! oh, yes! we are coming out to-night,
We are coming out to-night,
We are coming out to-night,
Oh, yes! oh, yes! we are coming out to-night,
To dance by the light of the moon."

I danced all night, and my heel kept a-rocking,
My heel kept a-rocking,
My heel kept a-rocking.
I danced all night, and my heel kept a-rocking,
Danced by the light of the moon.

I danced with a girl with a hole in the heel of her stocking,
In the heel of her stocking,
In the heel of her stocking.
I danced with a girl with a hole in the heel of her stocking,
Danced in the light of the moon.

This version of so well known a piece varies slightly from any other I have seen. The long lines of the last stanza obviously contain extra syllables, and had to be sung very rapidly to fit the tune. Dr. C. L. Van Doren of Urbana, formerly of Vermilion County, remembers the last stanza in another form: —

I danced with a girl with a hole in her stocking,
And her heel kept a-rocking,
And her heel kept a-rocking.
I danced with a girl with a hole in her stocking,
Danced by the light of the moon.

3. WEEVILY WHEAT.

"Oh, come down hither and trip together
All in the morning early,
Your heart and hand I do demand,
'Tis true, I love you dearly."

Chorus.

"I want none of your weevily wheat,
I want none of your barley,
For I must have the best of wheat
To make a cake for Charley."

"If you love me as I love you,
We'll have no time to tarry;
We'll have the old folks fixing round
For you and I to marry."

"What, marry you, the likes of you?
Do you think I'd marry my cousin
When I can get just plenty of boys
For sixteen cents a dozen?"

"If you can get such boys as me
For sixteen cents a dozen,
You'd better buy a load or two
And ship them down to London."

It's over the river to feed the sheep,
It's over the river to Charley;
It's over the river to feed the sheep
And measure out some barley.

This again varies from any form I have encountered. It may be worth mentioning, as an illustration of the decay which had fallen upon the tradition of these songs by the last decade of the nineteenth century, in the township where they had been popular thirty years before, that the children were all familiar with a dislocated stanza from "Weevily Wheat" which they sang to tease one another, without knowing that it belonged to a longer song or that it had any connection with dancing: —

Oh, Charley is a nice young man,
Oh, Charley is a dandy;
Oh, Charley likes to kiss the girls
Whenever they come handy.

4. OLD DAN TUCKER.

Old Dan Tucker's come to town,
He swings the ladies round and round,
First to the east, and then to the west,
And then to the one that he loves best.

Chorus.

Get out of the way for Old Dan Tucker,
Come too late to get his supper;
Supper's over and dishes washed,
And nothing left but a piece of squash.

Old Dan Tucker's a fine old man,
Washed his feet in the frying-pan,
Combed his hair with a wagon-wheel,
And died with the toothache in his heel.

This song is still familiar to all the children of the vicinity.

5. TURKEY IN THE STRAW.

I went out to milk, and I didn't know how,
I milked the goat instead of the cow.
Rake 'em up, shake 'em up, any way at all,
I'll make you up a tune called "Turkey in the Straw."

Well, as I was a-going down the road
With a tired team and a heavy load,
I cracked my whip, and the leader sprung,
And the off-hoss busted the wagon-tongue.

The tune of this song was far more popular than the words, of which I have heard but these two stanzas.

6. CREEL-MY-CRANKIE.

Creel-my-crankie's a very fine song.
We'll sing it and dance it all along.
From the heel unto the toe,
Creel-my-crankie, here we go!

This stanza, remembered by Mrs. Knight from the singing of her grandmother, is plainly connected with the "Kilmacrankie" of which a version has been printed in this Journal (28 : 272); it deserves notice for the extraordinary perversion of "Creel-my-crankie," which was presumably once "Killiecrankie."

7. THE JUNIPER-TREE.

O sister Phoebe! how merry were we
The night we sat under the juniper-tree!
The juniper-tree, higho, higho,
The juniper-tree, higho!

I have a young daughter, she sleeps upstairs;
She's always complaining being afraid of the bears.
Being afraid of the bears, higho, higho,
Being afraid of the bears, higho!

Old Rogers came out with his old rusty gun,
And swore he would shoot us if we didn't run.
If we didn't run, higho, higho,
If we didn't run, higho!

Put this hat on your head, it will keep your head warm.
Take a sweet kiss, it will do you no harm.
'Twill do you no harm, higho, higho,
'Twill do you no harm, higho.

Rise you up, daughter, and choose you a man.
Go choose you the fairest that ever you can.
So rise you up daughter, and go, and go,
So rise you up, daughter, and go!

Go rise you up, sonny, and choose you a wife,
Go choose you the fairest you can for your life.
Go rise you up, sonny, and go, and go,
Go rise you up, sonny, and go!

This, of course, was a kissing-game. A girl (or boy) sat in a chair in the centre of the room, while the others formed a circle round her (or him), marching and singing. A boy (or girl) carrying a hat walked round and round the sitting player till the end of the third stanza. At the signal given in the fourth stanza, the hat was placed on the head of the sitter, and she (or he) was kissed. Of the last two stanzas, the last was sung if a boy had received the salute, the next to the last if it had been a girl.

8. IF GIRLS THEY WERE DUCKS.

If girls they were ducks and would swim on the ocean,
The boys would turn drakes and follow the motion.
Sing hi away, he away, he!

I have not been able to connect this stanza with any others.

9. HAPPY IS THE MILLER.

(*a*) Happy is the miller who lives by himself.
As the wheels roll around, he is gaining in his wealth.
One hand in the hopper, and the other in the sack,
As the wheel rolls around, the bags fall back.

The last line of this song I have not seen elsewhere. It is, of course, a reference to the change of partners as the couples march around the make-believe miller. Newell gives a version (No. 40), and many others are in print. I have heard another form of the same song in Vermilion County.

(*b*) There was a jolly miller, he lives by himself.
As the wheel rolls around, he is gaining all his wealth.
One hand in the hopper, and the other in the bag,
As the wheel rolls around, we'll all give a grab.

10. MARCHING TO QUEBEC.

We're marching down to Old Quebec,
And the drums are loudly beating.
The American boys have gained the day,
And the British are retreating.

The wars are all over, and we'll turn back,
And never more be parted.
Open the ring and choose a couple in
To relieve the broken-hearted.

Newell discusses this piece as an unusual instance of historical references in a child's game (No. 59). In Vermilion County it was not a child's game; but there was no special connection, so far as I could learn, between the words and the event in the mind of those who sang the song.

11. GREEN GROW THE RUSHES O!

Green grows the willow-tree!
Green grows the willow-tree!
Green grows the willow-tree!
Come, my love, and stand by me!

Green grow the rushes o'er!
Green grow the rushes o'er!
Green grow the rushes o'er!
Kiss her quick and let her go!

This game, given by Newell as found in eastern Massachusetts (No. 7), was played differently in Vermilion County. There all the players but one joined hands and danced around in a circle, with the odd player inside. The last line of the first stanza invited him to choose one of the dancers. When he had chosen a girl, he might kiss her at the signal of the last line in the second stanza. She was then required to choose a man for a similar honor. In this case the pronoun of the last line became masculine.

12. I'M A POOR OLD CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

I'm a poor old chimney sweeper.
I have but one daughter, and I can't keep her.
And since my daughter is resolved to marry,
Go choose you a man and do not tarry.

Now, here's one of your own choosing.
Be in a hurry, no time for losing.
Join your right hands, and this broomstick step over;
Kiss the sweet lips of your own true-lover.

This game was played, just how I do not know, as a kind of mock-marriage ceremony; but it served primarily, as the lines make clear, to excuse kissing.

13. ROXIE ANN.

Roxie Ann, you awful girl,
You fooled me all the while.
You fooled me once,
You fooled me twice,
You fooled me all the while.

Chorus.

You've been a long time fooling, fooling,
You've been a long time fooling me.

This may possibly be of Negro origin. It was sung by settlers from Kentucky.

14. GOING DOWN TO ROUSIE'S.

I'm going down to Rousie's, to Rousie's, to Rousie's,
Going down to Rousie's to get good beer.

Chorus.

Because he keeps good beer, because he keeps good beer,
I'm going down to Rousie's, to Rousie's, to Rousie's,
Going down to Rousie's to get good beer.

Never mind the old folks, the old folks, the old folks.
Never mind the old folks, they're all gone away.

The last clause was sometimes sung, "They won't care."

15. OLD VIRGINNY NEVER TIRE.

Here goes Topsy through the window,
Here goes Topsy through the window,
Here goes Topsy through the window,
Old Virginny never tire!

Here goes Sambo through the window,
Here goes Sambo through the window,
Here goes Sambo through the window,
Old Virginny never tire!

All go hug them round the shoulders,
All go hug them round the shoulders,
All go hug them round the shoulders,
Old Virginny never tire!

As this old game was played in Vermilion County, the players joined hands and danced in a ring, singing. One of the girls left the line, went across the circle, and started to return to her place. One of the boys did the same and then tried to catch the girl. If he caught her before she reached her place, he was given permission by the third stanza to embrace her.

16. FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Fire on the mountain, run, boys, run!
Fire on the mountain, run, boys, run!
Fire on the mountain, run, boys, run!
Hey, jim along, jim along, Josie!

Cat's in the cream-jar, run, girls, run!
Cat's in the cream-jar, run, girls, run!
Cat's in the cream-jar, run, girls, run!
Hey, jim along, jim along, Josie!

One proof that "jim along" was thought of as an imperative verb is that "get along" sometimes took its place.

17. SKIP TO MY LOU.

Of the many verses of "Skip to my Lou," Mr. and Mrs. Knight remembered, beside the chorus, only these: —

Pretty as a peach, and prettier too,
I'll get another girl prettier than you;
If I can't get another, then I'll take you;
Rats in the bean-patch, two by two.

18. KING WILLIAM WAS KING JAMES'S SON.

King William was King James's son,
It was a royal race he run.
Upon his breast he wore a star
To point the way to the ocean far.

Go choose to the east, go choose to the west,
Go choose to the one that you love best.
If he's not here to take your part,
Go choose the next one to your heart.

Down on this carpet you must kneel
As low as the grass grows on the field.
Salute your bride and kiss her sweet,
And rise again upon your feet.

Now you are married, you must be good,
And make your man chop all the wood.

We now pronounce you man and wife,
And live together all your life.

Now you are married, you must agree,
And feed your wife on sugar and tea, etc.

This was not exclusively a children's game in Vermilion County. It will be noticed that the last two admonitory stanzas — one sung to girls, one to boys — are analogous to those given by Newell (No. 21) as parts of the old song, "Oats, Pease, Beans, and Barley grows;" but Mr. and Mrs. Knight remember them as always sung with "King William was King James's son." It is clear, however, from their version of the former song, that the two pieces had suffered some confusion in this community.

19. OATS, PEASE, BEANS, AND BARLEY GROWS.

Oats and beans and barley grow,
Oats and beans and barley grow;
You nor I nor no one knows
How oats and beans and barley grow.

Thus the farmer sows the seed;
Thus he stands and takes his ease.
He stamps his foot and claps his hand
And turns around to view his land.

You're waiting for a partner,
You're waiting for a partner,
So open the ring and choose her in,
And kiss her when you get her in.

Down on the carpet you must kneel,
Low as the grass grows on the field.
Salute your bride and kiss her sweet,
And rise again upon your feet.

20. THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

At first two steps we do advance,
  And back again retire.
It's first your right, and then your left,
  To accomplish your desire.

We'll cast off all earthly care,
  And meet again in bliss.
Come go with me, my dearest dear,
  We'll have a wild-goose chase.

In this game the players stood in two rows, partners opposite one another. At the last line one of the boys chased his partner entirely

around both lines; and if he caught her before she reached her former station, he might kiss her.

21. WE'RE MARCHING ROUND A PRETTY GIRL.

We're marching round a pretty girl,
A pretty girl, a pretty girl,
We're marching round a pretty girl,
As merry as we can be.

One and one are two,
Two and one are three.
We're marching round a pretty girl,
As merry as we can be.

The oak grows tall,
The pine grows slim,
So rise you up, my pretty girl,
And choose your partner in.

A girl stood within a revolving circle of players, and chose, at the indicated signal, a partner from the line, who joined her within the circle. The game was continued until the entire line had been chosen and were huddled in a group at the centre. If a boy instead of a girl were addressed, he was called, instead of "pretty girl," "cabbage-head," "punkin-head," or some such term. The words "red bird" might be used for either sex.

22. IN THIS RING COMES A LADY FAIR.

In this ring comes a lady fair,
Sky-blue eyes and curly hair,
Rosy cheeks and a dimpled chin.
Please, kind sir, will you step in?

Oh, dear me! what a choice you made!
Better in the dust you had been laid.
Kiss her quick and let her go.
Don't you keep her waiting so.

The players marched in a circle round a girl, who chose a partner from them at the end of the first stanza. The concluding line was sometimes, —

Don't you tell her mother—O!

23. I WONDER WHERE MARIA'S GONE.

I wonder where Maria's gone,
I wonder where Maria's gone,
I wonder where Maria's gone,
So early in the morning!

I expect she's gone to seek her love,
I expect she's gone to seek her love,
I expect she's gone to seek her love,
So early in the morning.

First your right, and then your left,
First your right, and then your left,
First your right, and then your left,
And then you swing your partner.

24.

Mother, O mother! my toes are sore
A-dancing over your sandy floor.
I'll dance this reel, and I'll dance no more.
Go home with the girls in the morning.

There are touches of local color in the fact that settlers from the North sang "sandy floor;" and those from the South, "puncheon floor."

25.

Put your right foot in,
Then your right foot out.
Give your right foot a shake, shake, shake,
And turn your body about.

All the players stood in a circle and went through the motions directed by the words, following with other stanzas in which the same process was demanded of the left foot, right hand, left hand, head, etc. Although clearly the same game as Newell's "Right Elbow In" (No. 68), this form was played by adults in Illinois.

The particular community in which these songs flourished may be indicated as lying roughly within a line drawn through the following villages: Ogden, Fithian, Muncie, Bronson, Brothers, Collison, Jamesburg, Henning, Potomac, Armstrong, Gerald, Royal. It was a community made up of settlers from almost every Eastern State. Hardly any one represented less than three or four generations of native-born ancestors. No railroad crossed this particular region until 1900, although it was almost entirely bounded by railway-lines. Communication with the outer world was not extensive, and the local customs were strongly marked. Yet almost of their own inertia such songs as I have here recorded had died out by 1890, and it would probably be difficult to find them surviving now, except in the memory of the older citizens of the place. This little area has, however, still a set of local customs, which ought to be investigated in detail by a student thoroughly acquainted with American folk-lore.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

OLD SONGS FROM CLARKSBURG, W.VA., 1918.

BY ANNA DAVIS RICHARDSON.

Two old minstrels are still living in a little town in the western foot-hills of the Alleghenies in West Virginia. Neither knows the other; but in their cracked old voices they sing many of the same old ballads, to the same old minor tunes.

Mrs. Rachel E. Fogg moved here some twenty years ago from her childhood's home in Upshur County. It was some time after I knew her before I discovered that she was an old minstrel in disguise, and then it was by chance. I had gone to see her little son who was sick, and she had called in her daughter Viney to "entertain the lady." Giggling, embarrassed, and protesting that she couldn't "sing ner dance neither good enough fur her," Viney was persuaded to take her mouth-harp from her pocket, and began a *pas seul* accompanied by improvised skirling on the mouth-harp.

When the dust had settled down, and Viney had ceased to cough, her mother suggested that all of them sing a "song-ballet" for me; whereupon Viney flushed with the late applause she had received, readily agreed, and all three of them began to sing the ballad of "Young Collins." Several times Mrs. Fogg made them stop and begin from the first again, and apologized for her weak voice, "Time wuz when I could sing till you could a heard me a quarter of a mile," she said with a sigh.

Ballad after ballad followed, until it went to my head; and I became wildly excited as they became calmer, and knew that I had found buried treasure indeed, which must be preserved.

It was while I was spending the following winter in the city that I received this letter: —

dear friend May God bless you i take the time to rite you a few lines we are all well as usual and hope you the same dont think hard for me not riting soner. Well, i will send you your song ballets. the song of littel jonie Green it is one a hunderd years old it was sung 1777 as near as i can guess. My great grandmother was a Docter in the indian war her name was judith ann easter. i hope you get a premian on your songs and if you do rite and tell me what you get i dont expect you can read them very well you plese tipe rite them befor you send them to the office well being my letter is so bad i will close

so goodby Love
to one and all
from
Rachel E. F——
————W. Va.

In the note appended to "Little Johnnie Green" she adds, "My great-grand-mother learned the song in 'Jermina,' she learned it to her daughter, and she learned it to my mother, and I learned it from my mother."

So this wonderful great-grandmother, born in Germany, a doctor in the Indian wars in America, dashing through the woods on her errands of mercy through a blizzard of Indian arrows, spurring on with her slatted sunbonnet the wonderful horse that could "smell Indians a mile off," was responsible for the fascinating entertainment I was getting from her great-grand-daughter in the West Virginia hills. "Jermina" was a vague region "on the other side;" and when I asked Mrs. Fogg where she was from, she said hesitatingly, "Scotch-Dutch or Jerusalem, I forget which." Whichever it was, she came trailing clouds of humor along with her. She is little and plump, with dark glossy hair, pink cheeks, and brown eyes made to twinkle and laugh. The adverse winds of circumstances have blown the clouds many times across her sky; but the sun was always there when they passed, and the laugh is still easily called forth.

In her collection are the following: "Young Collins," "Little Johnnie Green," "The Ship's Carpenter," "The Twelve Joys of Mary," "Down by the Greenwood Side," "The Little Rosewood Castel," "The Rich Irish Lady," "Tuck and Tady," "Joe Bowers," "Billy Boy," "Betsy Brown," "The Dying Ranger," "Jesse James," "Maggie was a Good Little Girl," and then some half a dozen interesting but not valuable songs. All are of equal value to her, — the oldest and the newest Salvation Army song, all jumbled up together.

My other old minstrel, Mrs. McAtee, popularly known as "Old Nance," is the opposite in every way of Mrs. Fogg. She is tall, and thin and gaunt, and has led a hard life, — a life in which no one would suppose there had ever been or was now any song. But you never can tell, and her small deep-set blear eyes twinkle as merrily as pretty little Mrs. Fogg's over the humorous parts of her song. She, too, was discovered by accident. She had come up one day to have a letter written to "the govermint" to get *him* to "redimpt Bobby," her son who had been drafted. She said she had sent his *reprieve* to the "Gov'nor," but had "never heerd nuthin' frum it," so she had determined to appeal to the "govermint;" and if one wouldn't let him out, the other might, for she "heerd there is two of 'em." The letters and the answers, and the frequent letters to Bobby in camp, necessitated many trips, and much conversation in which reminiscences of the past, of childhood days, gave me the clew, and started questions.

When she knew that Mrs. Fogg had given me twenty-two "song-ballets," she determined to be even with her, and strained every bit of memory to recall long-forgotten songs. By counting fragments the twenty-four were at last made up.

"You got to be partic'lar," she would whisper to her daughter, who usually came up with her, "she makes it come out printin'!"

If this were a biographical sketch, it could come out "printin'" indefinitely; but that is another story, and I have not seen her now since the day she came up to tell me that Bobby was about to be "trespassed" into another company.

Every now and then, as she repeated the words of her songs for me, she would stop, and ask anxiously, "It ain't no harm sayin' 'em, is it? It's jus' sport, ain't it?" She went on to explain: "My mother she wouldn't never sing 'em, she sung good pieces. Her an' Pappy was well religious old people, they belonged to meetin', an' wuz baptized in the river. Pappy had this here — what you call fam'ly prayers, yes ma'am, prayed 'fore he went to work in the mornin', and 'fore he went to bed at night. He was full-blooded Irish, named McDonald. They brung him over when he was six weeks old, an' settled down in Albemarle County, Virginia. *No, ma'am!* I never learned these ballets from them; I heerd the other kids a-singin' 'em, an' the people that lived round there. Some of 'em I heerd the soldiers singin' when the war wuz goin on down there, pore fellers! some of 'em'd a had to stand in the same place twict to cast a shadder; but they was plucky, a-singin' an' pickin' their banjos an' fiddles."

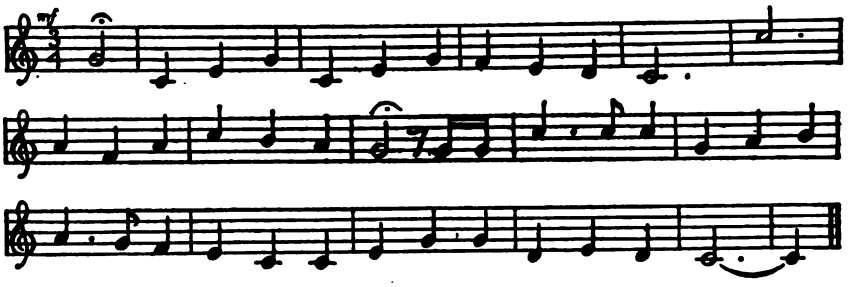
Mrs. McAtee's collection included "Lady Margaret and Sweet William," "Lord Leven," "Fair Ellender," "Little Johnnie Green," "William Taylor and His Own True Lovyer," "Billy Boy," "Davy Crockett," "A Pretty Fair Maid in a Garden," "I was brought up in Sheerfield," "Go saddle up my Milk-White Steed," "My Name it is Bill Staffato," "When I rode the Madison Square," "The Cruel Father," "McAtee's Confession," "The Raising of Lazareth," and two or three songs of the Civil War, — "The Victory won at Richmond," "The Yankees' Retreat," etc.

Having found these two, I have entirely abandoned the idea that the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" has been sung, and am sure that "just around the corner" there are others waiting to be heard, if we passers-by will only stop a minute in our rushing life to listen.

There are other songs to be heard in these West Virginia hills besides those of the birds and winds and streams; other assets for the State besides the lumber-camps, oil and gas wells, coal-mines, and cattle on "a thousand hills." The Pan who lives in these mountains *is* different from his Greek ancestor; but he is here, piping on his reed where you least expect it, and in a disguise that completely camouflages him.

I. JOHNNIE COLLINS.

(Given by Mrs. Rachel Echols Fogg.)



Young Collins went forth one morning in May
  All over the fresh blooming flowers;
And the first that he spied was his Eleanor dear,
  A-washin' a white marble stone.

He took her round her slender waist,
  And he kissed both her cheeks and her chin;
The stars from heaven came twinkling down
  At the place where young Collins jumped in!

He swum, and he swum, and he sw — u — u — um
  Till he came to his own father's door;
Says, "Father, dear father, oh, let me in!
  Oh, let me in once more!

"If I should die this very night,
  Which I think in my own heart I will,
Go bury me under the white marble stone
  At the foot of Fair Eleanor's hill."

As she was sitting in her own father's hall,
  All dressed in her silks so fine,
She spied young Collins' cold clay corpse, —
  "An old true-lover of mine."

She ordered the coffin to be brought right there,
  So she might gaze on his beautiful form once more,
"And get one kiss from those cold clay lips
  Which oft-time have kissed mine before."

She ordered a sheet to be brought right there,
  All trimmed with its laces so fine;
"For to-day it waves over young Collins' grave,
  To-morrow shall wave over mine."

The news it went round to Dablin Town
  All printed on Dablin's gate, —
"Six pretty fair maids all died last night,
  And 'twas all for young Collins' sake."

2. THE SONG OF THE TWELVE BLESSINGS OF MARY.

(Given by Mrs. Rachel Echols Fogg.)

The very first blessing that Mary had
It was the blessing of one,
For to think that her son Jesus
Was God's eternal Son,
Was God's eternal Son.

And the very next blessing Mary had
Was the blessing of two,
For to think that her son Jesus
Could read the Bible through,
Could read the Bible through.

The very next blessing Mary had
Was the blessing of three,
For to think that her son Jesus
Could make the blind man see,
Could make the blind man see.

The very next blessing that Mary had
Was the blessing of four,
For to think that her son Jesus
Could make the rich man poor,
Could make the rich man poor.

The very next blessing that Mary had
Was the blessing of five,
For to think that her son Jesus
Could make the dead man alive,
Could make the dead man alive.

The very next blessing that Mary had
Was the blessing of six,
For to think that her son Jesus
Could make the sick man well (wear the crucifix?)
Could make the sick man well.

The very next blessing that Mary had
Was the blessing of seven,
For to think that her son Jesus
Carried the keys of heaven,
Carried the keys of heaven.

The very next blessing that Mary had
Was the blessing of eight,
For to think that her son Jesus
Could open the gates of heaven (*sic*),
Could open the gates of heaven.

The very next blessing that Mary had
Was the blessing of nine,

For to think that her son Jesus
Could turn the water to wine,
Could turn the water to wine.

The very next blessing that Mary had
Was the blessing of ten,
For to think that her son Jesus
Could write without a pen,
Could write without a pen.

The very next blessing that Mary had
Was the blessing of eleven,
For to think that her son Jesus
Could make the way to heaven,
Could make the way to heaven.

The very next blessing that Mary had
It was the blessing of twelve,
For to think that her son Jesus
Done all these things well.
Done all these things well.

3. THE RICH IRISH LADY.

(Fragment. Given by Mrs. Rachel Echols Fogg.)

A rich Irish lady from Dublin she came,
Possessing great riches, and Sarah by name,
She was so rich that it scarce can be told
A poor young man came courting this young damsel bold.

But she was so high and lofty,
Upon this poor young man she would scarce cast an eye.

And he said, "Sarah, pretty Sarah, I am afraid
That my love and your love don't agree,
No forcing, for I really don't want you
If you have to be forced."

So at full six months this fair damsel fell sick,
And at last she sent for this young man,
Who she once did deny.

"O Sarah, love!" said he, "am I the doctor, the *danco* (?),
That you have sent for me?"

"You are the doctor, the *danco*,
You can kill or cure, that I have sent for you."

"I will neither kill you nor cure you,
But I will dance over you when you are buried in the ground."

She peeled from her fingers gold "diaments" three:
"Here, take these in remembrance of me!
And when you're done dancing, call Sarah your queen,
And flee from your country, no more to be seen."

4. DOWN BY THE GREENWOOD SIDE.

(Given by Mrs. Rachel Echols Fogg.)

There was a lady lived in York,
  She fell in love with her father's clerk,
She loved him up, she loved him down,
  She loved him till she filled her arms
    Down by the greenwood side.

  Ha, and liley and loney
  Down by the greenwood side.

She placed her foot against an oak,
  First it bent, and then it broke,
    Down by the greenwood side.

  Ha, liley and loney, etc.

Then she placed her foot against a thorn,
  There those two little babes were born
    Down by the greenwood side.

  Ha, liley and loney, etc.

She pulled a knife both keen and sharp,
  And thrust those two little babes to the heart
    Down by the greenwood side.

  Ha, liley and loney, etc.

She buried those two little babes under a marble stone,
  Thinking this would never be known,
    Down by the greenwood side.

  Ha, liley and loney, etc.

One day, sitting in her father's hall,
  She spied those two little babes playing ball
    Down by the greenwood side.

  Ha, liley and loney, etc.

"O babes! O babes! if you are mine,
  I will dress you up in silk so fine,
    Down by the greenwood side.

  Ha, liley and loney, etc.

"O mother! when we were thine,
  You never drest us in coarse nor fine
    Down by the greenwood side."

  Ha, liley and loney, etc.

"Now we are up in heaven to dwell,
And you are doomed to hell."

Ha, liley and loney, etc.

5. GO SADDLE UP MY MILK-WHITE STEED.

(Given by Mrs. Nancy McAtee.)

Go saddle up my milk-white steed,
Go saddle it full gayly,
Until I write to the *earthen sires* (!)
To plead for the life of Georgie.

She rid till she come to the earthen sires' office
So early in the morning;
She tumbled down on her bended knees,
Saying, "Spare me the life of Georgie!"

There were an old man stepped up to her,
He looked as if he was pleasing;
"O pretty miss! if it lays in my power,
I'll spare you the life of Georgie."

The judge looked over his left shoulder,
He looked as if he was angry;
Says, "Now, pretty miss, you've come too late,
For Georgie he's condemned already!"

"Did Georgie ever trample on the king's highway,
Or did he murder any?" —
"He stole sixteen of the milk-white steeds,
And conveyed them away to the army."

Georgie he was hung in a white silk robe,
Such robes there was not many,
Because he was of that royal blood,
And was loved by a virtuous lady.

Other ballads sung for me were "The Sad Ballet of Little Johnny Green" (a version of "Barbara Allen"), "The House Carpenter," "Fair Ellender," "Lord Leven," "Lady Margaret," "William Taylor," "Pretty Polly" (The "Prentice Boy"),[1] "Tuck and Tady," "The Little Rosewood Castel," "The Little Fami-lee."

CLARKSBURG, W. VA.

[1] Compare this Journal, 28 : 164.

"JOHN HARDY."

BY JOHN HARRINGTON COX.

THE popular song "John Hardy" without doubt had its origin and development in West Virginia. The hero of this modern ballad was a Negro, whose prowess and fame are sung far and wide among his own race, and to a less extent among white folk. No written or printed statements concerning him are known to exist except an order in the courthouse at Welch, McDowell County, W.Va., for his execution. However, the statements hereinafter given are believed to be thoroughly reliable.

In a letter dated Charleston, W.Va., Feb. 16, 1916, addressed to Dr. H. S. Green of that city, and written by the Hon. W. A. McCorkle, governor of West Virginia from 1893 to 1897, occurs the following: —

"He [John Hardy] was a steel-driver, and was famous in the beginning of the building of the C. & O. Railroad. He was also a steel-driver in the beginning of the extension of the N. & W. Railroad. It was about 1872 that he was in this section. This was before the day of steam-drills; and the drill-work was done by two powerful men, who were special steel-drillers. They struck the steel from each side; and as they struck the steel, they sang a song which they improvised as they worked. John Hardy was the most famous steel-driller ever in southern West Virginia. He was a mangificent specimen of the genus *Homo*, was reported to be six feet two, and weighed two hundred and twenty-five or thirty pounds, was straight as an arrow, and was one of the most handsome men in the country, and, as one informant told me, was as 'black as a kittle in hell.'

"Whenever there was any spectacular performance along the lines of drilling, John Hardy was put on the job; and it is said that he could drill more steel than any two men of his day. He was a great gambler, and was notorious all through the country for his luck in gambling. To the dusky sex all through the country, he was the 'greatest ever,' and he was admired and beloved by all the Negro women from the southern West Virginia line to the C. & O. In addition to this, he could drink more whiskey, sit up all night and drive steel all day, to a greater extent than any man ever known in the country.

"The killing in which he made his final exit was a 'mixtery' between women, cards, and liquor; and it was understood that it was more of a fight than a murder. I have been unable to find out where he was hung, but have an idea that it was down in the southwest part, near Virginia; but I am not positive about this. In other words, his story is a story of one of the composite characters that so often arise in the land, — a man of kind heart, very strong, pleasant in his address, yet a gambler, a roué, a drunkard, and a fierce fighter.

"The song is quite famous in the construction-camps; and when they are driving steel in a large camp, the prowess of John Hardy is always sung. I enclose you some verses which are in addition to the ones you sent me. Of course, you understand that all this about John Hardy is merely among the Negroes. I cannot say that the John Hardy that you mention was hung is the same John Hardy of the song; but it may be so, for he was supposed to be in that vicinity when he last exploited himself. He was never an employee of the C. & O. He was an employee of the Virginia contractors, C. R. Mason & Co., and the Langhorn Company."

Mr. Ernest I. Kyle, a former student of West Virginia University, whose home is at Welch, and whom I asked to look up the records of the trial and also to report such other data as he could secure, in a letter dated Sept. 14, 1917, writes as follows: —

"John Hardy (colored) killed another Negro over a crap game at Shawnee Camp. This place is now known as Eckman, W.Va. (the name of the P.O.). The Shawnee Coal Company was and is located there. Hardy was tried and convicted in the July term of the McDowell County Criminal Court, and was hanged near the courthouse on Jan. 19, 1894. While in jail, he composed a song entitled 'John Hardy,' and sung it on the scaffold before the execution. He was baptized the day before the execution. This last information I got from W. T. Tabor, who was deputy clerk of the Criminal Court at the time of the trial, and is now engaged in civil engineering. There is no record of the trial of John Hardy in the courthouse. Mr. Tabor informs me that there is no record of the trial in existence. The only thing I could find at the courthouse was the order for John Hardy's execution."

The order is as follows: —

State of West Virginia
vs.
John Hardy.
} Felony.

This day came again the State by her attorney and the Prisoner who stands convicted of murder in the first degree was again brought to the bar of the Court in custody of the Sheriff of this County; and thereupon the Prisoner being asked by the Court if anything he had or could say why the Court should not proceed to pass the sentence of the law upon him in accordance with the verdict of the jury impanelled in this cause, and the Prisoner saying nothing why such sentence should not be passed upon him by the Court; It is therefore considered by the Court that the Prisoner John Hardy, is guilty as found by the verdict of the jury herein and that the said John Hardy be hanged by the neck until he is dead, and that the Sheriff of the County, on Friday the 19th day of January 1894, take the said John Hardy from the jail of the County to some suitable place to be selected by him in this County and there hang the said John Hardy by the neck until he is dead, and the prisoner is remanded to jail.

The following statement was given by Mr. W. T. Tabor to Mr. H. J. Grossman, principal of the High School at Welch, and by him forwarded to me.

"John Hardy: Negro; about forty years of age; black in color; from Virginia; worked as miner in coal-fields; had no family as known; killed another Negro in a crap game over 75 cents; another Negro named Guggins helped him escape and tried to wrest gun from sheriff to shoot, but both men were captured and returned to Welch. Guggins was given a life term for attempt to kill sheriff.

"Hardy hung in '94 in present courthouse yard, though not such at the time. At time of execution some white man in the crowd started a panic by yelling, 'O Lordy! O Lordy!' Officers had to jail some twenty-five or thirty men before execution could safely be concluded. Hardy lies buried in Woodmont addition to town of Welch."

The statement of R. L. Johnson, constable, who helped arrest Hardy, as compiled by Mr. Charles V. Price, shorthand reporter at Welch, W.Va., from a conversation between Johnson and Judge Herndon, was sent to me in the early part of the year 1917. It follows: —

"I was at Keystone the morning that Hardy killed this fellow, but I couldn't tell you the fellow's name now. They were shooting craps at Shawnee camp, and he was crap-shooting, and Webb Gudgin was behind a rock with a Winchester, and it is supposed that if Hardy didn't get the man that he was there with a Winchester to get him. After he was killed they sent to Keystone, and me and Tom Campbell went down there to search the camps; and while we were searching the camps they said, 'Yonder they go, down the road!' and we got on the railroad and followed them to the old bridge below Shawnee, and they turned up the hollow, and I says, 'We will follow them up there.' Tom says, 'No, we can't follow them in the woods; they have got a Winchester, as good a gun as we have got.' So we went back and decided to watch the trains. Me and some one, I think it was Harvey Dillon, was watching Northfork station. They got on the train at Grover, and they got them; and when they went to handcuff Hardy, Gudgin was walking through the coaches, and every one went out to get Gudgin, and he made to jerk John off the train; but John held to him till they got the train stopped, and they sent a colored fellow back there to help him, and they put him on the train and brought him back to Keystone. George Dillon and I took charge of him. John wasn't able to stay up. We took charge of them and guarded them that night, and they come and threatened to lynch him, and we said they couldn't come up there, and Webb said if we would unhandcuff him and give him his gun nobody would come up there. We had him over Belcher's store.

"I believe I come down the next morning and put them in jail. I never knew anything more about the case until the trial. I was down here during the trial. After he was found guilty he wanted to be baptized. We took him down there to the river, and I was along with him when they baptized him. I forget what preacher baptized him. He had on a new suit of clothes, hat and everything, but he didn't like the looks of his shoes at all. I took them back and swapped them; and when he put them on and viewed himself he had on the best suit he ever had, the way I looked at it. He was about six feet two, I think, or maybe he might have been six foot three."

JUDGE HERNDON. Give his color, before you start on Gudgin.

MR. JOHNSON. He was black.

JUDGE HERNDON. About what age?

MR. JOHNSON. Well, I couldn't hardly tell you. I would figure him about thirty.

JUDGE HERNDON. Now give a description of Gudgin.

MR. JOHNSON. Well, Gudgin, I believe, was a little taller than I am, I believe about six feet, heavily built. He wasn't so fleshy, but he was heavy built, yellow.

JUDGE HERNDON. Were you deputy sheriff at the time?

MR. JOHNSON. I was constable.

JUDGE HERNDON. Campbell was deputy sheriff?

MR. JOHNSON. Yes.

JUDGE HERNDON. And John Effler was the sheriff of McDowell County at that time?

MR. JOHNSON. Yes, sir.

JUDGE HERNDON. In the town of Welch now do you know about the spot where the scaffold was built?

MR. JOHNSON. Why, I could get out here and look it up, but it was right out here somewhere.

MR. DAVID COLLINS. It was right back of the old temporary jail.

JUDGE HERNDON. You say you don't remember the name of the man John Hardy killed?

MR. JOHNSON. No, I don't remember him.

JUDGE HERNDON. But do you remember what they killed him for?

MR. JOHNSON. They were shooting craps. It is my understanding they had had the crap game before, and this fellow had skinned Hardy, and he went back and started the crap game to get to kill him. That was the statement at the time.

JUDGE HERNDON. In other words, this colored man that Hardy killed had skinned Hardy in the game before that game?

MR. JOHNSON. Yes, sir, and Hardy goes down and starts a crap game, and Webb was behind this rock with his Winchester so if Hardy failed he would get him. That was the statement, what they claimed when they came after us, when we went down there.

JUDGE HERNDON. Where was he from?

MR. JOHNSON. I don't know. I might have heard, but I never paid any attention. We were out nearly all night that night. I recollect it well. I think it was about the first year John Effler was elected sheriff. My recollection is that the time Hardy killed the other colored man was along some time during the first of the year, in 1893, and that he was tried along about April or May, 1893, and hanged soon after his conviction, about sixty days.

Mr. A. C. Payne, English, W.Va., in a letter dated Oct. 16, 1917, writes me as follows: —

"Just received your letter requesting information of a Negro named John Hardy. I was one of the jury that convicted him. He was a miner about 6 feet high and about 25 years old, as well as I could guess at him. He killed a Negro boy about 19 years old. And he was a very black Negro. That is about all I know about him."

The above-quoted statements seem to establish two groups of facts: —

1. (*a*) That about the year 1872 there was a certain John Hardy employed as a steel-driller in railroad-construction in the southern part of West Virginia. This man was a very black Negro, six feet tall, or more, of splendid physique, a drinker, a gambler, a roué, and a fierce fighter.

(*b*) That later this Negro killed a man in an altercation of some sort in which gambling played a part.

(*c*) That the murder and execution took place in the southern part of the State, near the Virginia line.

2. (*a*) That in the year 1893 a certain John Hardy was employed as a coal-miner in the extreme southern part of West Virginia. This man was a very black Negro, six feet two or three inches tall, and a gambler.

(*b*) That this John Hardy killed a man over a crap game for the sum of seventy-five cents.

(*c*) That the murder and execution took place in the southern part of the State, near the Virginia line.

The identity of these two men is not established, but the inference that they are the same is extremely probable. That two men of the same name and race, so nearly alike in physique, habits, and characteristics, should meet the same fate, for the same crime, in the same locality, is hardly believable.

The consideration of the age of the Hardy of 1893 is important in determining whether he and the Hardy of 1872 are identical. The prowess of the steel-driller of 1872 indicates a man of mature age, let us say twenty-four or twenty-five. In 1893 he would then have been forty-five or forty-six. Three of the men connected with the trial of Hardy have given estimates of his age as follows: Tabor, assistant clerk of the Criminal Court, forty; Johnson, constable, thirty; Payne, juryman, twenty-five. The value of these estimates depends upon two things, — first, accuracy of memory in recalling, after a lapse of twenty-four years, such details of feature as would enable one to judge of age; and, second, the ability of the witness to make such a judgment. Mr. Johnson says, "I couldn't hardly tell you about what age. I would figure him about thirty." The statement itself indicates much uncertainty about the matter. Mr. Payne says, "About twenty-five years old, as well as I could guess at him." Evidently at the trial Hardy's age was not brought out, or at least not emphasized enough to be remembered, and a guess by memory after twenty-four years may not be worth much. Mr. Tabor says, "About forty years of age." Mr. Tabor was deputy clerk of the court that tried Hardy, and is now engaged in civil engi-

neering. His statements indicate a better-trained and more accurate type of mind than the others, and have a directness that is assuring. In any case, the judgment of the age of a Negro of the splendid physical type of Hardy is a difficult matter, hard to come at within ten years, and more likely to be underestimated than overestimated. In my judgment, the testimony may well point to an age considerable in excess of forty.

Mr. H. S. Walker, a man of mature years, a student in West Virginia University from Fayette County, through which the C. & O. runs, reports the following as a current belief where he lives: —

John Hardy, a Negro, worked for Langhorn, a railroad-contractor from Richmond, Va., at the time of the building of the C. & O. Road. Langhorn had a contract for work on the east side of the Big Bend Tunnel, which is in the adjoining county of Summers, to the east of Fayette County; and some other contractor had the work on the west side of the tunnel. This was the time when the steam-driller was first used. Langhorn did not have one, but the contractor on the other side of the tunnel did; and Langhorn made a wager with him that Hardy could, by hand, drill a hole in less time than the steam-drill could. In the contest that followed, Hardy won, but dropped dead on the spot. He tells me, also, that there is a current report in this part of the State concerning a John Hardy who was a tough, a saloon frequenter, an outlaw, and a sort of a thug. He *thinks* this John Hardy was a white man, and he is *sure* that he was hanged later on for killing a man in McDowell County or across the line in Virginia.

Probability indicates that these two stories are about the same man. For a white man contemporary with the steel-driller to possess the same name and attributes as he, to operate in the early part of his career in the same region, to drift later to the same locality, to commit the same crime, and to pay the same penalty, is not believable.

There remains the belief that John Hardy died from the effects of the drilling-contest. In answer to inquiries concerning this, Ex-Gov. McCorkle writes, "You are mistaken when you say John Hardy died from the drilling-contest." In support of the belief, however, there is a ballad called "The Steel Driver," not as yet found in West Virginia, but reported by Shearin in his "Syllabus of Kentucky Folk-Songs," p. 19, as follows: —

"THE STEEL DRIVER, ii, 4a3b4c3b, 11: John Henry, proud of his skill with sledge and hand-drill, competes with a modern steam-drill in Tunnel No. Nine, on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad. Defeated, he dies, asking to be buried with his tools at his breast."

The change of name to John Henry, and the victory into a defeat, is not significant, and is easily accounted for by oral transmission. The same process of reasoning as applied heretofore identifies John

Henry with John Hardy, who could not have died at the end of a drilling-contest. Most likely the ballad celebrating the prowess of John Hardy gradually, in its earlier making, enhanced that prowess, and, by the natural tendency to a tragic ending, finally sang of his defeat and death.

Whether the drilling-contest be fact or fiction, is not important. However, it could hardly have happened. A note addressed to the Ingersoll-Rand Company, to whom I was referred as authority on drills, brings the following statement in a letter dated New York City, Dec. 19, 1917: —

"Your letter of Dec. 4, addressed to the Company at Easton, Pa., has been referred to us, and in reply we would advise you that, although we have no definite records, it is rather improbable that steam rock-drills were used in the building of the C. & O. Railroad. As you will see from the text of the attached advertisement, machine-drills were first used about 1866; but their use was very limited, and not at all general."

The portion of the advertisement above referred to, that is significant for this discussion, is as follows: —

"The first time rock-drills were used in big work was at the Hoosac Tunnel, year 1866. Here the Burleigh drill failed because of great repair costs. Next came the Musconetong Tunnel, Lehigh Valley R. R., driven from end to end with the Ingersoll drill, which had been brought to a practical stage in rock-work on Fourth Avenue, New York, for the horse-car tunnel. This covers the period up to 1875, when the Rand Little Giant made a step in advance."

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad was completed westward from Sulphur Springs to Huntington — that is, entirely across the State of West Virginia — in 1873.

Two versions of the ballad, with a total of five variants, have come to hand. Version *a* gives us something with the very atmosphere of the construction-camp, its rough gang of illiterate Negroes, its profanity, and its glorification of a gambler, a drunkard, and a murderer. With the exception of stanzas 2 and 3, the ballad deals with the episode of the hanging, in some way not clearly stated, and connected with gambling. The name of the place, Shawnee Camp, is exactly correct; but the number of men killed is increased to two, and the murderer is caught because he refused to run. Not only does the bulk of the ballad deal with this incident in the career of John Hardy, but the prominent places, the beginning and the end, are given to it. The older incident of the steel-drilling contest is, however, clearly remembered and vigorously expressed, though evidently on the way to forgetfulness. This version stands half way, as it were, between the "Steel Driller" listed by Shearin and version *b*.

In version *b* the steel-driller has dropped out of memory entirely.

Shawnee Camp has become a Chinese camp, — an easy change, — and consequently the man killed is a Chinaman. The yellow girl with her money is still in the game, and a man is killed in a gambling-brawl. The reference to the Big Bend Tunnel is probably a cross-reference from another West Virginia ballad (namely, "The Wreck on the C. & O. Road") very popular in the southern part of the State, and contemporary in growth with that part of "John Hardy" since 1894. The last two stanzas, given to John Hardy himself, furnish an interesting reference to a fact in his history (namely, his baptism before hanging), and may be a remnant of the song he composed and sang just before his death. The introduction of the conventional ballad element of having the hero's mother and sweetheart come to see him is to be noted in stanzas 6 and 7.

Versions *c*, *d*, and *e* are variants of version *b*. In *c* the Negro gambling-dive is exalted to a "Wild West show" (stanza 2), and the conventionalizing process is carried further in stanza 6 by giving him a "pretty little wife," whom he kept "dressed in blue," and who had always been true to him. In *d* the yellow girl becomes a less shadowy personage, upon whom is bestowed the high-sounding, romantic name, Rozella (stanza 2). The refusal of the Court to grant bond to a "murderen" man in stanza 6 is a good bit of realism, with which, no doubt, the Negro singers of this ballad were fairly familiar. The reference to his baptism fails to appear. In *e* the conventionalizing process goes on apace: the father is introduced, the hero is blessed with three children, and two stanzas (7 and 8) from "The Lass of Roch Royal" (Child, No. 76) are inserted.

As a result of this study, the following things appeal to me as significant: —

1. The origin in our day of such a ballad among an illiterate and comparatively primitive people.

2. The testimony of spontaneous composition of stanzas by men engaged in the hard work of steel-drilling.

3. The two groups of facts in Hardy's life centring respectively about the dates 1872 and 1894, which furnish the nuclei for three types of ballad as to content: (*a*) John Hardy, the steel-driver; (*b*) John Hardy, the steel-driver and the murdered; (*c*) John Hardy, the murderer.

4. The unreliability of statements in the ballad; and the difficulty, even at this early date, of determining the facts on which the song is based.

5. The passing of the song into the possession of white folk, and the rapid introduction of conventional elements of balladry. All the copies of the ballad in my possession were communicated by white people.

"John Hardy" is recorded elsewhere as follows: —

SHEARIN AND COMBS, A Syllabus of Kentucky Folk-Song, p. 19. "John Hardy," iii, 4a3b4c3b, 6. — An account of Hardy's shooting a man in a poker-game; of his arrest, trial, conviction, conversion, and baptism; and of his execution and burial on the Tug River.

— *Ibid.*, "The Steel Driver," ii, 4a3b4c3b, 11. — John Henry, proud of his skill with sledge and hand-drill, competes with a modern steam-drill in Tunnel No. Nine, on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. Defeated, he dies, asking to be buried with his tools at his breast.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE, 22 : 247. — A North Carolina version of four stanzas contributed by Miss Louise Rand Bascom, in which John Hardy shot a man in New Orlean Town, as he is made to say, "for the sake of her I love." The fact of his baptism is mentioned.

Ibid., 22 : 249–250. — Louise Rand Bascom reports from North Carolina "Johnie Henry," which she says begins, —

> "Johnie Henry was a hard workin' man,
> He died with his hammer in his hand."

Ibid., 26 : 163–165. — Five variants of "John Henry" reported by E. C. Sparrow. The first four are brief, and the only significant lines are, —

> "This ole hammer killed John Henry,
> Drivin' Steel, Baby, drivin' steel."

The fifth is a ballad of eight stanzas, obtained from Kentucky mountain whites. In it John Henry is a steel-driver, who competes with a steam-driller in a big tunnel, apparently on the C. & O. line. He leaves a faithful wife to mourn his death.

Ibid., 26 : 180–182. — Variant *e* of this study, communicated by the present writer; also printed in West Virginia School Journal and Educator, 44 : 216–217 (September, 1915).

Ibid., 27 : 249. — Reported by title, "That's the Hammer killed John Henry," from South Carolina, by Henry C. Davis.

Ibid., 28 : 14. — Communicated by John A. Lomax as being sung along the Chesapeake and Ohio Road in Kentucky and West Virginia. John Henry, the best steel-driver on the C. & O. Road, competes with a steam-driller in Tunnel No. Nine, beats it by an inch and a half, and lays down his hammer and dies.

CAMPBELL AND SHARP, English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians, pp. 257–258 : "John Hardy." — A ballad in nine stanzas. Nothing is said of steel-driving, and the hero kills his partner for fifty cents in the "Shunny Camps" (Shawnee Camp). Hardy is evidently thought of as a white man, for the murder is done "for the sake of my blue-eyed girl." The fact of his baptism is mentioned, and two stanzas from "The Lass of Roch Royal" are inserted, the same stanzas as in variant *e* of the present study.

THE BEREA QUARTERLY (Berea, Ky.), 14 (October, 1910) : 26 (No. 3). — Two stanzas only: —

> "John Hardy had a wife, a child,
> A wife and child had he;

But he cared no more for his wife and child
Than he did for the fish in the sea.

He'd play cards with a white man,
He'd play cards with him fair,
He'd play the hat right off his head,
He'd play him for his hair."

FRANK C. BROWN, Ballad-Literature in North Carolina (reprinted from Proceedings and Addresses of the Fifteenth Annual Session of the Literary and Historical Association of North Carolina, Dec. 1–2, 1914), p. 12. Listed as found in North Carolina.

JOHN HARDY.

(*Version a.*)

(Communicated by Dr. H. S. Green, Charleston, W.Va. He obtained it from Ex-Gov. W. A. McCorkle, who says he has known it about twenty years.)

1. John Hardy was a bad, bad man,
He came from a bad, bad land;
He killed two men in a Shawnee camp,
Cause he's too damn nervy for to run, God damn!
Too damn nervy for to run.

2. John Hardy went to the rock quarrie,
He went there for to drive, Lord, Lord!
The rock was so hard and the steel so soft,
That he laid down his hammer and he cried, "O my God!"
He laid down his hammer and he cried.

3. John Henry was standing on my right-hand side,
The steel hammers on my left, Lord, Lord!
"Before I'd let the steamer beat me down,
I'd die with my hammer in my hand, by God!
I'd die with my hammer in my hand."

4. John Hardy was standing at the dice-room door,
So drunk he could not see, Lordy, Lord!
'Long come his woman, five dollars in her hand,
Said, "You count John Hardy in the game, God damn!
You count John Hardy in the game."

5. John Hardy went to playing in the game of cards,
The pot was broken, says, he stayed, Lordy, Lord!
He drawed the nine of diamonds to a diamond bob,
And he says, "I'll let the whole damn bill play, by God!"
He says, "I'll let the whole bill play."

6. John Hardy went staggering by the jail-house,
As drunk as he could be, Lordy, Lord!
Up stepped a leaceman, catched him by the arm,
Says, "John Hardy, come and go with me, poor boy!
John Hardy, come and go with me."

7. Friends and relatives all standing round,
Crying, "John Hardy, what have you done, poor boy?"
"I've murdered two men in the Shawnee camp,
Was too damn nervy for to run, God damn!
Now I'm standing on my hanging-ground."

(*Version b.*)

(Communicated by Mr. E. C. Smith, Weston, Lewis County, who obtained it from Miss Maude Rucks, Heaters, Braxton County.)

1. John Hardy was but three days old,
Sitting on his mamma's knee,
When he looked straight up at her and said,
"The Big Bend Tunnel on the C. & O. Road
Is bound to be the death of me,
The Big Bend Tunnel on the C. & O. Road
Is bound to be the death of me."

2. John Hardy was standing in a dice-room door,
Not taking any interest in the game,
When a yellow girl threw ten dollars on the board,
Saying, "Deal John Hardy in the game, poor boy!
Deal John Hardy in the game."

3. John Hardy drew his pistol from his pocket,
And threw it down on the tray,
Saying, "The man that uses my yellow girl's money,
I'm going to blow him away, away,
I'm going to blow him away."

4. John Hardy drew to a four card straight,
And the Chinaman drew to a pair;
John failed to catch, and the Chinaman won,
And he left him sitting back dead in his chair,
And he left him lying dead in his chair.

5. John started to catch the east-bound train,
So dark he could not see;
A police walked up and took him by the arm,
Saying, "John Hardy, come and go with me, poor boy!
John Hardy, come and go with me."

6. John Hardy's mamma came to him,
Saying, "John, what have you done?"
"I've murdered a man in a Chinese camp,
And now I'm sentenced to be hung, O Lord!
And now I'm sentenced to be hung."

7. John Hardy's sweetheart came to him,
She came to go his bail;
They put her on a west-bound train,
And shoved John Hardy back in jail, poor boy!
And shoved John Hardy back in jail.

8. "I've been to the East and I've been to the West,
I've travelled this wide world round;
I've been to the river and I've been baptized,
And now I'm on my hanging-ground, O Lord!
And now I'm on my hanging-ground.

9. "I don't care a damn for the C. & O. Road,
And I don't care a damn what I say;
I don't care a snap for the police."
But they let John Hardy get away, poor boy!
They let John Hardy get away.

(*Version c.*)

(Communicated by Mr. Lee C. Wooddell, Durbin, Pocahontas County, who obtained it from Mr. Ernie Wright, Hosterman, Pocahontas County.)

1. John Hardy he was two years old,
Sitting on his mother's knee:
"The Big Ben Tunnel on the C. & O. Road
Is going to be the death of me, poor boy,
Is going to be the death of me, poor boy."

2. John Hardy went into a Wild West show,
Playing at a fifty-cent game:
"Whoever wins my fifty cents,
I'm going to blow out his brains, poor boy!
I'm going to blow out his brains, poor boy."

3. John Hardy laid down a twenty-dollar bill,
And he didn't ask for change:
"All I want is a forty-four gun
To blow out another nigger's brains, poor boy!
To blow out another nigger's brains, poor boy!"

4. John Hardy went to New Port,
Expecting to be free.
The detective patted him on the back:
"John Hardy, go along with me, poor boy!
John Hardy, go along with me, poor boy!"

5. "I've been to the East, I've been to the West,
And I've been all over the world;
I've been to the river to be baptized,
But I'm on my hanging-ground, poor boy!
But I'm on my hanging-ground, poor boy!"

6. John Hardy had a pretty little wife,
He kept her dressed in blue.
When she heard that John was dead,
"John Hardy, I've been true to you, poor boy!
John Hardy, I've been true to you, poor boy!"

(*Version d.*)

(Communicated by Mr. John B. Adkins, Branchland, Lincoln County, who obtained it from David Dick, an old banjo-player.)

1. John Hardy he was a desperate man,
He roved from town to town,
Saying, "The man that wins my money this time,
I'm going to blow his life away,
And lay him in his lonesome grave."

2. John Hardy was standing in the dice-room door,
He was not concerned in the game;
Rozella threw down one silver dollar,
Saying, "Deal John Hardy in the game, poor boy!"
Saying, "Deal John Hardy in the game."

3. John Hardy threw down one half-dollar,
Saying, "One half of this I'll play,
And the man that wins my money this time,
I'm going to blow his life away,
And lay him in his lonesome grave."

4. John Hardy was making for the station that night,
It was so dark he could hardly see;
A policeman took him by the arm,
Saying, "John, won't you come and go with me, poor boy?
John, won't you come and go with me?"

5. Every station they passed through,
They heard the people say,
"Yonder goes John Hardy making his escape,
John Hardy is getting away, poor boy!
John Hardy is getting away."

6. They brought John Hardy out before the judge,
And bond they offered him:
No bond was allowed a murderen [1] man,
So they put John Hardy back in jail, poor boy!
They put John Hardy back in jail.

7. John Hardy's wife went mourning along,
Went mourning along in blue,
Saying, "O John, what have you done!
I've always been true to you, poor boy!
I've always been true to you."

[1] Murderen, one who commits murder.

(*Version e.*)

(Communicated by Mr. E. C. Smith, Weston, Lewis County. It was written out from memory by Walter Mick, Ireland, W. Va., who learned it from hearing it sung by people of his community.)

1. John Hardy was a little farmer boy,
   Sitting on his father's knee;
   Says he, "I fear the C. & O. Road
   Will be the ruination of me, poor boy!
   Will be the ruination of me."

2. John Hardy got to be a desperate man,
   Carried a pistol and a razor every day;
   Shot a nigger through the heel in a Chinese camp,
   And you ought of seen that nigger get away, poor boy!
   And you ought of seen that nigger get away.

3. John Hardy's mother ran up to him,
   Saying, "Son, what have you done?"
   "I murdered a man in a Chinese camp,
   And now I'm sentenced to be hung, poor boy!
   And now I'm sentenced to be hung."

4. John Hardy's father went to the judge,
   Saying, "What do you think will be done?"
   The judge he answer with a quick reply,
   "I'm afraid John Hardy will be hung, poor boy!
   I'm afraid John Hardy will be hung."

5. John Hardy was standing in a dice-room door,
   He didn't have a nickel to his name;
   Along came a yaller gal, threw a dollar on the board,
   Saying, "Deal John Hardy in the game, poor boy!"
   Saying, "Deal John Hardy in the game."

6. John Hardy was standing in a railroad-station,
   As drunk as he could be:
   A policeman came up and took him by the arm,
   "John Hardy, come along with me, poor boy!
   John Hardy, come along with me."

7. "Oh, who will shoe your pretty little feet,
   And who will glove your hands,
   And who will kiss your sweet rosy lips,
   When I'm in a foreign land, poor boy!
   When I'm in a foreign land?"

8. "My father will shoe my pretty little feet,
   My mother will glove my hands;
   John Hardy will kiss my sweet rosy lips,
   When he comes from a foreign land, poor boy!
   When he comes from a foreign land."

9. John Hardy married a loving wife,
And children he had three:
He called to him his oldest son,
Saying, "Son, make a man like me, poor boy!"
Saying, "Son, make a man like me."

10. John Hardy married a loving wife,
And children he had three:
He cared no more for his wife and child
Than the rocks in the bottom of the sea, poor boy!
Than the rocks in the bottom of the sea."

NOTE. — The following statement was made to me in person in the summer of 1918 by Mr. James Knox Smith, a Negro lawyer of Keystone, McDowell County, who was present at the trial and also at the execution of John Hardy: —

"Hardy worked for the Shawnee Coal Company, and one pay-day night he killed a man in a crap game over a dispute of twenty-five cents. Before the game began, he laid his pistol on the table, saying to it, 'Now I want you to lay here; and the first nigger that steals money from me, I mean to kill him.' About midnight he began to lose, and claimed that one of the Negroes had taken twenty-five cents of his money. The man denied the charge, but gave him the amount; whereupon he said, 'Don't you know that I won't lie to my gun?' Thereupon he seized his pistol and shot the man dead.

"After the crime he hid around the Negro shanties and in the mountains a few days, until John Effler (the sheriff) and John Campbell (a deputy) caught him. Some of the Negroes told them where Hardy was, and, slipping into the shanty where he was asleep, they first took his shotgun and pistol, then they waked him up and put the cuffs on him. Effler handcuffed Hardy to himself, and took the train at Eckman for Welch. Just as the train was passing through a tunnel, and Effler was taking his prisoner from one car to another, Hardy jumped, and took Effler with him. He tried to get hold of Effler's pistol; and the sheriff struck him over the head with it, and almost killed him. Then he unhandcuffed himself from Hardy, tied him securely with ropes, took him to Welch, and put him in jail.

"While in jail after his conviction, he could look out and see the men building his scaffold; and he walked up and down his cell, telling the rest of the prisoners that he would never be hung on that scaffold. Judge H. H. Christian, who had defended Hardy, heard of this, visited him in jail, advised him not to kill himself or compel the officers to kill him, but to prepare to die. Hardy began to sing and pray, and finally sent for the Reverend Lex Evans, a white Baptist preacher, told him he had made his peace with God, and asked to be baptized. Evans said he would as soon baptize him as he would a white man. Then they let him put on a new suit of clothes, the guards led him down to the Tug River, and Evans baptized him. On the scaffold he begged the sheriff's pardon for the way he had treated him, said that he had intended to fight to the death and not be hung, but that after he got religion he did not feel like fighting. He confessed that he had done wrong, killed a man under the influence of whiskey,

and advised all young men to avoid gambling and drink. A great throng witnessed the hanging.

"Hardy was black as a crow, over six feet tall, weighed about two hundred pounds, raw-boned, and had unusually long arms. He came originally from down eastern Virginia, and had no family. He had formerly been a steel-driver, and was about forty years old, or more."

WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

NOTE ON THE GROUND-HOG MYTH AND ITS ORIGIN. — To the folk-lorist there are few pleasures which excel that of the discovery of a familiar superstition parading in ancient garb. Such was the writer's fortune, upon reading a discussion which took place before the Société Préhistorique Francaise in January of 1917.[1] There M. Catelan records, —

"On running through the numerous calendars that were given me for the *Capo d'Anno*, we noted that our *Studio* calendar bore for the 1st of February the fête of the Holy Bear (Saint Ours).

"Now, there is an alpine Provençal proverb which says,' Si, pour le Chandeleur, l'Ours sorte de sa tannière et voit son ombre, il rentre et de quarante jours ne sorte plus.'

"We have thought to interest our colleagues by calling attention to this date of the 1st of February and that of the 2d of February (le Chandeleur), both of which treat of the bear, and at the same time are brought into relation with the sun. In any case, we have brought a stone, perhaps useful, to the temple which is being rebuilt."

When and how this Provençal bear[2] migrated to the New World may never be known; but there would seem to be no possible doubt of its identity with the American ground-hog, which, on the 2d of February, annually casts its shadow across the pages of our daily press.

In the discussion, M. Marcel Baudouin adds to the above, —

"Le Chandeleur is an ancient festival, *en rapport* with the Pleiades-Sun (and not the winter solstice). It corresponded, some thirty-five hundred years ago, to the vernal equinox. The retrogression of a month and a half is due solely to the precession of the equinoxes (one month for two thousand years). The bear is here the polar constellation, that at one time, associated with the Pleiades, governed the seasons."

While not accepting all of M. Baudouin's conclusions, the present writer deems it worth while to call the attention of American students to certain associations of ideas and coincidences of date. The rite of blessing the candles for the year upon the second day of February, which is responsible for the naming of Candlemas, did not come into general usage until the eleventh century; but there is little doubt that here, as in other *sun-light* ceremonies, the Church but gave a tardy recognition to folk-thought, which proved too deeply rooted for eradication. The day has long been consecrated to the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, and the history of this holy day leads through the dusty mazes of early church tradition to yet more ancient folk-rites. The date of the festival depended

[1] MM. L. Catelan et Marcel Baudouin, Discussion sur les Cupules, Saint-Ours, et le Soleil (Bulletin de la Société Préhistorique Francaise, 14 : p. 55).

[2] If the sun shines the 2d of February (Candlemas), there will be freezing weather for six weeks (or forty days; in Thuringia and Westphalia, four weeks); the badger (in Bohemia, the bear) must stay that long under ground or in his lair (Silesia, Schwerin, Thuringia, Westphalia, Oldenburg, Tyrols). —A. WUTTKE, *Der deutsche Volksaberglaube der Gegenwart* (3d ed., 1900), p. 82.

nominally upon that of the Epiphany, being fixed at forty days after that date. It would lead too far afield to enter into the complicated question of the Epiphany festival dates: suffice it to state that, prior to the adoption by the Church of Dec. 25, the ancient British "Mother's night," as the date of the Nativity, — a change which was made in the century between A.D. 350 and 440 — both Epiphanies fell upon Jan. 6, and the Purification upon Feb. 14, a date upon which it is still celebrated by the Armenian church.

Prior to the institution of this latter festival, in the second half of the fourth century, this date of Feb. 14–15 had been one of great significance in the Pagan world, being no less than the ancient festival of the *Lupercalia*. Presided over by the Luperci, or Wolf-Priests, entailing bloody sacrifices of goats and dogs, with traces of human sacrifice, it is conceded to be pre-Roman in origin. A most significant priestly procession, which encircled the walls of the old Palatinate city, its course marked by stones, was accompanied by the striking of the crowding populace, the blows of the thong being courted as conferring fertility. The ceremony bears all the marks of a spring-sun festival. Avowedly its object was, by expiation and purification, to secure the fruitfulness of the land, increase of flocks, and the prosperity of the whole people. From this purification the month of February takes its name.

It is not surprising that in Rome these ancient rites were linked with the Wolf priesthood, representative of the traditional lupine clan association — totemic or otherwise. That elsewhere other guardian beasts may have stood in the same relation, seems probable, in view of such fragments as have survived the centuries, as the bear myth still known to Provençal folk-lore, to which M. Catelan alludes.

The Holy Bear of Feb. 1 — the disappointed bear that continues, after thirty-five hundred years, to look for the returning vernal sun, and, seeing only his pale shadow, goes sadly back to his den to sleep for forty days — points to the crystallization of this folk-saying at a time when the precession of the equinoxes had shifted to about the 14th of March, the astronomical phenomenon traditionally belonging to the 2d of February; i.e., about five hundred years ago.

The arbitrary change of date for the Christian festival of the Purification of the Virgin, while separating it from the Pagan purification rites still practised at the time of its institution, apparently brought it into relation with a yet older spring festival, which still retained in places the traces of fire rites and animal associates.

To return to the American ground-hog, when, on Feb. 2, he comes forth and sees his shadow, be thankful that the myth is not of more recent origin, since then we might be threatened with some seven more weeks of winter.

H. NEWELL WARDLE.

THE ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES
OF PHILADELPHIA.

REVIEWS.

FRANCES DENSMORE, Teton Sioux Music (Bulletin No. 61, Bureau of American Ethnology). Washington, D.C., 1918.

THIS is Miss Densmore's third contribution to the study of American Indian music. Bulletins 45 and 53 dealt with the songs of the Chippewa. The present collection not only covers two hundred and forty melodies recorded among the Sioux, but includes a tabular comparative analysis of these and the three hundred and forty Chippewa songs before mentioned, as well as of twenty Siouan tunes found among the Chippewa. The two tribes have enjoyed considerable intercourse, a fact which is revealed by a study of their music and other phases of their culture.

In addition to the collection of songs and their individual analyses, which are distributed through the second half of the book between full descriptions of the circumstances surrounding their composition and rendition, numerous tables of statistics covering these analyses from many points of view are assembled in the first part, together with the comparative analysis just referred to. There are several chapters enlarging upon these, and discussing the trend of musical development of the Sioux as indicated by a comparison of their old and more recent compositions.

The details of the business of recording and transcribing, — such as care in the selection of the informants and singers; accuracy in measurements of speed and pitch; the securing of several records of each song, made by the same and by different singers, in order to procure a series that will assist the transcriber in discriminating between peculiarities inherent in the song and those which are to be ascribed to individual methods of singing; the repetition of readings made from them at sufficient intervals to permit the influence of previous impressions to lapse, and thus minimize a possible bias on the part of the transcriber, — all attest to the fact that Miss Densmore realizes the importance of obtaining correct and complete results.

For a complete study in the present instance, the subject should also have been approached, as far as possible, from the composer's point of view, as well as from that of the analyst subsequently examining it. In the case of records made years ago by ethnologists who had not the musical knowledge to aid them in mapping out suitable lines of investigation, no other method than the objective is now possible in the study of musical form presented by them; and this is true of those whose origin belongs to antiquity. In collecting from primitive people, we should avail ourselves of every opportunity to obtain data first-hand by discussing with those still inventing songs questions which might lead to a revelation of what in their eyes were the principles of their construction.[1] Only a suggestion of the possible wealth

[1] That such a procedure often yields rich and unexpected results, has recently proved to be the case in the investigation of other phases of culture; and there is no reason to believe that similar enlightening information might not be forthcoming in the question of musical composition. Certainly an art that in many respects shows a considerable degree of development has not escaped reflective observation and pattern imitation on the part of its creators, even though music is emotional in character, and thus perhaps nearer the boundary of the unconscious than basketry, for instance.

of information to be had appeared in a statement, made by several informants, that there were different ways of ending songs, by which types could be differentiated.

On the other hand, the lengthy descriptions following each song, which deal with the circumstances or psychological conditions under which it is claimed to have been composed, or with the occasions on which it is sung, fall outside the present discussion, since they do not contribute to a theoretical review of the music itself.

The material consisting of songs, tables, and chapters on "Method of Work and Analysis," "Comparison between Old and Comparatively Modern Sioux Songs," "Analysis of Sioux and Chippewa Songs," although constituting less than half of the book, is its most important part, and represents by far the most work. It calls for considerable comment, not only because of the many ingenious ideas it contains, but also because it is believed that there are a number of points in methodology and terminology on which musicians and scientists will disagree with the author.

The writer of this review here makes a plea, while the scientific study of primitive music is still in its infancy, that a universal, concise, and accurate system be adopted for designating pitches, tone-lengths, and other musical situations in which primitive music differs from that which can be represented by our existing European plan of notation.

The hold-signs employed in the present work to designate shortened and lengthened note-values are not sufficiently definite, especially since it is generally believed that very small time-values are observed by many Indian singers and dancers, and that in matters of rhythm they are particularly well versed. It is rather surprising that one so precise as Miss Densmore considers it necessary to be in the matter of measuring speeds of cylinder revolutions, metronome indications, and in the placing of drum-beats, and who is so interested in the question of rhythms, should be so lax in assigning exact time-values to all of the notes. The accurate indication of pitches depends primarily upon some mechanical method of measuring them, which is absolutely necessary for a truly scientific study; although for general purposes a keen discrimination on the part of the transcriber is perhaps enough, provided a more accurate system of notation is adopted than our own.

As several musicians contend, it is a question as to how far it is necessary to go in the indication of deviations in pitch from those determined by our staff degrees and chromatic signs, since unintentional deviations of considerable magnitude are constantly made, even by our own trained singers, under varying psychological and physical conditions. Nevertheless, to a normal ear a half-step is appreciably larger than a quarter-step; and since we are dealing with music which is by no means as yet proved to be like our own, and for any proof requires accurate transcribing as well as measuring, it would seem advisable to provide for differences at least as small as an eighth, even though it may later be proved to the satisfaction of all concerned that for native song, *not based on instrumental scales*, those pitches which differ considerably from true overtones and their nearest related partials are not likely to be encountered except among bad singers. Even were it not better for the present to employ as exact signs as possible, the + and − signs used by Miss Densmore are confusing, because the latter sign has long been used by classical composers to denote stressed tones.

On account of this indefiniteness, no scientific trust can be placed in the transcriptions and the tables, for the purpose of discovering the exact scales in use by the two tribes, the physical reasons for their adoption, or their possible relation to the tone-systems of instruments; but, accepting the songs as written, they are valuable none the less from the standpoint of their structure and general tonal content.

A study of music may and must be made from two points of view, in order to be complete, — namely, that of musical form, and that of tonal content, — corresponding to the idea of design as a whole or in well-defined sections, and to the elements of material from which this is built. Logically, an examination of tonal content should precede that of musical form; but since, under the circumstances in the present instance, our speculations in that direction necessarily lead us along only general lines, it remains to establish what we can in other directions.

To the mind of the reviewer, Miss Densmore might have reached entirely different and new results if she had studied her songs from the standpoint of musical form, because that is necessarily linked with questions of metre and rhythm, and assists materially in determining these often perplexing points when transcribing, which is the starting-place of all analysis.

The questions of rhythmic units and the trend of melodies, which latter Miss Densmore has so ingeniously clarified by the device of plotting, belong to this branch of the study, but are merely the first steps in its fascinating possibilities. For reasons that will soon become apparent, however, the writer differs with her method of dividing the former.

Except in analyses which deal only with tonal content or monotonic music, metre, rhythm, and melody go hand in hand. Theoretically, the first two should coincide with the word-accents of the accompanying texts, if the song is a spontaneous utterance, or if the adaptation of new words has been happily accomplished; but it is an all too well-known fact that Indian songs, like any tunes that prove attractive, are frequently furnished with texts which do not fit. In such cases the word-accents usually give way to the original accents of the melody, although at times they are sufficiently strong to prove disturbing to the transcriber, or to equalize the stress on a number of tones in the space of a few measures. It does not seem, however, that this can be taken as a good reason for changing the position of the measure-bars, unless the accent is very decided, but rather that a study should be made of the situations elsewhere in the song, where the same melodic idea occurs, with a view to establishing consistency whenever possible. In her own experience in transcribing, the writer has noted, on subsequent analysis, that just such differences in metre for identical melodic phrases had crept in. These were adjusted temporarily, and confirmation for the correctness of the alteration sought in another reading. It was usually found that the revised versions were as acceptable as the first, or at least that in the original, one or another of the divisions had been misconceived, because of the slight preponderance of a word-accent or for some other incidental cause. Disregarding this, the uniformity of metre and rhythm in similar melodic sections was general, although small rhythmic changes, such as subdivisions of already existing values, sometimes occur with the presence of extra syllables. A strong accent, however, could never be disregarded with impunity, no matter how irregular its appearance.

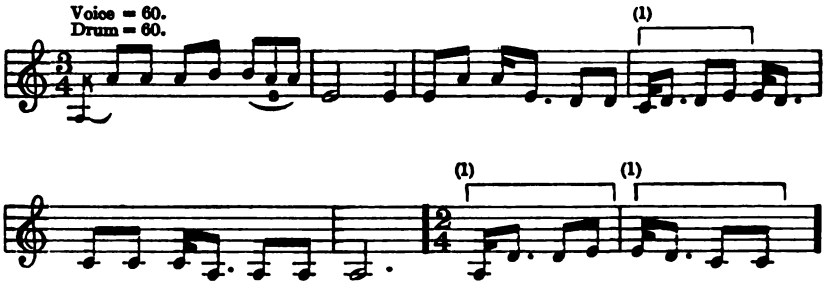
Misconceptions are more apt to occur in the earlier part of the song, while the transcriber is becoming familiar with the song and singer, than later, and, once impressed upon the memory, are difficult to efface. Again, they are due to the fact that the singer has not attacked the swing of the melody in the beginning.

Although realizing that these are delicate matters for discrimination, and consequently to be approached with the greatest care, and that at times, like fixing a tonality, they are capable of several interpretations, according to the personal opinions of individual transcribers, I have selected at random two of Miss Densmore's songs, in order to illustrate these points. Following the author's original versions, others have been introduced, in which the upper lines of braces and the parentheses on the staff indicate the plan of the melodic structure, by marking off the complete melodic phrases, and indicating their internal or external development or variation by means of extensions or contractions of the melodic theme. No attempt has been made to determine the boundaries of the phrases by observing the rule of full or semi cadences, as might be suggested by the melody to a student looking for implied harmony. Rather, they have been determined by what may be called natural phrasing (that is, lingering on long notes, as if pausing) or the word phrasing, or by repetitions of parts either melodically identical or revealing the same structural plan. The lower braces mark off the rhythmic and metric units,[1] or patterns; and it will be seen that the former differ in some cases considerably from those in the original versions, on account of the shifted measure-bars or the phrasing of melody or words.

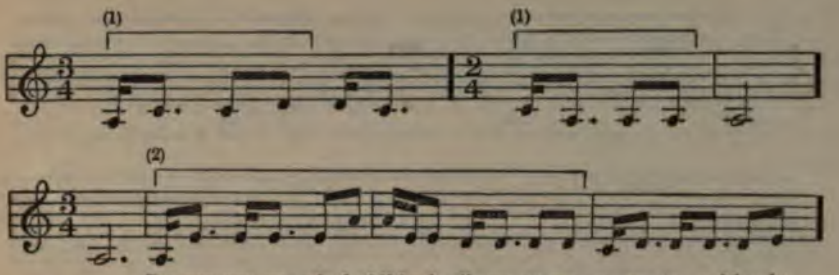
NO. 222. "TWO WHITE BUFFALO."

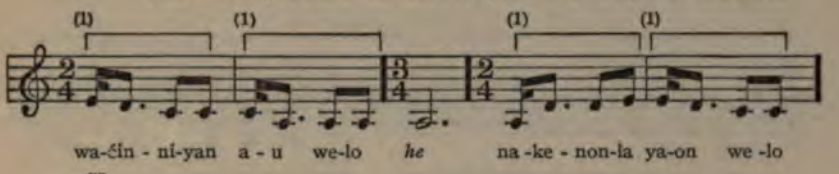
(Sung by Shoots-First.)

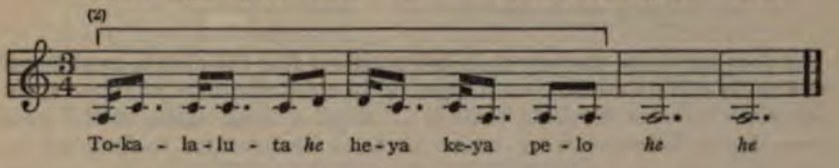
(Catalogue No. 642)



[1] There is some confusion in regard to the author's use of these terms. The former is defined as a group of notes of various values, which occur more than once in a song in the same order, and influence its character. The term "metric unit" is applied to one note which has been accepted as the standard of value. I have applied the term "metric unit" elsewhere (JAFL 31: 496 *et seq.*) to groups comprising a number of measures of the same or different lengths, which show a metric if not melodic relationship in their combined length in beats, and of which more than one occurs in a song, properly defined by the conditions of phrasing already mentioned. The idea is analogous to that of "rhythmic unit" in a larger sense. Considering the confusion that may arise from these two uses of the term, the writer withdraws her application of it, and hereafter substitutes the term "metric pattern," with a suggestion that the term "rhythmic unit" be abandoned in favor of "rhythmic pattern."

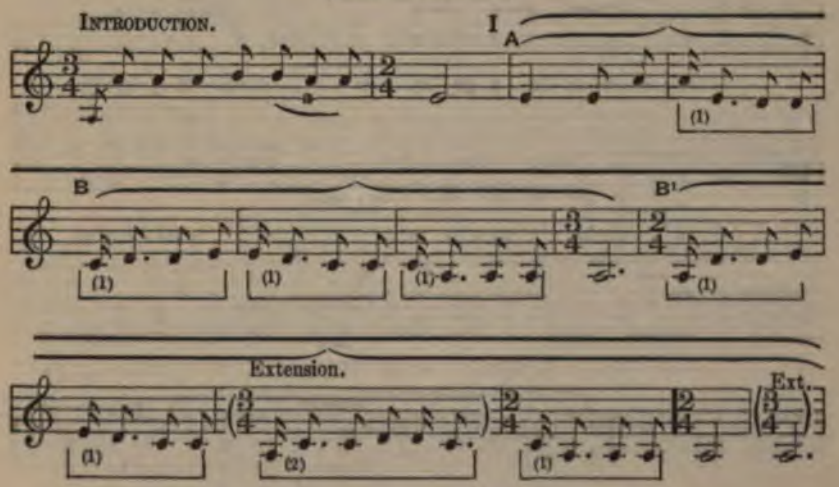


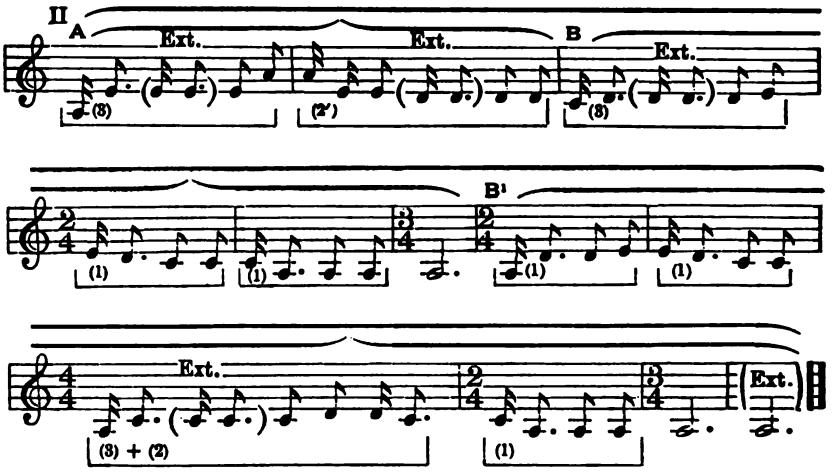




Ptesan'-non'-pawin	Two White Buffalo
blihe'ićiya unwo'	take fresh courage
oya'te	the tribe
okśan'	in general
waćin'niyan	depend upon you
aü' welo'	when they come
nake'nonla yaön' welo'	a short time you live
Toka'-la-lu'ta	Red Fox
heya' keya' pelo'	said this, it is reported.

(*Revised Version.*)



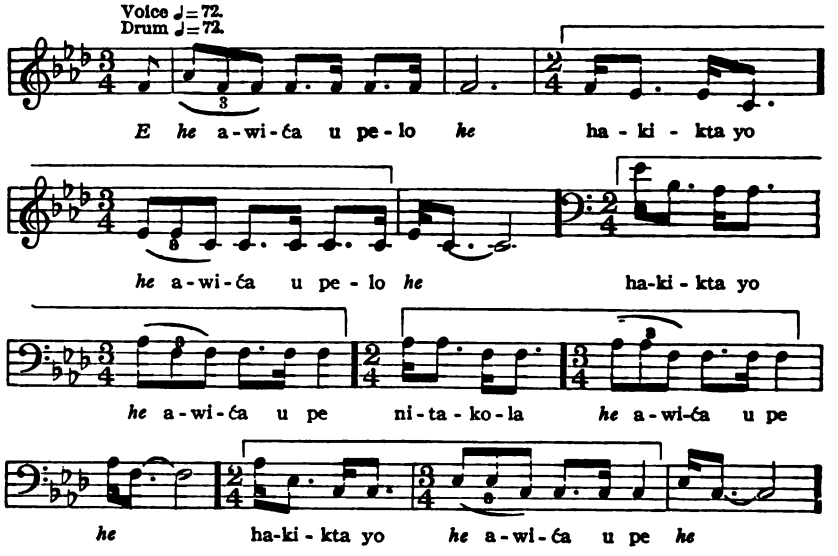


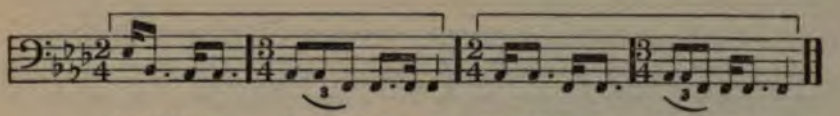
It does not seem warranted, in compositions like the above, to pick out arbitrarily certain notes, even if repeated in a definite order of time-values, and mark them as rhythmic units or patterns, without regard to the notes preceding or following them, which might be incorporated to form others, and thus account rhythmically for more of the song than a few isolated notes here and there. If it were justifiable to form a pattern from part of a measure, then it would be allowable to combine fractions of two adjoining measures to create patterns, if the sequence of note-values conforms to the standard, as they do in the third and fourth measures of Miss Densmore's version. The changed measure-bars dispense with this difficulty.

NO. 195. "THEY ARE CHARGING THEM."

(Sung by Kills-at-Night.)

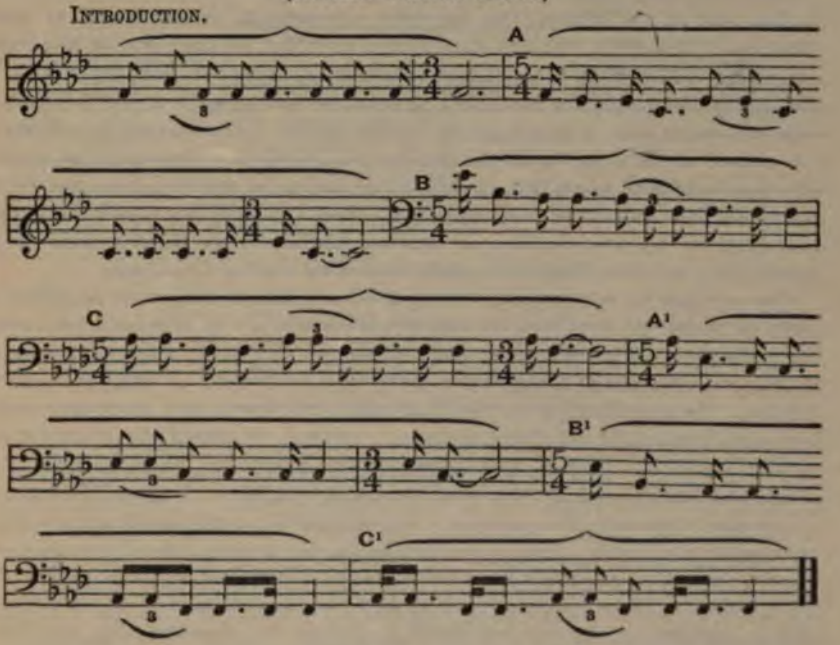
(Catalogue No. 593)



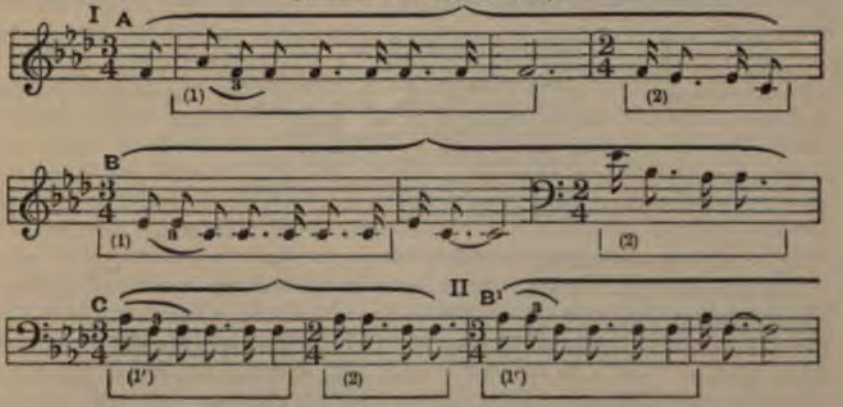


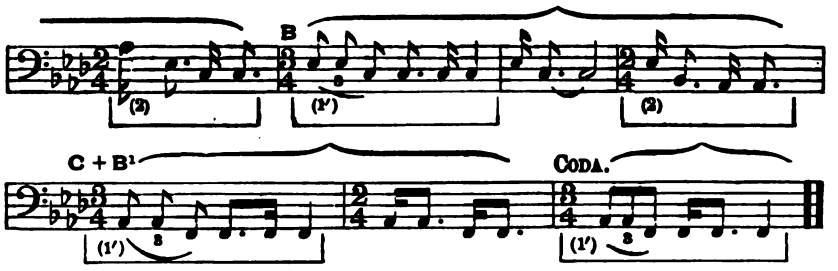
awi'ća u pelo' (they) are charging them
haki'kta yo look back
nita'kola your friends
awi'ća u pelo' are charging them.

(*Revised Version No. 1.*)



(*Revised Version No. 2.*)





This truly remarkable and stirring song was a purely accidental selection on the part of the writer. Its beauties and complexities were not at first observed, although it was apparent that a complicated plan was at the bottom of it. The melody is spirited in the extreme, and a mere singing of it with the proper accent gives a forcible impression of galloping horses and buffalo. It would seem from a glance at the words as they are accented in ordinary speech and in the song, and from the fact that the last measure has no words and that in several cases the syllable *lo* has had to be omitted from the word *pelo*, that they were conceived separately from the melody, which no doubt was inspired by the rhythm of beating hoofs. Nevertheless there is a poetic plan, which is singularly coincident with that of the music.

The purpose in reproducing the song here is not to illustrate an adjustment of metric or rhythmic to melodic divisions, for in this instance these are perfectly consistent. The selection of the rhythmic units or patterns in this case is perhaps a matter of taste, and controlled by the poetic conception. A combination of the two-part and three-part measures into five-part ones would also be a matter of opinion, as would the question as to whether it should be a combination of two and three, or three and two. It has been introduced in "Revised Version 1" to show the possibilities.

The object in using this example is to indicate the importance of the study of musical and poetic form. According to the conception of the poetry, the song may be analyzed in several ways. The first is given in No. I. Here, following Miss Densmore's lead and the combination of the rhythmic unit or pattern as she has indicated it, it will be observed that the first phrase stands alone. The words state "They are charging them," with the meaningless syllables italicized. We take it, then, that the real poetic order is, —

They are charging them,
Look back, they are charging them,
Look back, they are charging them,
Your friends are charging them,
Look back, they are charging them,
Look back, they are charging them,
Look back!

This is followed by a measure which has no words.

The analysis of the melodic structure has been made upon this assumption. Thus the first phrase is an introduction. The song proper begins at A. Exactly the same rhythmic idea is present in both A and B, except for the third measure, which is lacking in B. The melodic beginning for each phrase is very different. Then follows a third phr ase, C, "Your friends

are charging them," which is similar to A, but is mostly transposed a fifth downward. The second half of the song is modelled upon the first, but with variations. The first measure of A′ resembles in construction that of B, but the remainder of the phrase is an exact duplication of A an octave lower. B′ is an exact sequence of B an octave lower; C′, again an exact sequence of C, except that it is irregular in lacking the last measure. Dividing the phrases by measure with the number of beats for each, and each row indicating a phrase, we have the following metric order: —

33		33
53	or, abandoning the 5-part	233
553	measure arrangement, we have	23233
53		233
55 (3 missing)		2323 (3 missing)

Other evidences of design within design are to be found in the composition of the triplets and their pitch-relation to each other, which will be more fully discussed in the following paragraph.

In the second revised version it is assumed that the song begins at the beginning, and the poetic form is as follows: —

They are charging them, look back!
They are charging them, look back!
They are charging them, your friends.[1]
They are charging them, look back!
They are charging them, look back!
They are charging them, look back!

This is more simple and orderly; and the song may be regarded as falling naturally either into three sections of two phrases each, or into two with three phrases each. There is some reason in the melody itself for suggesting the former division, for at C, where the middle part should begin, we have a return to the idea in A; but this does not militate against an argument for two three-part sections where the third part is built on the plan of the first, and this the writer believes to be the case for each half. The numbers I and II indicate these halves. Beginning with A, then (the triplet also seems to me musically of more importance than the dotted-eighth rhythm of the second measure, and hence more clearly to mark the divisions), we see that B answers it in a similar style, starting on the dominant of the key (or we will call it such, for convenience). This sequence of the melody on the fifth has been discussed by Helmholtz,[2] and is commonly found in the music of many peoples. The section is completed by a return to the first idea, which is cut short, however, by a slightly new melodic element coming in with the words "Your friends." It is an octave lower than A. The second section begins on the same pitch as was used to open C; but, quite properly, now the melodic theme which is resumed is that of B, although it is a fifth lower than that phrase, and falls short of an exact transposition in the last two notes. Because it is so similar in plan, it has been designated as B′. The middle phrase, unlike C, — which, in addition to introducing a new melodic

[1] Or, "Your friends are charging them." It is possible here, as in so many Indian languages, that the word-order is verb, noun.

[2] On the Sensations of Tone as a Physiological Basis for the Theory of Music, translated by A. J. Ellis (London, 1885), part 3, pp. 254, *c*, *d*, and 255.

thought, contained new words, — is merely an exact duplication of the middle phrase of the first part, although an octave lower, or again on the fifth of A flat. The final phrase, as if to balance the ideas involved in C and yet to remain true to the prevailing B character, combines the two; and, perhaps for the sake of finality, a coda appears for which there are no words, as if only the sound of the pounding hoofs filled the silence, again coming in on the lowest A flat.

The sequence of measure-formation is as follows, and confirms the correctness of the present analysis. There are two distinct rhythmic patterns in the song combined by various types of connectives. These are indicated by the line of braces beneath the staves.

$$3^2$$
$$3^2$$
$$3^2$$
$$3^2$$
$$3^2$$
$$3^2\text{—}3$$

We may now turn to the subject of closer analyses, or those which depend largely for the value of their results upon the study of tonal content and relationships.

As has already been indicated, to properly conduct these, some method of measuring tones and accurately expressing their pitches is very desirable when first transcribing. Then, to fully appreciate and understand the resulting scales, it is necessary to discover what may have been the instruments used, if any, and how their tones compare with those employed in singing. Until we know something about this, and possess a number of records of the same song produced under conditions already mentioned, which would determine accidental and invariable pitch-selections, generalizations on any supposed "off" singing are apt to be based on misconceptions, and indeed even practically worthless.

The influence of instruments, not only in the selection of scales, but in the styles of composition, — primitive, classical, and modern, — especially in the matter of transpositions and inversions,[1] has never been adequately investigated, although Helmholtz[2] has proved beyond doubt that the scale systems of all those peoples whose music he has studied were worked out with their aid. The argument may be adduced that this refers to instrumental music only; but this is refuted by his remarks upon the psychological effect of sound-variations on accustomed and unaccustomed hearers, on the appreciation of finer *nuances* of tone among people employing many divisions of the octave, and on the effect that the piano has had on the production and enjoyment of tempered, even mistuned intervals, rather than true ones, physiologically speaking, among singers and musicians who can control the tones of their instruments to the finest shades of pitch. This may account for Miss Densmore's statement[3] that it was repeatedly noted that intervals of the second and minor third were sung too small, particularly if she was judging these by piano intervals.

[1] The song chosen as the second illustration in this article is a case in point. It required a voice with falsetto register.

[2] *Op. cit.*, part 3, chapter XVI, pp. 323–327.

[3] Chapter entitled "Method of Work and Analysis," p. 6.

It cannot be sufficiently emphasized, however, that primitive music of the Western Hemisphere involves a problem somewhat different from that of the Eastern; and that is the absence of stringed instruments, which prevented the opportunity of playing with and deriving from them scales of fine shades, which their flexibility suggests. The flute or other wind-instruments and tympanic devices are all that the Indian had. With the former, some shades of tone are possible with misplaced stops and varying *embouchure*. But these instruments, as pointed out by Von Hornbostel,[1] are apt to be copied as exactly as possible by measurement, in making others; so that variation in tone-relationship or actual pitches are probably small, and not likely to have been so often observed. Consequently it must be realized that scales studied by Helmholtz have had a different history from those of the New World, — a history of centuries of theoretical experiment on at least one prevailing type of instrument, which offers at once all possible divisions of the octave, and leaves an æsthetic selection entirely to the artist. The voice, although capable of the finest tone-gradations, is apt to follow the scales of instruments, if these are much used.

The five five-toned scales of Helmholtz referred to by Miss Densmore as having been observed among the Chippewa and Sioux were all of the same tone-material, with each tone in turn serving as an arbitrarily fixed tonic. It is needless to remark that the resemblance between these and Indian scale systems is only external, and that the tones found in a song do not always represent all the tones of a scale.

It is a question as to how far we may go in assuming tonics for Indian homophonic music, or how we may discover them if they exist, since they may be governed by other rules than those which we have adopted. For convenience' sake we can at present do nothing but assign melodies to keys as we use them, and to major and minor tonalities as we understand them, with reservations and explanations such as the author has made. In discussing tonality in the tables, she says, "Since we are considering the music of a period in which what we now designate scales and keys was not formulated, the terms 'major tonality' and 'minor tonality' are used in preference to the common terms 'major key' and 'minor key.'" It is, however, not a matter of "period" at all. American Indian music, particularly the older songs, cannot, in the absence of history, be assigned to any period of development, implying that it was in an evolutionary stage or period of musical growth similar to that already experienced in Europe, for instance, or that its development, such as it was, would ever necessarily have covered the same ground subsequently as that of European music.

The two sets of tabular analyses given in the book are alike in their headings and plan. The first compares old and modern Sioux songs. Table I classifies them into major and minor tonalities, in which it appears for both groups that there is a slight preponderance in favor of the minor. Tables II and III give the first and last notes in relation to a tonic identified by the rules of European harmony, in which the fact is revealed that the fifth above was a favorite opening note, but that in newer songs this has deferred to the tonic and octave to an appreciable degree. There is a wide range of initial tones; but the final notes are practically confined to the tonic triad, and in more than half of the cases to the tonic, in both groups. The chapter which is based on these observations is extremely interesting

[1] "Über ein Kriterium für Kulturzusammenhänge" (Zeitschrift für Ethnologie, 1905).

in its outline, and suggests a definite change in several directions from old music to new.

The second set of analyses covers all the songs in a general survey. The first three tables deal primarily with keynotes and with the relation of other tones in the song to them. Although these are established in accordance with European ideas, the proof of their correctness can probably only be established with direct information from the people. The next two tables indicate the range of voices and trend of melodies by giving compasses and the relation of the last note in the song to the compass. Table 6 gives tone-material, and reveals a preference for four different combinations; although others occur that sometimes involve the same number of tones as one of these, but different degrees and relationships. The four preferred are what we know as a major and a minor pentatonic scale, the major or minor triad, and a complete diatonic scale, presumably of either major or minor tonality, although the table and explanatory remarks do not make this clear. The purpose of the summary in percentages (p. 44) is doubtful. It divides the songs into groups according to the number of scale degrees used, irrespective of the fact that utterly different tonal selections may be thus represented. No attempt has been made to combine the tone-material into a few scales. For instance, if one set of songs contains a major triad and sixth, another a major triad and seventh, another a major triad and fourth, another a major triad and second, it is probable that all are related to the triad as a foundation, and to one larger scale of which they are merely temporary selections. Surely it cannot be that forty-one different scales exist, although it is probable that there are more than one.

Table 7 A records accidentals. Since their appearance with major and minor tonalities is not differentiated, its value is partly lost, for the significance of the presence of semitones depends somewhat on this. A raised sixth in minor, for instance, is quite different melodically from one in major. Table 8 A classifies the songs from an harmonic standpoint, and shows that less than half of the melodies could be regarded as so constructed. This is as might be expected in homophonic music. Helmholtz has discussed the futility of associating all music with an harmonic basis as a necessary condition.[1] While the author by no means commits herself to such procedure, and indeed meets an opposite situation in these studies, she does not sufficiently emphasize it, and gives an impression of an harmonic bias, if the term may be allowed, in her analyses as a whole.

The next four tables give the direction of first progressions, the total number of them in all the songs, and the kind of intervals taken upward and downward. The results indicate a pronounced preference for downward movement and small intervals. In discussing the latter, the author remarks that the comparative infrequence of the semitone would indicate that smaller intervals are not habitually used! The meaning of the following paragraph,[2] therefore, is not clear: —

"It is admitted that they frequently produce vocal sounds which differ from one another by a number of vibrations less than that comprised in a semitone; but the writer finds no evidence, on phonographic records of about a thousand songs, that such sounds are part of a system consciously used

[1] *Op. cit.*, p. 253, *a*, *b*.

[2] See p. 47.

by the Indians. Animals express emotion by means of sounds which glide from one pitch to another. Such expression is primal, but into song there enters an intellectual element which tends to produce definiteness of tonal intervals."

Possibly Miss Densmore has in mind speech or howling cries; but the controversy over the use of intervals of less than a semitone, so far as the present writer knows, has been confined to song.

Table 13 gives the average number of semitones in an interval. It is not clear what such an average could prove, since no such interval, composed of 3.021 semitones, is stated to have been used. The major second, both in upward and downward progression, occupies, as might be expected in a diatonic system, the most conspicuous place. Table 14 A lists exact keys, and indicates voice ranges.

The remaining tables introduce rhythmic questions; No. 15 A, the method of attack. It cannot be said, however, as Miss Densmore states on p. 48, that, because the majority of songs begin on the principal accent (and on the tones of the tonic chord), a clearness of musical concept on the part of the Indian is thereby suggested. Surely such clearness cannot be denied to the classical composers of such pieces as dance-suites, in which well-defined rules were prescribed for beginning such dances as the *Courante*, *Allemande*, *Gavotte*, *Bourrée*, and *Passepied* on weak beats; nor to the composers of countless compositions of other descriptions thus beginning; nor to recent composers like Schoenberg, who seem to make a point of avoiding the tonic chord whenever possible. Tables 16 A and 17 A are covered by previous remarks. The rhythm of the first measure is usually to be mistrusted above all others, because of the difficulty of starting easily and correctly, which is experienced by singers, both primitive and otherwise, when singing into the phonograph. The term "rhythm" should be replaced by "metre" as a heading in 16 A, since this is the feature tabulated. The remaining tables are all descriptively interesting and useful.

The graphic devices for illustrating points brought out in the tables are helpful for a quick appreciation of values, but the plots of melodies are perhaps the most valuable of all. Miss Densmore has by this means discovered several well-defined types of tunes, all of which, however, show downward trend.

The theoretical part of the book closes with a descriptive comparison of Sioux and Chippewa songs, an account of a test of pitch discrimination in which the results were about on a par with those of average white subjects, and a short discussion of music as a cultivated art among the Chippewa and Sioux. It is clear that certain æsthetic standards prevail, particularly in the matter of rendition. The investigation as to composition has developed only along the lines of inspiration, not of method. The statement is made that progress in musical matters is evinced by the younger singers, who, in singing old songs, changed the irregularities of measure-lengths and otherwise unified them. Probably this is due to the influence of the white man's music. The standards of excellence in rendition may be compared favorably with our own; but it is not yet safe to make this a general assertion in regard to the whole Indian race, since in music, as in other features, we may find rather conspicuous differences among the various culture groups.

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INDEX TO VOLUME 32.

On account of the diversity of matter contained in the Journal of American Folk-Lore, a certain amount of classification of the contents seems desirable. In consulting the index, matters pertaining to the following subjects should be looked up under those headings.

Ballads.
Etiology.
Games, game-songs, and amusements.
Incidents and objects in myth or tale.
Music.
Rhymes.
Songs.
Superstitions and beliefs.
Tales.
Tribes.

A Brer Rabbit Story, 443, 444.
A Flood Legend of the Nootka Indians of Vancouver Island, 351.
A West-Indian Tale, 442, 443.
Actors, fairy, 448.
Africa, Bulu tales from, 428–437.
  folk-tales from Liberia, 406–427.
African element in folk-lore, historical importance of, 187.
A. G., Notice sur Michel Morin, 183, 184.
Agrippa, Cornelius, 459, 460.
Alabama, folk-tales from, 373, 374, 397–401.
Alchemy, 459, 480.
Alexander cycle of romances, 454.
Almanac predictions, 456.
America, European folk-tradition available in, 191.
American Folk-Lore Society, address of retiring President at thirtieth annual meeting of, 185–197.
  annual meeting of, 343–345.
  collection of Canadian songs under joint auspices of, and Anthropological Section, Ottawa, 1, 5, 14.
  Editor's report of Journal published by, 344, 345.
  increase of annual dues, 345.
  members of, 536–540.
  officers of, 345, 536.
  Quebec section, 180–183.
  Secretary's report, 343.
  subscribers to publication fund of, 540.
  subscribing libraries, 343.
  Treasurer's report, 343, 344.
American Indifference to Study of Folk-Lore, 438, 439.
Ampère, J.-J., instructions by, to collectors, 194.
Amulet, hunting, of Nootka, 355.
Amusements. See *Games, game-songs, and amusements.*
Ancestors of Tlingit, 234.
  incidents of traditional history of Nootka, chief feature in family legends, 351.
Anecdote or single incident, development of, into folk-tale not infrequent in American Negro tales, 397.
Animal tales, absence of brief, noted in Seneca myths, 445.
Anthropological Section, Ottawa, Can., 1, 5, 14.
Antipholus of Syracuse, 475, 476.
Antlers of moose, caribou, and deer, shedding of, 215.
Armenian Church, celebration by, of Purification festival, 522.
Arthur, King, 454–456.
Astrologers, part of, in Elizabethan drama, 480, 481.
Astrology, 459.
Atsɛntmā' or the Meat-Mother, 227, 230, 231.

Bacon, Roger, 459, 462. See also "*Friar Bacon.*"
Ballads, "John Hardy," 514–519.
  "John Henry" reported by Shearin, 510.
  singing of, by old West Virginia minstrels, 497.
  titles of song, from West Virginia, 504.
  see *Songs.*
Ballets, fairy, 448, 449, 451.
Barbeau, C.-Marius, Contes de Charlevoix et de Chicoutimi, 112–167.
  La deuxième séance annuelle de la Section de Québec (à Montréal), le 18 mars 1919), 181–183.
  La première séance annuelle de la Section de Québec, 180, 181.
  Notes sur la facétie des "Trois rêves," 178–180.
  The Field of European Folk-Lore in America, 185–197.
Barbeau, C.-M. (editor), Chants populaires du Canada (Première série), 1–89.
Baudouin, M. Marcel, on an ancient festival, 521.
Bear, Provençal, identity of, with American ground-hog, 521.
Beckwith, Martha, 444.
Beaumont and Fletcher, 458.
Beck, Jean-B., co-operation of, in collection of Canadian songs, 1.
Bélair, M. Z., 85.

Beliefs. See *Superstitions and beliefs.*
Belphegor, 466, 467.
Bibliography for Folk-Lore of the Cherokee of Robeson County, N.C., 384.
for "John Hardy," 513, 514.
"Black Joan," 482.
Blood-letting, 379.
Boas, Franz, 193, 444.
Bolduc, Evelyn, Contes de la Beauce, 90–101.
Bolduc, Joseph, 90.
Borgia, Alexander, 464.
Bouchard, Mme Gédéon, 9.
Bouchard, Jean, 149.
Bouchard, Mme Jean, 24, 26.
Bouchard, M. Jean, et Madame, pl. 3 (following 184).
British-American folk-tradition, primary sources of, 188, 189.
British Isles, plays based on earliest history of, 455.
Brome, Richard, 483.
"Bugbears, The," English author of, unknown, 471.
haunted-house theme in, 481.
Bulu Tales, 428–437.
Bundy, Richard C., Folk-Tales from Liberia (in Abstract), 406–427.

"Caesar and Pompey," 463, 466.
California, Indians of northwestern, 346.
Canada, French settlements in, 186.
popular beliefs and sayings of, 168–175.
—songs of, 1–89.
—tales of, 90–167.
Candlemas Day, 449, 521.
Cantin, L.-H., 2, 3, 15, 32, 44, 59, 65, 68, 70, 73, 79, 81, 85.
Cape Breton, sailors' chanties and other songs in, 189.
Catelan, M., on festival of the Holy Bear and its relation to the sun, 521, 522.
Cats, spirits in form of, kept by witch in her house, 468, 469.
Cedar-bark, red, offered to supernatural beings, 354.
Cephalophus melanorheus (small mouse-colored antelope), 429.
Ceremonials: girls' puberty, 350, 351.
Kuwega'n, of the Tahltan, 213, 215.
West Coast, use of red cedar-bark in, 354.
Chandra, illumination of northeast by, 342.
Chants populaires du Canada (Première série), 1–89.
songs, 15–89. See *Songs.*
Chapman, George, beginning of dramatic career of, 478, 479.
Charlatans, 467.
Charlemagne cycle of romances, 454.
Charmed ring, 454.
Charms, 468, 472, 484.
"Cheats," 480, 481.
Chesley or Shesley Mountain, B.C., 233, 234.
Chesley River, B.C., 233.
Choir-boys as stage fairies, 448, 451.
Chorus, use of, in early plays, 449.
Christmas in Mexico, 186.
Clowns, 448, 466.
Cock-fighting in Sumatra, 306, 308, 314.
Comedy, 449, 466, 473.
"Comedy of Errors, The," 473, 475, 476.
Cone Mountain, B.C., 233, 234.
Conjuration of evil spirits, death-penalty for, 474. See also *spirits* under *Superstitions and beliefs.*
Conjure-doctor, practices of, in South, 379–381.
Conjurer and witch, figures of, in early English plays, borrowed from other literatures, 476, 485.
pretended, 471, 472.
Conjurers in Elizabethan drama, 448, 461, 466–468, 470, 471, 476.
Constellation, polar, 521. See under *Incidents, etc.*
Contes populaires canadiens (troisième série), 90–167.
Contes de la Beauce, 90–101.
Contes de Chicoutimi et de la Malbaie, 101–112.
Contes de Charlevoix et de Chicoutimi, 112–167.
Corpse, custom of talking to, in South, 383.
Cox, John Harrington, "John Hardy," 505–520.
Croatan Indians of North Carolina, no connection between, and the Cherokee nation, 385.
Croyances et dictons populaires des environs de Trois-Rivières (Canada), 168–175.
Curtin and Hewitt's Seneca Fiction, Legends, and Myths, reviewed, 445, 446.
Customs:
Candlemas, 521.
Christmas in Mexico, 186.
—in the South, 378.
—Old, among Cherokee of North Carolina, 393.
counting out done on "thorns" of holly-leaf in North Carolina, 393.
Easter Day, in South Carolina, 378.
funeral, in the South (Negro), 382, 383.
kissing under the mistletoe, unfamiliar in Robeson County, N.C., 393.
regarding war and peace among the Tahltan Indians, 213.

Dance-songs, French, 66–68.
from Illinois, 486–491, 495, 496.
Dancing, religious, 378.
use of fairies for, on the stage, 448–451.
see *Ballet.*
Darrel, Rev. John, notorious exorcist, 470, 476.
Dease Mountain, B.C., 231.
Dee, Dr. John, 460, 466, 476.
Dekker, Thomas, 455, 457, 458, 461, 467, 478, 479.

Densmore, Frances, on Teton Sioux music, 196.
Densmore's Teton Sioux Music, reviewed, 523–535.
Detroit River, French settlement on, 186.
Devil, the, in plays of magicians, 461, 463, 464, 466, 467.
submission to, by witches, 469, 475, 483.
"Devil's Charter" of Barnabe Barnes, 464.
Devils, employment of, in Elizabethan drama, 448, 461.
Divination, 468, 473.
Dogs, sacrifice of, at ancient festival, 522.
spirits in form of, kept by witch in her house, 468, 469.
Drama, magic and witchcraft well represented in Elizabethan, 447.
see also *Plays*.
Dreams, the three, 178–180.
Dreams interpreted by wandering magicians, 459.
see also under *Superstitions and beliefs*.
Dromio, 475, 476.
Drum, wooden, covered with goat or sheep skin, 328, 330.
Dufault, A., 39.

E. C. P., A West-Indian Tale, 442, 443.
Eagle tail-feathers used as emblematic of peace, 215.
East India Company, 312.
Ecuador, collection of myths from, 446.
Eel River, California Indians on, 346.
Ehrenreich, P., 446.
Elizabethan drama, witchcraft abundantly represented in, 447.
—employment in, of fairies, magicians, devils, conjurers, wise women, witches, etc., 448.
Enchanter, mediæval, 453, 457.
of romance, practising magician and, far apart, 459, 463.
the, in Milton's "Comus," a poetic survival, 457.
Endings, to tales from the South, 402, 403.
English translation of story of Faustus probable source of Marlowe's Faustus, 461.
Essex, Countess of, 468.
Etiology:
why it brings bad luck on all, in hunting, when one person does wrong, 249.
why bald-headed eagle eats fish only, 242.
why the bark of the red willow is thin, 223.
why the legs of bears are short and crooked, 217.
why the beaver lives in low places along rivers, 246.
why the beaver splashes his tail in water and dives under to escape from Indian, 251.
why the beaver and porcupine make their houses as they do, 246.
why a certain bird (not a robin) has a red breast, 265.
why the birds are scattered over the country, 209.
origin of birth and death, 206, 207, 216 (comparative notes).
why the buzzard eats carrion, 282.
how the buzzard's head became bare, 282.
why in front of the caribou's lower legs there is meat, 217.
why there are great migrations of caribou, 232.
why cats kill rats, 419, 420.
why the coast country and interior countries (Alaska) are different, and why the people are different, 213.
origin of colors and crests of birds, 208, 209.
origin of constellations, 266.
origin of cremation, 239–241.
why crows talk feebly and caw, whereas ravens talk loudly and croak, 223.
origin of daylight, 204 (comp. notes), 205.
origin of death, 207, 216 (comp. notes), 346, 407, 408.
origin of death-chant, 239.
how a certain species of deer got its white markings, 417.
why deer run from Indians, suddenly stop, look around, and run on again, 251.
why deer scent people from a distance, 346.
doctor's cult (Nibiked), origin of Ojibwa, 290 (comp. note), 291.
why a dog looks back at the person who has beaten him, 421.
why dogs lost the power of speaking like people, 243.
origin of earth, 287.
origin of elks, 258.
why elks live in the woods, 259.
origin of feast for dead, 238.
origin of name February, 522.
origin of fire, 347, 446.
why fire can be made with wood or rocks, 219.
origin of flood, 347.
why foam comes on the river when rain falls, 443.
why food is burned in fire at feast for dead, 238.
how the fox came to have a bushy tail, 361.
why the fox preys upon chickens, 424.
origin of fresh water, 201–203.
why frogs croak, 420.
why game is easy to hunt, 218.
why ghosts are invisible, 226.
why ghosts sometimes strike people and things at night, 226.
why there are stripes on the inside of the stomachs of grizzly bears, 208.
why the Haida are superior to all tribes in certain industries, 213.
origin of halibut-hooks, 210.
origin of hunger, 421, 422.
why Indians are careful not to offend anything in nature, 209.

Etiology, *continued:*
why Indians use rattles, 290.
why Indians watch the Dipper whenever there is an eclipse, 229.
why the Indians use brush-lodges, 212.
origin of killer-whale crest, 235 (comp. notes), 236, 237.
why the king-salmon has red marks below the ears, 242.
why the king-salmon is thick around root of tail, 242.
why a lad at puberty is at first very energetic, and later lazy, 239.
why lakes and fish may be found all over the country, 220.
origin of lakes, comparative notes, 219.
—— laziness, 238, 239.
how the leopard's coat came to be spotted, 411, 412.
why leopards never lose a chance to kill a deer, 417.
origin of lightning, 354, 422, 423.
why the loon has a big beak, 209.
why men are attracted to good-looking women, but who are soft and useless, 220.
how man's mentula came to be split at the end, 283.
why mice are very small, 231.
why the mole has hands that are turned backward, 349.
origin of the moon, 205, 255.
why the moose is very large, 231.
why mud is soft and people sink in it, 220.
why muskrats live in the water and have poor houses, 243.
origin of night, 205.
origin of olachen, 203 (comp. notes), 204.
origin of peace ceremonies, 213.
why the pelican's (?) beak is shorter now than formerly, 219.
why people and game have small floating ribs, 226.
why people are not afraid of earthquakes, 227.
why people sometimes have had no food in their homes, 221.
why people have names, 422.
why people sometimes starve, 216.
why pitch is found in wood of trees, 210.
origin of cultivated plants, 446.
why the porcupine has only four claws, 226, 246.
why the porcupine lives in high places in the mountains, 246.
origin of the potlatch, 258.
origin of promontories, 254.
why the rabbit has a short tail, 361.
how rabbits came to have soft pads on their feet, 222.
why the raven's nose has a mark as if it had been broken off, 225.
why ravens are black, 203.
why ravens have crooked legs and walk lame, 226.
why there are no feathers on raven's feet, and why they look scorched, 221.
origin of Raven and Wolf phratries among Tahltan, 207.
why the sheep is the best runner of all animals, 231.
origin of sheep and goat horns, 215.
why the snipe has a long beak, and why snipes run about on the shores of lakes, 219.
why shovel-nosed snowshoes are called "Wolf snowshoes," 250.
why the south wind blows only a short time before a north wind springs up, 224.
origin of the spear-head, 226.
why the spider's body is large, 347.
why squirrels cry as they do, 220.
origin of stars, 205.
why the steel-head salmon is thin, 242.
why the sucker has small bones all through its body, 242.
origin of the sun, 205, 254, 255, 346, 347.
origin of sun and moon, 254, 255, 346, 347.
origin of thunder, 354, 422, 423.
origin of tides, 201.
origin of the toad crest of the Katce'de, 237 (comp. notes), 238.
why the tip of the weasel's tail is black, 290.
why willows are eaten by moose, 231.
why the willow-grouse has a crest, 209.
origin of winds, 224, 269–271.
why the winter season is about four months, 226, 246.
why the hair on the wolverene's loins is reddish, and why that animal has a burnt smell, 248.
why the wolverene has a halting gait, 248.
why wolverenes eat corpses, 247.
why there are any wolves, 259.
why some women are good-looking, 220.
why women of the Wolf phratry of the Tahltan are good-looking, 216.
why woodworms bore in wood, 243.
European Folk-Lore in America, The Field of, 185–197.
Evil powers in plays, 466.
spirits, 468. See also under *Superstitions and beliefs.*
— conjuration of, 474, 475.
— exorcism of, 476.
Execution of Negro, 505, 506.
Executions of witches, 469, 470, 474.
Exorcism, 383, 468, 470, 476.
Expressions of supplication, African, 407.

F. B., review of Curtin and Hewitt's Seneca Fiction, Legends, and Myths, 445, 446.
review of Rafael Karsten's Myths of the Ji'baros, 446.
Fabel, Peter, 463, 464.
Facétie des trois rèves 178–180.
Fairy plays of the Elizabethan period, 448–453.

Fairy, the, as a stage figure, 449–452.
"Familiars" of witches, 469, 483.
Family legends of Nootka not common property of tribe, 351.
names of Nootka, account of origin of, in family legends, 355.
Farrand, Livingston, Quileute Tales, 251–279.
"Fat Knight," 481.
"Fat Woman of Brainford," 449, 481.
Faustbuch of 1587, 461.
"Faustus," 451, 458.
and "Friar Bacon," characters of, contrasted, 463.
Faustus, Dr. Johann, 461.
February, origin of name of, 522.
Female comes first into existence, in Nootka family legend, 352.
Festivals:
Candlemas, 449, 521.
Christmas, 186.
Epiphany, 522.
Holy Bear, 521.
Purification of the Blessed Virgin, 521, 522.
spring-sun, 522.
"Fidele and Fortunio, or The Two Italian Gentlemen," 472.
Finlay, H. H., 441.
Flood Legend of the Nootka Indians of Vancouver Island, A, 351–355.
Florida, folk-tale from, 374 (No. 37).
Flute made of bamboo (Sunda Islands), 325, 328.
Fogg, Mrs. Rachel E., 497, 498, 500–503.
Folk-lore, field in Illinois for investigation of, 496.
indifference to study of, in America, 438, 439.
research professorship in, established at Vassar, 444.
Folk-Lore from Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Florida, 357–383.
Folk-Lore of the Cherokee of Robeson County, North Carolina, 384–393.
Folk-Tales from Liberia (in Abstract), 406–427.
Folk-Tales from Students in the Georgia State College, 402–405.
Folk-Tales from Students in Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, 397–401.
Folk-Ways and Notions, Southern, 376–383.
Foods, various, enumerated in Nootka family legend, 352.
Forman, Simon, 468, 479.
Fortune-telling, 459, 465, 468, 473.
Fours, things go by, in Menominee and Bûngi stories, 297.
France, collection of popular poetry of, 194, 195.
French element in America, 189.
population of New England about equal to that of Province of Quebec, 187.
settlements in Canada, Louisiana, and on the Detroit River, 186.
French-American folk-tradition, primary sources of, 188.
French Government, attempt of, to collect folk-songs of France, 194.
"Friar Bacon," 451, 458, 459, 462, 463.
"Friar Rush," 467.
Fruit of African tree that makes blood-red stain, 428.

Gaelic-American lore, language, and custom, field of, neglected, 189.
Games, game-songs, and amusements:
Buffalo Girls, 487.
"Christmas Eves, Eves, Eves," 378.
corn-husking, 388.
counts, 377.
Creel-my-Crankie, 489.
Fire on the Mountain, 493.
Going down to Rousie's, 492.
Green grow the Rushes O! 491.
Happy is the miller, 490, 491.
Hen and Hawk, 376.
Hoop and Hide, 377.
hugging-game, 492, 493.
I'm a poor old chimney sweeper, 491, 492.
I wonder where Maria's gone, 495, 496.
If girls they were ducks, 490.
In this ring comes a lady fair, 495.
King William was King James's Son, 493, 494.
kissing-games, 489–492, 494, 495.
Marching to Quebec, 491.
Mother, O mother! my toes are sore, 496.
Naming Baby's Fingers, 377.
Oats, pease, beans, and barley grows, 494.
Old Dan Tucker, 488, 489.
Old Virginny never tire, 492.
Peanut-Hunt, 378.
pea-whipping, 388.
Peep Squirrel, 376, 377.
Put your right foot in, etc., 496.
quilting-parties, 388.
Rich man, poor man, etc., prognosticates a mate in North Carolina, 393.
Roxie Ann, 492.
Seek and Find, 377.
Skip to my Lou, 493.
The Juniper-Tree, 489, 490.
The Wild-Goose Chase, 494, 495.
There comes two dukes a-roving, 486.
Turkey in the Straw, 489.
Weevily Wheat, 488.
We're marching round a Pretty Girl, 495.
Gandharva, 335, 341.
Ganelon, 454.
Gaxɛwi'sa ("rabbits eat on the top"), month when people meet to ask questions and riddles, 226.
Geechee and Other Proverbs, 441, 442.
Geoffrey of Monmouth, 455, 456.
Geological Survey of Canada, Division of Anthropology of, 351.
Georgia, folk-tales from, 370–373, 402–405.
German oral tradition in Pennsylvania, primary source of, important, 186.

Ghosts, problems concerning, quite distinct from those relating to human beings who operate with spirits, or the spirits themselves, in plays, 448.
Glacier or Sand Mountain, B.C., 231.
Gloucester, Duke of, character in "Richard III," 475.
Goats, sacrifice of, at ancient festival, 522.
Goddard, P. E., Athapascan collections by, 346.
Goofering, 380.
Gosselin, C.-E., 2, 4.
Grazzini, 471.
Greene, Robert, 449, 450, 461–463, 465.
Ground-hog, myth of, and its origin, 521, 522.

Hair of Sumatrans, mode of dressing, 312.
Hamelin, M., 4.
Hardy, John (Negro), order for execution of, 505, 506.
Hartley, Edmund, 468.
Harvey, Emily N., A Brer Rabbit Story, 443, 444.
Hawaii, field-work in folk-lore done in, 444.
Hawkins Island, in Barclay Sound, B.C., 352.
Hengist and Horsa, 454, 455.
"Henry VI," 473–475.
Henslowe, Philip, 450, 456, 478.
Herrington, H. W., Witchcraft and Magic in the Elizabethan Drama, 447–485.
Hewitt, J. N. B., Iroquois tales, 445.
Heywood, Thomas, 461, 468, 478, 479, 481, 483.
Historical drama, 455.
Holinshed, Raphael, 455, 473–475.
Hornbill, 410.
Hovington, Édouard, 9, 123, pl. 3 (following 184).
Hunting-rituals of Nootka, 354.
"Huon of Bordeaux," 449, 450.

Incidents and objects in myth or tale (see also *Etiology*):
a year and a day's delay, 129.
abalone, 261.
acorns, deer children live on, 349, 350.
advice, refusal to heed, causes death of animals, 432, 435.
— — — — causes death of child, 435.
alligator carries rabbit in guise of squirrel across a pond, and gives himself away, 404.
animal called Bijo (Blame) invulnerable, 436.
— which grows larger and larger, 398.
animals all devoured by leopard except tortoise, 417.
— angry at Nymo for robbing them of their "chop," 410.
— become tame and go into people's houses, 232.
— calling of, 295 (comp. note), 414–416, 432–434.
— caught by leopard, taken by turtle, 431.
animals enemy to each other, are apportioned meat at feast, and leave it untouched, 410.
— fall dead when owner of supernatural sword sees them, 277.
— go for water, hear music, and begin to dance, 412, 413.
— in two groups, make peace with each other, 214, 215.
— invited to feast by gorilla, 409.
— of bush, meet and agree to live together, 415.
— origin of war against, 411.
— pits dug to kill, 436.
— run to see which runs fastest, 231.
— scattered over country by game-mother, 231.
— tracks of, lead to hunters' tent, 294.
— urged to make hornbill go to river and throw up palm-nut kernels to avoid famine, 410, 411.
— welcome Nymo home on account of "chop" he brings, 415.
— woman gives birth to, 230, 231.
ant, 456.
antelope (*Cephalophus leucocastec*), 434.
— (*C. melanorheus*), does not heed mother's advice, and dies, 435.
— — turtle borrows horns of, 429.
— — — — in guise of, steals civet-cat's daughter, 430.
antlers, deer, boys throw stones at, hit and split deer-skull, and release Nänibozhu, 289.
anus, bushes scratch Nänibozhu's, till it itches, 280.
— buzzard eats flesh at dead moose's, 282.
— culture-hero is angry with, and burns it to punish it, 280.
— weasel enters cannibal's, and bites his heart, 290.
apple, golden, borne by tree every night, 123.
— — stolen at midnight, 125.
apples, large, in a huge tree, 153.
arrow shot into air drops along a trail, 293.
— — — — falls on trail leading to old woman's camp, 293, 294.
— — into sky, invisible to all animals except snail, 265.
— with bone point, 273.
arrow-chain, 264, 265, 446.
arrows and bow hidden in hollow stump, 247.
— flint-tipped, 304.
— Raven keeps shooting, past wife's head, to frighten and deceive her, 272.
— shot at snakes, old woman sings, intending to pull out, 285.
ashes, brothers of returning hunter throw, in hunter's eyes, 294.
— stolen wife finds brother-in-law in form of hair-snake in, 303.
Atsɛntmă, or the meat-mother, 216.

Incidents and objects in myth, *continued:*
bags, woven, filled with wild-rice as gift, 304.
balsam-poplar, fire made with inside bark of, 233.
balsam-wood, killer-whale made of, fails to work, 236.
bamboo and palm-fronds, basket made of, 414.
— stick, 416, 417.
Baptist brother gets too happy in heaven, and is turned out, 365.
— minister meets a bear, and calls on Lord for help, 360.
bark of trees, food-supply for beaver and porcupine, 245.
basket, cat jumps on smallest, to indicate to girl which to choose, 406.
— fibre, 417.
— largest, contains snakes, rats, lizards, etc., 406.
— made of palm-fronds and bamboo, 414.
— smallest, contains beautiful cloth, gold, and riches, 406.
— tying in, to drown, 414, 415.
basswood-bark, 285.
Bat travels with Nymo as his servant, 412.
bathing, contest in, 423, 424.
— to get power to hunt whales, 354.
bawd, trade of, exercised under cover of peddling, 472.
beans, blue, 458.
bear, 213, 217, 394.
— and rabbit, 400.
— and wolf go to court about some pigs, 358.
— Baptist minister meets, and calls on Lord for help, 360.
— creation of, 220.
— feasts raven on grease from his foot, 259.
— invites Raven into his house and places all kinds of food before him, 220.
— is killed when one marries, 295.
— jumps down from tree, 398.
— laughs at Raven when the latter burns his foot, 259.
— sends children to smoke out birds in hollow tree, 351.
— substitution of, for a quasi-supernatural, in story of old man on a hunt, 397.
— tree eats, comp. notes, 209.
— tries to string bow, 264.
bear-feast, Raven calls birds to, and then changes his mind, 208.
— offered to trees, 209.
bear-oil poured on hot stones for sweat-bath, 303.
bear-skin, 354.
— blanket, 257.
bears, 294.
beating dogs home, 397, 398.
— rabbit, 402.
beaver, 229, 287.
— and muskrat quarrel, comp. notes, 243.
— and porcupine, 226, 244.
— pretends to die, 265.
— principal transformer of Kaska, 199.
— sharp-pointed stone fastened in tail of, 251.
— swims river with porcupine, and again with stone, on back, comp. notes, 245.
beehive, 437.
Belphegor despatched to earth by devils to investigate accounts of woman's wickedness, 466.
best of several objects the poorest in appearance, 94, 128, 129, 132.
betrayal of son by mother to her second husband, secret of strength, 157.
birch-bark dish, 288.
bird that steals golden apple every night, 126, 142.
— with long beak, steals fire, 218.
birds, 294.
— come to eat dead moose, 282.
— culture-hero calls, and then kills them, 280.
— deserted girl's boys shoot many, 273.
— fly into basket, 417.
— invited to feast for dead, 238.
— king of, promises coat of feathers to one who can get nuts from tree held by snakes, 418.
— origin of colors and crests of, 208.
— painted in different ways, 208, 209.
— people changed into, 257.
— some one steals, from culture-hero, breaks their legs, and puts them back, 280.
— that make characteristic call at dawn, 423.
bird-traps, 410.
birth of children, comp. notes, 207.
— of Raven, 199 (comp. notes), 200.
— origin of, 206, 207, 216 (comp. notes).
blackbirds fly into sack, 404, 405.
bladder, blue, 458.
— seal. See *seal-bladder.*
blame for letting animal escape, causes quarrel, 436.
blanket, bark, 235.
— magic sword wrapped in, 277.
— on which animals test power of running, 231.
— with claws, part of whaling-outfit given to Thunder's son-in-law, 262.
blankets bought with nose-pendants and ear-rings, 261.
— buried with dead, 269.
— deer-skin, 347.
— frogs thrown away because they soiled, 300.
— made of grass, 269.
— — of red-willow bark, comp. notes, 223.
— piled high to buy whale-meat, 258.
— tied around supernatural beings, 261.

Incidents and objects in myth, *continued:*
blankets, youth wraps up his frog wives in his, and elder brother shakes blankets and throws them out and kills them, 299.
blind old woman pretends to have good eyesight, 365.
blood, boy seizes kettle of cooked, and runs off, 229.
blood-letting, first instance of, among Quileute, 261.
bluejay flies out from armpit of woman when tickled, and woman dies, 200.
— hair of, tied in knot on head, 208.
— origin of crest of, 209.
— painted blue, 208.
bluff, Raven pushes Deer over edge of, 271. See also *precipice.*
body pursues fleeing husband, 292.
bone needle, 255, 256.
bone, sharpening of, changes it into spear-head, 226.
bones and scraps assigned to leopard as "his part chop," 411.
— clairvoyant, 290.
— come together and become men, 304.
— human, 247.
— pulverizing of, to prevent coming to life, 303.
bow and arrows, 273.
— powerful, 304.
bowl, wooden, 298.
—— snapping-turtle hides under, 296.
boy born to married sister of man gifted with magic, 199.
— cries for moon to play with, 204.
———— sun, stars, and daylight, 205.
— goes with father to learn to fish, 425.
— hunting in canoe with uncle, escapes from attempt to drown him, 199, 200 (comp. notes).
— impatient to marry, told by father he is not able to do the work of a man, 426.
brains of deer, Nänibozhu eats, 289.
Branch-of-Tree insults wife of Pigeon and breaks friendship, 435.
brass kettle, 290, 426.
—— full of water, goes of itself to near-by town, 406.
bread, 457.
bride, youth journeys to find, 300.
bridge built over river after mermaid is killed by people, 443.
brier-patch, little girl throws rabbit into, 444.
briers, 394.
brother and sister who look exactly alike, 278.
brothers, wicked, 324–329, 331, 332, 340.
—— meditate marrying soul of wooden image, 328, 329.
—— plan to kill youngest brother, 339, 340.
—— practise on musical instruments, 328.
brothers, wicked, scheme how to defraud one another, 329.
buckeye-meal, 349.
buffalo-cow killed by Nänibozhu, 291.
buffaloes, Nänibozhu deceives, 291.
bug, 399.
bull-frog, 358, 374.
bullock, parable of, 426.
bullocks, three, killed for feast to animals, 409.
bulrushes, movements of, resemble Indians dancing, 289.
bundle on back keeps man from entering door, and child advises him to take it off, 425.
bungling host, 259–261, 408, 409.
—— comp. notes, 259, 260.
—— African tale resembling that of, in North America, 432, 433.
buried tail, 368, 403 (comp. notes).
— treasure, 367 (comp. notes), 368.
Bush-Doctor visited by Nymo, 416, 417.
Bush-King and Grasshopper, 421.
— Nymo goes to visit, 413.
butter and sugar, tub of, 394.
buzzard, 358.
— eats flesh at dead moose's anus, 282.
— flies with fire zigzag over dry grass, 347.
— hair worn off head of, 282.
— Nänibohzu meets the, 281.
— never builds nest, 374.
— plays trick on Wenibozo by putting him on edge of precipice while asleep, 282.
— takes Nänibozhu up, turns, and latter falls in soft place, comp. note, 281.
—— Wenibozo aloft to explore air, 282.
cabbage, stolen, 400.
Că'kinā, a hunter who kills much game, comp. notes, 244.
— goes with wife to see wife's mother, and fill her house with fat, 246.
cannibal dies before he can roast Nänibozhu, 290.
— orders Nänibozhu to fetch him a straight spit, and he fetches a crooked one, 290.
— who hunts people, 242.
— woman (Duskeah) drowned by Devil-Fish, 256.
—— Kweeti kills, when tattooing arm, 256.
—— pushed into fire by girl about to be cooked, 256.
—— tattoos children, comp. notes, 255.
———— Kweeti's arm, 255.
— wolverene and Fog-Man, comp. notes, 246.
canoe filled with meat, 271.
— Kweeti left in, to watch sun, drifts off and carries sun away, comp. notes, 255.
— manned by birds, 210, 211.
— ornamented, 214.
— skin, 269.

Incidents and objects in myth, *continued:*
canoe, toy, saves boy from drowning, 200.
caribou, 213, 215, 217, 231, 232, 248, 250.
— invisible, 244.
— scared from snares by small dog, 243.
caribou-moss eaten by shaman, 244.
castle, enchanted, deserted, but with meals served, dwarfs at night, etc., 117.
— transportation of, by means of magical object, 96.
cat, 419.
— and rat assigned to eat together, 410.
— and rooster ask girl to share food in return for good news, 406.
— becomes larger, 398.
— calls on rain to put out fire, 410.
— in haunted house, talks, 367.
— is asked to apportion "chop" at feast, and begins by stealing a hind-quarter and hiding it, 409, 410.
— is sent to find medicine-man, 408.
— loses medicine, and is cursed by medicine-man, 408.
— ramping, 457.
— witch in form of, is kind to girl, 364, 365.
cattle carried off by sickness, 426.
cave in cliff on Stikine River, remains of Raven's house, comp. notes, 211.
cedar-bark clothes, 257.
cedar-wood, killer-whale made of, 236.
challenged to butt, 402, 403.
cheese in well, 395.
chicken-raiser and disguised master, 362.
chief of Tungo country, aspirant for office of, defeated through birthplace of ancestors, 424, 425.
— promises to stop fighting if one of the enemy will give him his sister in marriage, 278.
child advises father, 425.
— chokes, and gift of whale-meat is discovered, 274.
children carried off by cannibal woman, 256.
— — — saved by girl pushing cannibal woman into fire, comp. note, 256.
— make rock descend as it has risen, 351.
— push over top of tree which grizzly-bear climbs, and bear is dashed to pieces, 351.
— tell flat rock to rise, and it grows up, 351.
chimpanzee tests his wives, 428, 429.
chipmunk, 231.
— painted with stripes down back, 209.
choir, imitative, 369.
"chop," 423.
— friends of Nymo give him more, than he can eat, 415.
— law that when a man carries servants on a journey, he must provide their, 412.
— Lion orders, for Nymo, 411.
— Nymo gets all, at feast to animals, 410.
"chop," Nymo orders, for guests, 408.
civet-cat, African (*Viverra civetta*), 429.
clam-digger, 273.
clams, deserted girl feeds her dog children and self on, 273.
clay, white, 412.
cloth, bolt of, 426.
club, 436.
— leopard, when showing off teeth, is struck with, 417.
— strong man with, stands outside of door, 412.
clubs, people beat dog and goat with, for stealing food, 419.
Coast Indians have better knowledge and better houses, boxes, and tools than interior people, 213.
cock, black, 457.
— red, 457.
— see *rooster*.
codfish, 261.
colors given to birds by Raven, 208, 209.
comb, rooster's, fox thinks it a flame of fire, 424.
conception, miraculous, 204.
conjuration for love, 472.
conjure-doctor catches hag that dropped her skin, 363.
conjure-man gives John a running hand, 365.
constellations, animals become, 266. See *Dipper, Pleiades*.
contest, diving, 395.
— for power between great sultan and the third son (six different tests), 134–142.
— see *wrestling-match*.
corn, 391.
— four men grinding, 300.
— sweet, as gift, 304.
corpse, youth falls in love with, 301.
corral of stones built on beach by Raven to catch salmon, 205.
courting-clothes, War-Club Owner makes, for his younger brother, 300.
cow, 359.
— Bear claims pigs as children of his, 358.
— breaks head against post, challenged by rabbit, 402.
— bush, dances at spring, 413.
— runs into tree and breaks its neck, 403.
cow-tail buried in ground, 403.
— comes out by the root when pulled, 368.
coyote deceives people and dashes sun on rocks, 347.
— decrees that people shall die, then loses two children, 346.
— makes deer wild, 346.
— seizes mouse-girls, pretends to eat them, but hides them in his quiver, 348.
— tells people how to obtain fire, 347.
— ties hair of sleepers together and sets fire to house, 348.

Incidents and objects in myth, *continued:*
coyote tries to shoot sun, 346.
Crab and her children, 425.
cranberries, Nänibozhu dives for, and is duped, comp. note, 281.
— Nänibozhu plucks, and gives them their name, comp. notes, 281.
crane bridge, 349, 351.
crawfish, the, and raccoon, comp. note, 292.
creation, story of, 352.
cross, sign in form of, 398.
cross-mark, 370.
crow, birds pluck a feather from their wing for a coat for, 419.
— tells tales on raven, 222.
— visits deserted girl, and takes back whale-meat, 274.
culture-hero meets a goose, 280.
— sleeps, and tells his anus to warn him if any one comes, 280.
culture-heroes, exploits of twin, 446.
— see *Beaver, Kweeti, Nänibozhu, Nymo, Raven.*
cuticle transformed into men, 251.
cymbals, 328, 330.
cypress, 236.
dance, African civet-cat prepares for a great, 429.
dancing wooden image, 328–336.
dancing at the spring, comp. notes, 413.
day more important than night, 423.
deacon and his son, 373, 374.
— gets girl into trouble, and lays blame on "us," 364.
dead brothers, souls of, reborn to married sisters, 240.
— man's brothers take care of his widow, 269.
dead, feast of, 238.
— revival of, 214, 268, 269, 282, 287, 301, 304.
— trail of the, 240.
death comes to animals that refuse to listen to advice, 432, 435.
— — — child who heeds not advice, 435.
— divulging of secret, causes, 437.
— goes with medicine-man to visit Nymo, 414.
— Nymo feigns, 414.
death-grin, the, 426.
decoy, stuffed moose as a, 246.
deer, 213–215, 348, 391, 417.
— and grizzly-bear, 349.
— and leopard ordered to eat from one bowl, 410.
— and terrapin race, 394.
— barking, met by Leopard and Nymo, 411.
— children of, are given dead mother's breast to eat, 271.
— — — persuade bear children to enter hollow tree and smoke them to death, 351.
— — — smoke bear children to death in revenge for death of their mother, 349.
deer, coyote makes, wild, 346.
— dead, speaks when husband and other wife start to skin her, 271.
— is pushed over edge of bluff by Raven and killed, 271.
— makes off with Leopard's wife, 417.
— makes puberty ceremony for his sister, 350.
— meat of, cooked, 288.
— servant shoots, in ear and hind-leg at same time, 370.
— sharpened shells stuck to head of, 251.
— water, dances at spring, 412.
deer-meat, 299, 300.
deer-skins, 300.
deer-stalker, the, 370, 371.
dentalia, necklace of, put on loon, 209.
— old man with, comes to end of world in north, 348.
deserted girl, 272–274.
Devil, the, 391.
— carting-away of various characters on back of, 462.
— confusion of poor scholar by, 462.
Devil-Fish drowns cannibal woman because she had killed many children, 256.
— is met on beach by Raven, 256.
devil's club, tide-man struck with, 201.
Dipper, the, 205, 229.
dirt-dauber builds house in sections, but is dead inside, 362.
disease goes with medicine-man to visit Nymo, 414.
disguised master, 362.
disobedience of child results in its death, 435.
dispute between Day and Night, 423.
— between father and mother about sending children to school, 425.
diver, Nänibozhu as a duped, comp. notes, 281.
diviner, comp. notes, 370.
diving contest, 395.
— for fish, 260.
— for earth, 287.
doctors, man anxious to become wise goes to study with, 425.
dog, 398.
— and goat, travel together and steal food, 419.
— bad, 243.
— becomes larger when stoned, 398.
— cat comes from haunted house as, 368.
— dances at spring, 413.
— fed with best parts of meat, 249.
— goes to visit Elephant, whom as host he tries to imitate, and burns his foot, 433.
— is asked to apportion "chop" at feast, and eats all the hearts and livers, 409.
— maltreated, goes to medicine-man for help, 420.
— that talks and tells lies, 243.
dog-children, 272.

Incidents and objects in myth, *continued:*
dog-children become grown men and great whalers, 274.
— refuse to remain, when people who deserted their mother return, 274.
— take off their dog blankets and become boys, 273.
dogs named You-Know, I-Know, and God-Knows, 399.
— transformed into Indians, 252.
door that kills by rapid shutting, comp. note, 262.
dove, 422, 423.
dragon, 456, 457.
dragon-slaying incident, 454.
dream of fragrant flowers wakens youth, he hears rustle of robes, but sees nothing, 337.
— of Nootka whale-hunting chief, 354.
— of wicked brother, interpreted by saintly hermit, 326, 327.
dreams of dead, people have, when ghosts come near them, 239.
dried salmon, 257, 258.
drowning of four brothers who left in a canoe, 239.
drum, beating of, at dance, 430.
— — — and singing, restores dead girl to life, 301.
— — — to call animals together, 414, 415, 433, 434.
— tambourine, Indians beat, in imitation of thunder, 297.
duck, 253.
— and gobbler bet on which sees day first, 362.
ducks, father and son go hunting, 270.
— invited to feast for dead, 238.
dwarf, small powerful, with great appetite, 117.
eagle, 456.
— animals choose, as king, and feast him, 419.
— bald-headed, as a cannibal, 242.
— — painted white on head, neck, and back; rest of body, black, 208.
— refuses to share his kingdom with sparrows, and is dismissed as king of birds, 419.
eagle-feather tied to weasel's tail, 290.
eagle-feathers, 261.
— emblematic of peace, 215.
— young man with, 277.
eagles painted by Raven, 208.
ear-rings, 354.
— of abalone, 261.
earth ballasted with ice, 219.
— emissary to, 422, 467.
— four brothers go to visit, and fail to return, 407.
— people of, send a bird to sky people for fire, 265.
east, 205, 295.
eel-baskets (brother and sister) saved from flood by climbing mountain, 347.
eel-tail first to catch fire, 347.
eggs, basket of, stolen, 413.
elephant beats town-drum to call animals, 414.
— fills pot with fat from foot, after putting foot into fire, 433.
— receives same treatment as he tried to give Nymo, 415.
— stumbles and falls on back in wrestling-match with frog, 420.
— tries to string bow (?), 264.
— — to shoot arrow into sky, 265.
elephant's tusk, gift from king to Nymo, becomes a burden to carry, 416.
elk pursued by wolf, 284.
— tries to string bow, 264.
elk-antlers, 273.
elk-skins, 273.
elks, hunting of, 273.
entrails of killed deer thrown away by instructions of deer, 271.
enumeration of devils, 472.
envious child has a misadventure, 406, 407.
ermine (weasel), 213.
escape up the tree, 400.
evil, some one going about doing, captured by four old women, 422.
exchange of an animal for a larger one, several times, 164, 165.
— of places, 401, 402, 414 (comp. notes).
excrement asked for advice, comp. notes, 206.
— Nänibozhu's own, drifts against his mouth, 287.
— placed under sleeper to deceive, 202.
— Raven makes much, in canoe, 272.
— used to look like diarrhœa, 253.
Fairies, Mountain, mythological being, 352.
faithless woman disclosed to father by his son's song, 372, 373.
famine, 410, 418, 426.
fat from foot put into fire fills pot, 433.
fatal imitation, 223, 401. See also *bungling host.*
father-in-law has intercourse with son's wife, 348.
fault-finding visitor, the, 427.
feast, all animals invited to, by gorilla, 409.
— bear, birds called to, 208.
— see *festivals.*
feather from golden eagle's wing used as bow and arrows by Wolves, 249.
feathers, beautiful coat of, awarded to crow, 418.
— stretch across water from glacier to house of hunter giving feast for dead, 238.
— worn in hair, 223.
female comes first into existence, 352.
fibre, basket made of, 417.
— from palm-tree used to set trap, 410, 418.
— of plant *ngung* made into cords and nets, 432.

Incidents and objects in myth, *continued:*
fire, cat calls rain to put out, 410.
— crackles and hisses when dead talk loud to people, 240.
— fox thinks rooster's comb a flame of, 424.
— from mouth and nostrils of people from kingdom under water, 103.
— in trees and wood, 218.
— invisible, 221.
— purifies spirits of cremated people, 241.
— rabbit sends partridge for, 403.
— squirrel calls on, to burn house, 410.
— test, comp. notes, 394.
— theft of, 218.
———— by beaver, 265, 266 (comp. notes).
fire-wood, pieces of, tie themselves into a bundle, 406.
First-Born kills wife of youngest brother, comp. note, 293.
Fish and Hook and Line bidden to eat from one bowl, 410.
fish, cartload of, comp. notes, 395.
— caught by boy at forbidden place, gives directions for cooking that cause boy's death, 420.
— finless, 457.
— fresh, 423.
— jumps out of soup, joins head on ground, and goes back to stream, 420.
— Nymo advises, not to help move heavy tree, 409.
fish-eggs, 236.
fishes war against one another, comp. notes, 242.
fish-hawk, 265.
fish-hooks, 224.
fishing, boy goes, thinks he has caught a fish, but hook breaks, 425.
fish-line, material for, obtained from palm-trees, 410.
fish-traps, 426, 427.
flint rock, 371.
flood, the, 219, 232–234, 352–355.
—— comp. notes, 232.
flowers scattered in road to delay humming-bird, 443.
— dream of fragrant, wakens youth, 337.
fly, 391, 399.
foam on river when it rains comes from the humming-bird, 443.
fog as a manitou, 247.
— father and son hunting ducks are lost in, 270.
food, gift of, is discovered when a child chokes, 274.
— hiding of, 409, 410.
— inexhaustible, 294.
— offered to corpse, 301.
— sharing of, by girl, with cat and rooster, in return for good news, 406.
— stealing of, 419.
fool-hen, 226.
forbidden or secret room the seventh room, 95.
forest, why Pangolin dwelt alone in, comp. notes, 434.
four men grinding corn, 300.
— times muskrat dives for earth, 287.
fowl, 432, 433.
fox, 394, 395.
— afraid of rooster on account of its comb, 424.
— dines with wolf and burns tail before fire, 361.
— goes hunting blackbirds with rabbit, 404, 405.
friendship, pigeon relents too late over broken, 435.
— spoiled by knowledge, 431, 432.
frog, 358.
— and mouse, 399.
— jumps through elephant's legs and wins contest, 420.
frog-girls caught by hunter and hidden in his shirt, 298.
fruit of *adjap*-tree sticks to mouth and hands, 430.
— of *engong*-tree, husbands test wives as to which they like better, the fruit or themselves, 428.
game, hunter who kills much, 244.
— killed by feather pointed at them, comp. notes, 249.
— rise with daylight and sleep with nightfall, 205.
— scarce after Flood, 234.
— shot by a glance, 217.
game-mother, 230–232.
— calls animals home, 216, 217.
garments, fancy, as gift, 304.
garter-snake, eating brains in skull of deer, forgets himself and becomes Nänibozhu, 289.
garters as gift, 304.
geese flee from culture-hero, 280.
ghost brothers, the four, 239–241.
— running a, 368.
— visits Nänibozhu, 290.
ghosts, Raven steals spear-head of, comp. notes, 225.
— speak and sing, 239.
giant, in a fort, 155.
— tall, 151.
—— and angry, imprisoned in a box, under water, 107.
— with three heads, 130.
— with seven heads, 131.
giants, few, only, survive Flood, 233, 234.
— seven, 153.
gift of meat goes through smoke-hole while people sleep, 304.
— return, goes to War-Club Owner by magic, 304.
gifts, magic, 293, 294.
— medicine-man makes, to Nymo, 414.
girl becomes pregnant by drinking cedar-leaf in bucket of water, 204.

Incidents and objects in myth, *continued:*
girl, little, cries to get across river to see her parents, and mermaid carries her across, 442.
— stolen and reared by wild man, 399.
— the, and the rabbit, 402.
— who marries a dog is deserted, 272.
———— shark gives birth to baby boy, 275.
———— grows short help on body, like sharks, 275.
girls who could not talk properly, 369.
glacier, village near, 238.
goat, 213, 215, 231, 426.
— dances at spring, 413.
— dropped into pot of boiling palm-oil by his own order, 409.
— living in house, 398.
— plays trick on his friend, 408.
— steals cassava, 419.
goat-hunter with dog spears goats, 241.
goat's-horn, 235.
gobbler and duck make a bet, 363.
gold and silver hidden in chest in cellar, 368.
———— obtained by means of dancing image, 329.
— pot of, 398.
gopher, 294.
gorilla tests his wives, 428.
— wants to make a big war-drum, 409.
gossip, Nymo causes trouble by his, and elephant decides to drown him, 414.
gourd, 402.
grass tent, 283.
grass, 235.
grasshopper, mistreated, seeks revenge, 421.
graveyard, old man praying in, frightened, 369.
grease, 259.
Great-Spirit has a wife from the people, 422.
— sends son to earth to see what is there, 422.
greed, wives of chimpanzee suffer for their, 429.
griffin, 457.
grizzly-bear and deer, 349.
— loses his power, 208.
— overcome and killed by Raven, 208.
— origin of, 208.
— pretends to louse Deer and puts sand in her hair, then bites and kills her, 349.
— swallows red-hot stone, and dies, comp. notes, 208.
growth, rapid, of child, 199, 204.
guilt of sheep decided because of their trembling, 434.
gum put on eyes of abducted children, 256.
gun, 410.
— loaded with quicksilver, 391.
hag, old, drops skin on doorstep, 363.
hag riding old woman, makes latter thin, comp. note, 363.
hags who cause a corpse to prophesy, 483.
hair of sleepers tied together, 348.
— white, in left ear, 135.
hair-oil used in magic flight, 254.
hair-seal, 253.
— upsets canoe, and man drowns, 268.
hair-seals, 274, 275, 277.
— drop dead on being shown facsimile of magic sword, 277.
— man puts on blanket of, and travels through water, comp. note, 268.
hare, 482.
harp, leopard hides near a spring with, and music causes animals to dance, 412, 413.
harpoon, hair-seal, 273.
— whale, 274.
hat worn as symbol of importance, 221.
haunted house, 367, 481, 482.
— mill, 482.
— well in which people, etc., are heard and seen, 118.
hawk answers war-call of Turtle, 295.
— Grizzly-Bear and Deer wives of, 349.
— painted by Raven, 208.
— visits Leopard, 433.
head, brazen, speaks, 462.
— of dead warrior stuck on pole, woman speaks to, and later marries revived warrior, 268, 269.
— pursuing, disobeys instructions, and is dumped in river, 292.
headless human being, 398.
head-part of spirit climbs tree for honey, 437.
heart of cannibal bitten by weasel, 290.
heaven and hell, 374.
herbs, bitter, 436.
heron, 203.
— and sea-gull quarrel, 203.
hole in earth, in which water is kept, man sitting on, 201, 202.
— of bear, man goes into, 371.
honey, Kôn (spirit) divides, evenly with Son-of-Man, 437.
— rabbit and bear eat much, in tree, 400.
— wild, Leopard and Nymo eat fill of, and divide rest, 411.
honey-tree, 437.
hook and line, 410.
horn, ivory, 414.
hornbill and Nymo, comp. notes, 410.
hornet, 362, 410.
horns of antelope borrowed by Turtle for dance, 429.
— of buffalo, magic, 293.
horse, 370.
— with gray beard, 94.
horses, ugliest of three, the best and most useful, 132.
hosts. See *bungling host.*
humming-bird hides fire in bark of tree, 446.

Incidents and objects in myth, *continued:*
humming-bird listens to see if little girl tells secret, 442.
hunch-back becomes image of youth when latter takes his proffered meal, 300, 302.
hunch-backs, four, offer meal to youth, he accepts and is overcome, 302.
— restored to youthful shape and looks, 303, 304.
hunger a greater king than all, 424.
— in the forest, 428.
hungry birds can get no palm-nuts on account of snakes, 418.
— girl steals tallow, 244, 245.
— leopard eats fruit of *adjap*-tree, 429.
— Nymo and hornbill, 410.
— old man is refused food by old woman, and latter is changed into an owl, 360.
— orphan eats wolf's tail, 361.
hunt, old man on a, 398.
hunter clings to lost wife on finding her, 294.
— jealous, 249.
— kills opossum, 418.
— shoots deer, 411.
— takes Nymo's place, 414.
— warns people not to abuse a man in their power, 418.
— who has two little frogs for wives, 298.
— young, sets out in search of wife whom his eldest brother has killed, 293.
— — becomes a squirrel and jumps on a knife mountain, 294.
— — returns from search for wife with a wife for each of his seven brothers, 294, 295.
— — shoots arrow into air to decide which direction to take, 293.
hunters, on return from hunt, find pile of wood at door and woman within, 293.
husband, a dove sees a handsome man, and wishes him for, 422, 423.
Hyrax, advice of, falls on deaf ears, comp. notes, 432.
— Turtle spears, in Leopard's pit, 436.
ice, earth weighted down with, to prevent it from tipping, 219.
ice-creepers, 235.
Ice people invited to feast for dead, and come, 238.
identification by means of head of slain dragon, 454.
imitation, fatal, 223, 401.
impossible against impossible, comp. note, 415.
incriminating the other fellow, 366, 367.
Indians walking on their hands and carrying nets between their legs are straightened up and sent to fish, comp. notes, 251.
inexhaustible dish, 293.
— kettle, 293, 294.
— purse, 112.
inheritance, brothers discuss how to defraud younger brother of his, 325.
invisible caribou, 244.
— dish, comp. notes, 221.
— fire and person, 221.
— Shark people eat food from pots and go home, 276.
iron peg in tree, 426.
— pot, 426.
iron, eagle first to have, 242.
ivory horn, 414.
James Island, Quileute who lived on, could see a long distance, 279.
jealous brothers, 338, 339.
— frog sister beats husband and fights sister, 299.
— hunter, 249.
— — shoots sister-in-law, 293.
— husband kills rival and cuts off wife's head, 291.
— rival kills goat of sweetheart, 366, 367.
— rivals compete in tests of endurance and strength, 423, 424.
— seal-hunter cuts rope and leaves rival stranded in seal-hole, 268.
Jonah swallowed by whale, 371.
jumping on back restores youth to former shape, 301.
Kalatub, strongest man, tries to shoot arrow into sky, 265.
— tries to string bow, 264.
Kanu'gu, deity of the Tlingit, 199.
— deceived by Raven, who steals his water, 201, 202.
— first man created, 201.
— only man that never told a lie, 201.
— puts on hat, and a dense fog arises, 212.
— takes off hat, and fog lifts, 212.
Katce'de, Raven phratry of the Tahltan, 237, 238.
kettle, brass, 290, 426.
— tiny, becomes filled with inexhaustible food, 293, 294.
killer-whale attacks people in canoes, and the people drown, 236.
— made of wood, 236.
killing by a glance, 217, 218 (comp. notes).
— by pointing a feather at, 249.
king tells lie to save another's reputation, 413.
King Hunger, 424.
kingdeer, 366, 367.
kingdom under water, 102.
Kingfisher takes salmon-egg from hair, 260, 261 (comp. notes).
Klĕĕtcĕlus sings while swinging a rope with a stick in end of it, 257.
knife, iron, 242.
— magic, 291.
knives, sharpened mussel-shell used as, 278.
kola-nuts of Turtle, theft of, 433.
kola-trees, grove of, 417.
Kuwega'n ceremony instituted by Raven, 215.

Incidents and objects in myth, *continued:*
Kweed (a kind of duck) entertains Raven, 259, 260.
Kweeti and his wives go to visit Chief Woodpecker, 252.
— cures speared shark and receives as reward shark's two daughters, comp. notes, 252.
— teaches people to fish, 251, 252.
— travels all over the earth, teaching the white man, comp. notes, 251.
lance with flashing head, 342.
left ear of green horse contains magic food, 133.
— — white (magic) hair in, 135.
— foot, 137.
leopard, 414, 427.
— and otter, playmates in youth, 431.
— and tortoise, 417.
— and turtle dig pits to kill animals, 436.
— blamed by turtle for stealing Zoé's daughter, 430.
— calls animals to a palaver, 433.
— coaxes animals to desert Nymo, 412.
— has sheep killed as guilty of stealing, because of their trembling, 434.
— killed by Zoé, 430.
— Nymo tries to get even with, 412, 413.
— ordered to eat with deer, 410.
— tests the bush animals, 417.
— trapped and killed by Turtle, 431.
— visits Hawk, 432.
leopard's tooth, 416, 417.
liberation of princess transformed into a skull, 123.
life-token, 351.
Lightning Serpent-Belt, mythological being, 352.
lion, 456, 457.
— and Leopard fight, 411.
— couching, 457.
— is enraged at way Leopard treats his brother, 411.
lizards, 406.
lodge in woods, girls surprised and scalped in, by Turtle, 296.
lodges, round, empty, 301.
log-house, 301.
loon, 287.
— as war-chief, given big spear, 209.
— white collar of, comp. notes, 209.
love excited or cooled by use of charms, incantations, and philters, 468.
lover warned, 363.
lower world, entrance to, a trap, long passage; descent into, by means of basket and rope, 126, 144.
"lubber-fiend" of folk-legend, the, 450.
Lynx advises pregnant girl to take myrtle-leaves to find her (deer) people, 350.
lynx-meat, 228.
magic arbor, 465.
— awl, 291.
— balm which cures bruises in no time, 145.
magic blue ribbon picked up on road gave one who wore it like a belt extraordinary strength, 150.
— bowl from which marvellous objects (inherited) are obtained, 112.
— bridles, 94.
— cake, 105.
— canoe, small paper, 95.
— chair, 464.
— comb, comparative notes, 254.
— crank, 96.
— crystal palace suspended from sky, 94.
— dew-claws of moose, 293.
— dream of parents, evil luck to some one revealed in, 106.
— flight, 254, 286, 287, 291, 292, 294.
— — comp. notes, 254, 291.
— flour, 300.
— food in left ear of green horse, 133.
— fruit: apple, golden, borne by tree every night, 123.
— — apples eaten cause nose of eater to grow, 115, 116.
— — — large, in a huge tree, 153.
— — plums bring back nose to former size, 115, 116.
— gifts, 293, 294.
— hair, 135.
— horn, from which an army can be obtained, 112.
— human organs: detached eyes apt to return to or be replaced in sockets, 95–97.
— knife, 291.
— man drowns sister's children, one after another, from canoe, 199, 200.
— meal, 300.
— napkin on road, 91.
— needle, 291.
— objects lost and recovered, 113–116.
— power, evil practices thwarted by, 300.
— — War-Club Owner exhibits his, 304.
— purse, inexhaustible, 112.
— quills, 294.
— repast common with the stage-magician in early plays, 451.
— ring, yielding light, 121.
— sash, giving powers to wearer, 112.
— sleep, 124, 454.
— spider-web of great strength, 122.
— sword, 276–278.
— — owner of, weeps at death of relative who dies on seeing the sword, 278.
— town, 109.
— violin that compels listeners to dance, 95.
— wand, a fairy's, 122.
— water restores sight to king, 100, 159.
— words of supernatural child, cultivated plants originate through, 446.
— — or formulæ of witch transforming some one, 110.
magical transition of wooden image into a celestial princess, 336, 337.
mallard-duck, 209.

Incidents and objects in myth, *continued:*
mammals, smaller, painted for war, and armed for battle, 209.
man drinks lake, and snipe pierces his belly with beak, and lets water out, 219.
— grasps sea-monster sight of which causes death, and becomes unconscious, 276.
— handsome, denies himself to women who visit "up top," 423.
— kills chimpanzees eating fruit in a tree, 429.
— sings of how he killed the Ozette, 278.
— sucks up water from a kettle at a distance, 291.
— swallows clairvoyant bones, and is then able to hear rattle, 290.
— takes off blanket and swims towards sea-monster, 276.
— transformed into stone after asking to live forever, 290.
— urinates on skate's back, comp. note, 266.
— with one eye, one ear, one arm, one leg, is made king of animals, 415.
manitou power, hunter has knowledge through, 293.
manitou of shaman, the caribou, 244.
— of wise man, fog, 247.
— turns Nänibozhu into stone for asking gift of immortality, 290.
manitous, snake, Nänibozhu shoots with arrows, 285.
manitu penäsi, a woman, goes up in air when shot, 293.
manzanita-berries, 347.
marriage custom of Tahltan, 207.
marriage, father cannot agree to son's, because he is unable to do man's work, 426.
— of poor Tlingit Wolf boy to Tahltan Toad girl, 237.
— of Tagish man in Tlingit country, 235.
— poor man among Quileute may take but one wife in, and chief or rich man may have from four to eight, comp. note, 251.
— to daughter of Thunder, 262.
— white man told to take but one wife in, and not to pay for her, 251.
— youth asked to choose between earthly and celestial, 340, 341.
mats as gift, 304.
meat, 401, 457.
— canoe filled with, 271.
— given by hunter for feast for dead, 238.
— given to people by killer-whale when it kills seals or other animals, 236.
— goes into lodge through smoke-hole by magic powers of giver, 304.
— hidden, divided, 403, 404.
— of cow hidden in tree, 368.
— stolen by dog, 419.
— wife of Pangolin will eat only, 434.
meat-mother, 216, 230 (comp. notes).
meat-mother. See also *game-mother.*
"medicine," 417, 420, 421.
medicine to cure sick and revive dead, 408.
medicine-man, cat goes in search of, 408.
— dog complains to, that medicine is worthless, 420, 421.
— Nymo seeks, in search of wisdom, 413.
— returns visit of Nymo, 414.
medicines, Nänibozhu dispenses, to four men, 291.
Medusa, called a witch, stock Italian character, 472.
mermaid carries little girl across river, but bids her keep it secret, 442.
— grinds up humming-bird in left hand, 443.
"merry-andrew" as term of contempt, 324.
metal, white man taught how to dig, 251.
mice gnaw bow-strings while people sleep, 348.
midnight, fateful hour, golden apples stolen, 125.
— fight with monsters at, 128.
Mink, mythical hero of Kwakiutl and Coast Salish, 199.
minister, Baptist, meets a bear, 360, 361.
— — stays in haunted house, 368.
minstrel, wandering, 325, 329, 335.
moccasins, evil power steals woman while making and patching, 302.
— traveller exchanges, with those of Sun, 228.
— of younger brother hung up by elder brother, 298, 300.
mock fire, 403.
— plea, comp. notes, 394.
monkey devoured by leopard, 417.
— frightens master by imitating him in trying to frighten boy, 359.
monsters: animals, fierce, obeying the great sultan, 143.
— horse, helpful flying, 132.
— lion with which to fight at midnight, 128.
— lions, twenty-five fierce, keep a monster, 94.
— unicorns, two monster, 153, 154.
moon, music to, 338.
— ruler of night, 424.
moose, 213, 215, 231, 232, 248, 293.
— dead, Nänibozhu turns into, 282.
mortars and pestles, 300.
mosquito and woodworm, comp. notes, 243.
moss assigned as food for caribou, 231.
mother cooks child and gives husband to eat, comp. notes, 364.
mountain people are afraid to climb, 347.
— with sharp top, 294.
mountains with ravines rise up when awl is thrown away, 291, 292.
mountain-sheep, 231.
mourning-song sung by cannibal at loss of his iron knife, 242.

Incidents and objects in myth, *continued:*
mouse, 231.
— and frog, 399.
mouse-girls carried off while eating berries, 347.
mud, Raven makes, 220.
music in praise of moon, 338.
muskrat and beaver, comp. notes, 243.
— dives for earth, 287.
mussels, 255.
mussel-shell, 279.
— grandmother of deserted girl leaves fire in, for her, 272.
— knives of, 271, 278.
myrtle-leaves, deer-medicine, 350.
mythological beings, 351, 352.
names, choosing of, by Nymo, Leopard, and Barking-Deer, 411.
Nänibozhu, 280–291.
— and bulrushes, comp. notes, 289.
— and buzzard, 282.
— and cannibal (Windigo) who orders him to fetch a spit, comp. note, 290.
— and deer-skull, 289.
— and earth-divers, 287.
— and ghost, 290.
— and the shut-eyed dance, 280.
— and weasel, 290.
— and wolf, 283, 284.
— asks for immortality, 290.
— converses with tree, 289.
— defecates on partridges, 281.
— dispenses medicines to four men, 291.
— dives for berries, 281.
— — for cranberries, 281.
— eats meat from bushes, and birds laugh, and say he is eating his scabs, 281.
— flays and kills Toad-Woman, 285, 286.
— frightened by partridges, falls over edge of gorge, 282.
— goes to live with the Wolves, comp. notes, 283.
— — to Winnipeg, 289.
— has vision concerning young wolf, 284.
— in form of dead moose, comes to life when buzzard eats flesh at his anus, and catches buzzard, 282.
— instructs young man not to try to cure people until he has a son, and the son grows to manhood, 291.
— is offered his son's legs and feet to eat, 286.
— kills a deer, 288.
— kills water-snakes, 286.
— splits end of his mentula in trying to kill rabbit, 283.
— ties knives to trees and makes them fight, to deceive buffalo, 291.
— transformed into stone, 290.
— tries to fool the birds that fly, 280.
— turns into a dead moose, 282.
— turns to stone a man who asks for eternal life, 291.
Neah Bay, Makah of, notified of death of Ozette relatives, 278.
Neah Bay, people of, taught to fish, comp. notes, 252.
necklace of dentalia put on the loon, 209.
— of leopard-teeth, 407.
needle, bone, 255, 256.
— cambric, stuck in tree, and used by blind old woman in proof of good eyesight, 365.
needles, wooden, 269.
Nibiked, origin of, 290.
Night and Day, dispute between, 423.
nightingale holding evening star in its beak, 122.
north, daylight thrown to, 205.
— end of world in, 348.
— home of the meat-mother, 231.
— turtle turns to, and sings war-song, 295.
nose-pendants of abalone, 261.
nose-ring, 354.
numbers: three, 90, 91, 94, 96, 98–100, 102, 103, 112, 123, 130, 132, 135, 138, 139, 150, 161, 166, 372, 399, 409.
— four, 90, 91, 96, 109, 110, 144, 239–241, 287, 291, 300, 398, 407, 414, 422.
— seven, 100, 119, 131, 136, 153, 391.
— twelve, 103.
— one hundred, 113, 114.
nuts from kola-tree, animals forbidden to gather, 417.
— of palm-tree, 410.
Nymo apportions meat to animals enemy to each other so as to take it himself, 410.
— as host, attempts to imitate his friend, and is worsted, 409.
— exiled for robbing animals of their "chop," 410.
— gets even with Vulture, 416.
— (Lion's brother) tied and dragged through bush by Leopard, 411.
— warns Bat not to eat proffered food, and then eats it himself, 412.
ocean comes up and covers land, 347.
oil poured on hot stones of sweat-bath scalds captor of stolen wife, 303.
old man plays with people and wins their dentalia, 348.
— — praying all the time, comp. notes, 361.
— — rich, loses money, and wife tries to leave him, comp. notes, 395, 396.
— woman, blind, wants to marry young man, 365.
— — carrying basswood-bark on back, 285.
— — cooking rice offers some to girl going to river to wash staff, 406.
— — discovers head of chief gone, and rouses everybody, comp. notes, 279.
— — eats of hair-seal meat, 277.
— — ties hands of husband behind him, intending to drown him, but goes overboard herself, 396.
— — urges leopard to flee before lion kills him, 411.

Incidents and objects in myth, *continued:*
old man, very thin, comp. notes, 363.
— women, four, capture one going about doing evil, 422.
— — help hunter to find wife, 293, 294.
opossum, 358.
— calls on wasp and hornet to sting Nymo, 410.
— devoured by leopard, 417.
— palm-nut dropped by, grows into a palm-tree, 418.
orphan boy, hungry, eats wolf's tail, 361.
osprey takes snail's eyes for himself, comp. notes, 265.
otter, 287.
— and leopard, playmates in youth, 431.
— badly bitten by turtle, calls on sister-in-law to sew him up, 297.
— volunteers to avenge death of girls killed by turtle, 297.
otters, 276.
owl answers war-call of turtle, 295.
— painted by Raven, 208.
— transformation of stingy old woman into, 360.
Ozette, place in Quileute country, 257.
— two dogs in, transformed into Indians, 252.
Ozettes hold a war-dance, 277.
— Quileutes warned of intended attack by, 277.
pack-strap, 271.
paddle pushed down into water causes people to die, 214.
— lifted out of water causes corpses to come to life, 214.
palaver, 427, 432–434, 436.
palm-butter, 408, 409.
palm-fronds and bamboo, basket made of, 414.
palm-grove springs up from palm-nut shells dropped by hornbill, 410.
palm-nut grows up into palm-tree, 418.
palm-nuts, ripe, 423.
palm-oil, an ingredient of fine "chop," 420.
— hunter gathers nuts to make, for trading, 410.
palm-tree, 409, 410.
— grows up from nut dropped by opossum, 418.
palm-wine, 409.
— sparrow succeeds in drinking pot of, with help of relatives, 419.
Pangolin as trickster, 434.
partridge goes to rabbit's house for fire, and sees beef hanging in fireplace, 403.
partridges, 281, 282.
pea, 402.
peace procedure between Tlingit and Tsimshian, comp. notes, 213, 215.
peas, bag of, 404.
pelican ferries pursuing head over river, 292.
pepper, 409, 420.
pepperwood-leaves, put on fire, give off strong smell, 346.
perspective class, revelations of the, 462.
pestles, 300.
Pigeon forsakes his friend Branch-of-Tree, 435.
pigs, argument as to whether a cow can have, 358.
phratries, division of Tahltan into Raven and Wolf, 207.
pine-tree, Nänibozhu climbs, to escape flood, 287.
pit with spears set in bottom, 435.
pitch, 256, 347.
Pitch-Man, Raven kills, comp. notes, 210.
pitch-wood, 258, 259.
— deserted girl takes, and goes out at night to dig clams, 273.
plant (*Rubiaceæ, Gaertnera paniculata*, Beuth.), bad, 432.
plantains, 433.
playing dead, 404, 414, 417 (comp. notes).
— poisoned, comp. note, 403.
pocket-knife, 371.
porcupine and beaver, 244.
— — — quarrel about seasons, 226.
— — — try which can build a house first, 246.
— consulted by Turtle, 429.
— sings for cold weather to come, 245.
porpoises, sharks fish for, 275.
potatoes, 391.
potlatch given by Raven to supernatural beings, 261.
— — by rich whaler, 258.
— — by Wolf clans vying for killer-whale crest, 237.
— — by young Wolf man who became rich on marriage with Toad girl, 238.
— — to people by the first Tlokwalat, 261.
poultry, ailments of, and their treatment, 310.
powder, 410.
power, evil, 302, 303.
prayer of celestial virgin for perfection of her union with her lover, 342.
preacher catechises old woman about Adam, 371, 372.
precipice, Wenibozo placed on edge of, while asleep, 282.
pregnancy, plea of, to stay execution, 474.
princes, three, transformed into horses, 132.
princess transformed into skull marries her liberator, 123.
princesses prisoners of a giant, 157.
— — of a monster, liberated by hero who fights monster, 128, 129, 131.
privates of wolverene burnt with hot fat thrown at him, 248.
puberty ceremony, deer makes, for his sister, 350.
purse, inexhaustible, 458.
python, 416, 417.
quarrel, how men first learned to, 436, 437.

Incidents and objects in myth, *continued:*
Queets River, no Indians at, in former times, 251.
Quileute man loses all his brothers in war with Ozette, 276.
quills, magic, 294.
quill-work, 302.
rabbit, 283, 294, 358, 360, 368, 374, 391, 394, 417.
— and fox and the blackbirds, 404, 405.
— and rooster, 401.
— and wolf dive to see who can dive longest, 395.
— — — rivals, 366, 367.
— — — steal a cow, 368, 403.
— bets with cow, 402.
— causes wolf to lose a leg, 404.
— cord made of sinews of, 273.
— in vegetable garden, 402.
— invited to dinner by wolf, 361.
— laughs at how he fooled another animal, 400, 401.
— refuses to sing, and is thrown into brier-patch, 444.
— seeks a tail, comp. notes, 404.
— sends partridge for fire to cook meat, 403.
— tied to tree as punishment, 400, 401.
Rabbit-Man (Kextsâ'za) causes people to freeze, comp. notes, 222.
raccoon, 358, 364, 370.
— and crawfish, comp. note, 292.
race, relay, 394, 419 (comp. notes).
racing a ghost, 368.
rafts on which survivors of Flood escaped, gnawed by rats and mice, and people drown, 233.
rain, 422, 423.
rat, 419.
— and cat assigned to eat from one bowl, 410.
rats, 406.
— and mice gnaw withes binding rafts of logs together, and people drown, 233.
rattle, 290.
Raven and Bear-Man, comp. notes, 220.
— and Crow, 222, 223.
— and ghosts, 225 (comp. notes), 226.
— and his blanket, comp. notes, 223.
— and his sister, comp. notes, 210.
— and Kanu'gu, 212 (comp. notes), 213.
— and Porcupine make the seasons, comp. notes, 226.
— and Salmon, 205.
— answers war-call of Turtle, 295.
— as bungling host, 221, 259–261.
— as communist, 199, 205, 213.
— as trickster, 202.
— ascends principal streams, 199.
— attempts to build a bridge across the Stikine River, 212.
— birth of, 198, 199 (comp. notes), 200.
— calls on the winds to blow, 223, 224.
— calls salmon to jump on his belly, then clubs and kills them, comp. notes, 205.
Raven causes Sea-Gull and Heron to quarrel, 203.
— covers himself with moss, 207.
— creates bear, 220.
— curtails powers of game, 216 (comp. notes), 217.
— deceives grizzly bear and kills him with red-hot stones, 208.
— deprives rabbit of power to kill people, 222.
— disappears towards setting sun, 199.
— divides people into exogamic phratries, 207.
— eats up deer-meat and leaves excrement in its place in canoe, 272.
— — — all salmon-eggs, 260.
— establishes villages, 211.
— — relationship of sexes and phratries, 215.
— flies through smoke-hole, 203, 204.
— — — — — with daylight, 205.
— — — — with his nose, recovered in chief's house, and puts it on again, 225.
— formerly white, comp. notes, 203.
— gets daylight for people, 204 (comp. notes), 205.
— gets possession of olachen by ruse, 203 (comp. notes), 204.
— gives potlatch to supernatural beings, 261.
— goes to Bear's house to get something to eat, 259.
— house of, changed into stone, 211.
— institutes birth, 206, 207.
— — death, 207.
— — the Kuwega'n ceremonies, 213.
— invites Bear into his house, but has no food to give him, 221.
— — South-Wind to feast to see him dance, then excuses himself, 223.
— is speared in the wing by Skate, 265.
— is swallowed by toad monster, whom, he kills by cutting his insides, 221.
— kills people to deprive them of powers for evil, 199.
— — Pitch-Man, comp. notes, 210.
— — toad monsters to deprive them, of powers for evil, comp. notes, 221.
— — or transforms bad people who survived the Flood, or takes away their powers for evil, 234.
— loses his nose, comp. notes, 224.
— makes brush house for Tahltan, 212.
— — house for himself on Stikine River, 211.
— — lakes, comp. notes, 219.
— — salmon go up streams, breed, and return to same stream, 206.
— — the tides, 201.
— — Wolf women good-looking, 215, 216.
— meets Kanu'gu out at sea, and they discuss their ages, comp. notes, 212.
— — Devil-Fish, 256.
— moulten, 457.

Incidents and objects in myth, *continued:*
Raven negotiates with birds to steal fire for him, 218.
— obtains olachen, comp. notes, 203.
— paints the birds, 208 (comp. notes), 209.
— — his men for war, 208, 209.
— promises feast to birds, and then eats all himself, 209.
— pushes deer over edge of bluff and kills her, comp. note, 271.
— sends word to wealthy Mink chief that his name is Skin-Bag, 211.
— shows people best places to fish, 211.
— — — how to construct houses of timber, 211.
— sits down in middle of canoe with large hat on, 210.
— speaks to wife in Quinault language, 271.
— steals fire, comp. notes, 218.
— — water from water-deity, 202.
— — — and flies through smoke-hole, 202, 203.
— stretches tongue out to great length and swallows louse, 223.
— talks Tlingit language, 198.
— throws away his blanket, and later regrets it, 223.
— tracks of, and place where he urinated, transformed into stone, 212.
— transforms himself into cedar-leaf, and is swallowed by girl from bucket of water, 204.
— travels as transformer, 198–200.
— tries to marry into Mink family, 210 (comp. notes), 211.
— visits dog-children of deserted girl, 274.
— — duck and is given salmon to eat, 259, 260.
— — Haida, 199.
— — Kingfisher and is given salmon-eggs to eat, 260.
— vomits olachen, 204.
red-hot stones used to deceive and kill, 208.
Red-Willow men, Raven steals blankets of, 223.
reflection in water, of fruit, makes water look red, 281.
— — — Raven sees his, comp. notes, 220.
reputation in question, king of town restores, 413.
revenge for death of girls scalped by Turtle, Indians gather war-party for, 297.
— — — of chief, 278, 279.
— on Bush-King, grasshopper takes, 421.
revived animals, 282, 287.
rib given to Raven to make spear-head, 225, 226.
ribs of buffalo, magic, 294.
rice, 409, 415.
— new, 423.
rice, one grain of, in thimble, becomes kettleful over the fire, 293.
— pot of, 420.
— stolen by dog, 419.
— used as bait for bird-trap, 411.
— why one grain of, no longer fills the pot, 422.
— wild, as gift, 304.
rice-birds, 416, 417.
rice-crop, 426, 427.
rice-farm of Vulture, Nymo makes a road to, from his house, and claims the farm, 416.
rich man, misfortune overtakes, 426.
ridge-pole of house, beaver steals, from muskrat, 243.
rigmarole form: exchange of an animal for a larger one, several times, 164, 165.
— — tale in: something shall be done if something else is accomplished, the condition running into a rigmarole-like series, 111.
ring of virtue, 321, 322.
river, big, knife thrown away becomes, 291.
robin painted red on breast, 208, 209.
rock, animals slide down upon, and are killed, 434.
— gives birth, 216.
— in water, Turtle sings war-song from, 297.
— sharp, 201.
— steep, man climbs, and is left there to perish, 235.
— with man, dog, and goat on summit grows into a tall pillar, steep and smooth, 241.
rolling skull, 291, 292.
— — offers to marry helper, 292.
roofs of huts, 427.
rooster crows when girl chooses right basket, 406.
— — to announce coming of day, 423.
— meets fox and lets him feel his comb to allay his fear of him, 424.
rope, cedar-branch, part of whaling-outfit, 353.
ruffed grouse, Raven ties hair of, in knot on head, 208.
saddle, 391.
saintly hermit, 341.
— — consulted for advice, 326–329.
salmon, 275.
— and other fish have a big fight, 242.
— and Raven, comp. notes, 205.
— created by Raven, and people taught how to preserve them, comp. notes, 206.
— jump on Raven's stomach and render him unconscious, 205.
— pots of, empty themselves, 276.
— Raven is told by excrements how to cut up, 206.
— — pretends to take dish of, home, but secretly eats nearly all of it, 260.

Incidents and objects in myth, *continued:*
salmon-drying houses, people taught how to make, comp. notes, 206.
salmon-egg, single, when boiled, increases to kettleful, 260.
sashes, red, as gift, 304.
scent of flowers in dream wakens youth, 337.
sea-gull and heron quarrel, and former vomits olachen, 203.
seal catches harpoon and runs off with it, 268.
seal-bladder, man escapes drowning in, 236.
seal-hunters, 266–268.
sea-lion on top of rock, 235.
Seal people, one of, speared by Tlingit, 235.
seals, 276.
— fall dead when looked at, 277.
— see also *hair-seals.*
sea-monster sight of which causes death, 276.
sea-otter robe, 354.
seaweed, 236.
secret power of Sno-Nysoa, 407, 408.
secret revealed would cause death of revealer, 443.
Sēxdāte, a lazy young man, becomes a rich whaler, 257, 258.
— crushes sister-in-law by weighting her with whale-meat, 258.
shaman left to perish on rock is given bladder by Seal people for curing one of their sick, 235, 236.
— transformed by a ruse, escapes from wolves, comp. notes, 254.
— with caribou as manitou, 244.
shamans try to cure wounded shark, but fail, 252.
shame goes with medicine-man to visit Nymo, 414.
— Otter feels, to speak of testicles before wife's relatives, 297.
Shark boy grows kelp on body and face, 275.
— marries a human girl and takes her to his home under water, 274, 275.
— people invisible to girl, except her Shark husband, 275.
— speared by Kweeti, with his sons for bait, comp. notes, 252.
— takes his human wife to see her parents, 275.
sharks fish for porpoises and other sea-animals, 275.
sheep, 213, 215, 248, 249.
— carried off by sickness, 426.
— killed for eating Turtle's nuts, 433, 434.
shells, deer sharpens, to kill Kweeti, 251.
silver buried in cellar, 367.
— see *gold and silver.*
skate becomes constellation, 266.
— escapes being speared by turning aside, 265.
skate is urinated on by sky man, 266.
skin, first man to cut, and let blood run out, 261.
— of leopard, 427.
— of old hag burns her when she tries to put it on, 363.
— of old lady, Nānibozhu crawls into, and goes to cure snakes, 285.
skull, deer's, becomes stuck over Nānibozhu's head when eating brains of deer, 289.
— rolling, 291, 292.
Skunk makes Spider laugh, and fire shoots out of latter's mouth, 347.
Sky, people of, pursue Earth people, who make for arrow-ladder, animals left behind become constellations, 266.
— red at sunset if person is killed, 291, 292.
— trail to, 240, 241.
slave, Quileute, dies, 278.
slave-boy steals his master's wealth and runs away, 421.
slaves, canoe, and property offered as marriage presents, 211.
— of rich man carried off by neighbor, 426.
sleep, elder brother of youth sees latter's doings in, 301.
— magic, 124, 454.
sleeping-mat of rice-grains, 415.
— spread for guest, 337.
snail watches in tree, 417.
snake becomes fond of child, comp. notes, 373.
— dances round wedding-cake, 399.
— found inside of girl, 298.
— garter. See *garter-snake.*
— horned, bit of thread, when thrown away, becomes, 291, 292.
— white-hair, man in form of, rescues sister-in-law from her captor, 303.
snakes gather basswood-bark and stretch strings over the world for Nānibozhu to stumble over, 285.
— jump out of basket, 406.
— horned, drag culture-hero down in river, 284.
— take all the palm-trees in war with birds, 418.
— teeth of, 298.
Snapping-Turtle bites Otter's testicles, 297.
— crawls into young girls' lodge and scalps girls, 296.
— elders called to counsel how to kill, comp. note, 296.
— feigns terror when about to be thrown into river, 296.
— hides under wooden bowl, 296.
— Indians try to deceive, but fail to do so, 297.
— reviews animals answering war-call, and dismisses them, until small tortoise offers to go, 295, 296.
— sings, calling for warriors, 295.

Incidents and objects in myth, *continued:*
snipe, 219.
Sno-Nysoa ("God the Creator"), 407, 408.
— gives to each of his sons a necklace of leopard-teeth, 407.
snowshoes, 228, 229.
— with ice-creepers, for climbing, 235.
— Tahltan learn how to make, 250.
soldiers, army of little tortoises as, 296.
son tries to kill his own father, 348.
song, ceremonial, given by the abalone, 261.
— of supernatural beings, 261.
soothsayers, 329, 426.
sorcerer helps poor boy, 93.
soul of wooden image, brothers meditate marrying, 328, 329.
souls of four dead brothers reborn to their married sisters, 240.
south, 295.
— Dipper thrown to, 205.
Sparrow wishes to visit Eagle, but must first drink a pot of palm-wine, 419.
sparrows, rice-birds not as numerous as, 417.
spear for catching whales, 274.
— — — shark, Kweeti makes, 252.
spear-head, Raven steals, from ghosts, 225.
spears, birds armed with, 209.
Spider keeps fire inside of himself, 347.
— man from heaven, visits girl and takes her home with him, 349.
spirit, black, divides himself into three parts, 437.
— myth-person, 346.
spirits called on for help, 473.
spirit-world, trail to lower, 240.
spitting, 370.
spittle of girl falls on witch's staff, 406.
spring of water, animals go to, hear music, and begin to dance, 412, 413.
spurs, 391.
squirrel calls on fire to burn house, 410.
— hunter transformed into, 294.
— rabbit borrows overcoat of, and kills alligator, 404.
staff, girl carries, to river to wash, 406.
star husbands, comp. notes, 264.
startlers, winged, Nänibozhu asks, their names, then defecates on them, comp. note, 281.
starvation, 201, 217, 232, 243, 244, 248, 250.
step, learn the, 427.
sticks, bundle of, 406.
Stikine River, fish of, war against the Taku River fish, 242.
stone hammer, 270.
stone, Beaver sharpens, to kill Kweeti, 251.
— black, 298.
— given to transformer by Wolf for a pillow, 253.
— transformations into, 211, 212, 257, 290, 291.
strings, snakes stretch, over world to catch Nänibozhu, 285.
stump cut off, 301.
— hollow, as a hiding-place, 246.
— Nänibozhu transforms himself into, 284.
sugar as gift, 304.
— and butter, tub of, 394.
suitors show skill, are found fault with and sent off, except one, 419.
— transformed into animals, 103–105.
sun and moon, 423.
supernatural beings invited to potlatch, 261.
— — spear Raven's daughter, 261.
sweat-bath with oil poured on hot stones scalds captor of stolen wife, 303.
sweat-house, Raven invites South-Wind to sweat with him, and asks him for blankets to cover, comp. notes, 224.
sweethearts, three, comp. notes, 372.
sword, flaming, 342.
— magic, kills by sight, 277, 278.
— supernatural, of bone, 276.
table, 457.
taboo, divulging of, causes death, 437.
tail, long, given to rabbit, 404.
Taku River fish battle with the Stikine River fish, 242.
tallow, 395.
tasks, impossible, set by king of animals, 415.
— set by Bush-Doctor prove Nymo to be sufficiently wise, 417.
— — by giant to get rid of step-son, 152, 153.
— — by witch as step-mother to get rid of her step-son, 93, 94.
tattooing, 255, 256.
terrapin, 391.
— and deer race, 394.
test of wives by Gorilla and Chimpanzee, 428.
testicles, Turtle bites Otter's, 297.
tests of endurance and strength, 423.
theft of daylight, 205.
— of fire, 218.
— of meat, 248.
— of sun, 255.
thief in vegetable garden, 400.
thimble, 293.
thought-transference, 238.
thorn-bush springs up when needle is thrown away, 291, 292.
thread, magic, 291.
Thunder, young man visits home of, and marries Thunder's daughter, 262.
Thunder-Bird, mythological being, 351.
Thunderers, when Turtle hears, he lets go of Otter's testicles, comp. note, 297.
tide, Devil-Fish calls, to come in quickly, and drowns cannibal woman, 256.
tinder, 347.
Tlokwalat song given to man by the abalone, 261.

Incidents and objects in myth, *continued:*
toad monsters that eat people and animals, comp. notes, 221.
Toad-Woman, Nänibozhu kills, 286.
tobacco, pipe of, 371.
tomahawk, 296.
tortoise, hard shell of, prevents leopard from eating, 418.
— small, 295.
totem-poles, 213, 237.
trail of dead, 240.
transformation due to evil spell ended by limbs of transformed person being cut up, 147.
— of dogs into Indians, 252.
— of people into fishes, in a magic town, 108, 109.
— — — or objects into stone, 211, 212, 257, 290, 291.
— of suitors into animals or birds, 103–105.
— of three princes into horses, 132.
— of witch into a mare, 106.
— of wolves into Indians, 251.
transformations of short duration, 135, 136, 140.
transformer and the wolves, comp. notes, 253.
— as shaman, 254.
— changes people into stone, some into birds and other things, 257.
— gives people cedar-bark clothes, 257.
— pursued by wolves, urinates and makes lake, and escapes, comp. notes, 254.
— relation of, to Woodpecker, comp. notes, 253.
— transforms himself into male child, and steals sun, 255.
trap refuses to release opossum because latter refused to let palm-nut rest, 418.
traps, Turtle and Leopard set, 430, 431.
tree, *adjap* (*Mimusaps jasæ*, Lang. Eng.), 429, 430.
— bear's head swells in, so he cannot get it out, 400.
— branches of, hold Nänibozhu tight, 288.
— dead, animals told to climb, and slide down upon a rock, to relieve pain, 434.
— eats bear, 209.
— *engong* (*Trichoscypha* sp.), laden with fruit, 428, 429.
— falls to pieces when woman motions to it with her fist, 293.
— gives birth, 216.
— hawk flies into, then swoops down on a fowl, 432.
— heavy, Gorilla calls on fish and turtles to help move, 409.
— increases in height, 287.
— iron, with knives as branches, 242.
— Leopard climbs a, trying to imitate Hawk, and comes to grief, 433.
— Nänibozhu converses with, 289.
— *ôtunga*, laden with fruit, 428, 429.
trees and stumps invited to feast for dead, 238.
— red-willow, 223.
Turtle and Leopard, 429.
— becomes rich at Leopard's cost, comp. note, 431.
— climbs tree, and discovers how Pangolin overcomes all animals, 434.
— deceives Leopard, and gets all his food, 436.
— — Zoé as to who stole his youngest daughter, 429, 430.
— see *snapping-turtle.*
turtles help move heavy tree, 409.
urine, Raven pours, over head of Kanu'gu, and then steals his water, 202.
— poured over head, causes temporary blindness, 202.
vagina dentata, 297, 298.
vulture, bald-headed, offers to carry tusk for Nymo, and then keeps it, 416.
war between birds and snakes, 418.
— between Quileute and Ozette, 276–279.
— with the Sky people, 264 (comp. notes), 265, 266.
War-Club Owner exhibits his magic powers, 304.
— — for his good deeds, is rewarded with wife, 305.
— — goes to the rescue of his brother's stolen wife, 303.
— — hides by spring, and tells sister-in-law how to escape from captivity when she goes to draw water, 303.
— — smuggles away younger brother to keep him from being killed by witch, 298.
— — warns younger brother of hunchbacks, 300, 302.
war-medicine, 427.
war-palaver, 427.
war-party of snapping-turtles, comp. notes, 295.
war-song, Turtle sings, 295, 297.
wasps, 410.
water in kettle, man sucks up, from a distance, 291.
— rises to delay Nänibozhu in flight from snakes, 286.
— scattered all over the country, comp. notes, 203.
— that leopard drinks runs through holes bitten out by lion, 411.
— waste, from bath of Nymo, runs over leopard, 411.
water-drum, Nänibozhu beats on, to call men, 291.
Water people, boy forbidden to fish near home of, 420.
— — son of, is asked to dry up river, 415.
weapons, best of, to fight monster, the worst in appearance, 128, 129.
weasel (ermine), 213.
— becomes wife of Raven, who rescues her from drowning, 214.

Incidents and objects in myth, *continued:*
weasel enters cannibal's anus and bites his heart, 290.
— (ermine) made a slave, 214.
— rewarded by culture-hero for help in killing cannibal, 290.
wedge, 270.
well, 395.
Wenibozo and buzzard, 282.
west, moon thrown to, 205.
— Turtle faces, to sing war-song, 295.
whale, hunting of, by Thunder and his son-in-law, 262, 263.
— spearing of, by once lazy man, 257, 258.
— swallows Jonah, 371.
whale-bones, beach covered with, 274.
whales, spearing of, 274.
— the, mythological beings, 352.
— wolf who hunted, 253.
whip, 391.
white clay, leopard stops up holes in body with, 412.
— hair (magic), 135.
— man rides a colored man as horse, 373.
— sheet, 359.
wife, chief marries his twentieth, 426.
— faithless, 291.
— of man lives with their son as her husband, 270.
— of youth stolen, 302.
— purchase-price for, 426.
— stolen, dips up a hair-snake when drawing water, which rescues her from captivity, 303.
willow-grouse, Raven calls on, to bring dish, 221.
wind-break transformed into long cliff on Stikine River, 211, 212 (comp. notes).
winds, Raven calls on, to blow, 223, 224.
wisdom, Nymo seeks, 413, 416 (comp. notes).
— of a little child, 425.
— of a reply gains release of condemned one, and a name for every man, 422.
wishing-hat, 458.
witch, helpful or benevolent, 99, 100, 117, 128.
— kills children as fast as born, 298.
— malevolent, 91, 108–110.
— transformed into a mare, 106.
— transforms herself into a hare, 482.
— turns into a cat when she wants to do kindness to children, 364.
witchcraft, 472, 473.
witch-doctor invites two little girls home with her to spin cotton, 406.
— people consult, to settle dispute, 423.
witches that prowl by night in search of clotted drops of blood, 337.
wives of Chimpanzee like fruit of a tree better than their husband, 428.
— of Leopard go to live with Turtle, 431.
— stolen, freed and restored to husbands, 303.
wolf a fast runner, 279.
— and bear claim the same pigs, 358.
— and fox, 394, 395.
— and rabbit, 360, 395.
— — — in love with the same one, 366.
— — — steal a cow, 368, 403.
— drowned by horned snakes, 284.
— eldest, called "younger brother" (Wolf-Brother) by Nänibozhu, 283.
— exchanges places with rabbit, 401, 402.
— expires of old age, 288.
— is sent around the world to see how big it is, 288.
— phratry of the Tlingit and Tahltan, 235.
— — Nanaa'i clan of, gets killer-whale crest, 237.
— restored to life when hide is blown on, 287.
— tail of, gets a-fire, flies up chimney, and drops in front of hungry boy, 361.
— warned not to cross water, 284.
— young, and Nänibozhu, hunt together, 284.
— — raised as a dog, comp. notes, 248.
wolverene, a cannibal, kills many men, 246.
— escapes from pursuing brothers-in-law over smooth ice, 248.
— steals meat from his brothers-in-law, comp. notes, 248.
— urinates and defecates on meat to make it unfit to eat, 248.
— wounded, revives when wife seizes tight hold of him, dies when he throws her off, 247.
wolves and transformer, comp. notes, 253.
— burned by elks, 259.
— changed into Indians at Quileuti, 251.
— eat Nänibozhu's venison except head, 289.
— help hunter Xᴇ'nda, comp. notes, 250.
— invited to potlatch by elks, 258.
— Nänibozhu goes to live with, 283.
— take care of younger brother after older one had lost him, 292.
woman gives birth to animals, 230, 231.
women not cut when giving birrh, comp. notes, 207.
wood, pile of, falls down at door of hunters' camp, 293.
— transformed into meat, 259.
woodchuck kicked to death by Nänibozhu, 287.
— people, Raven at village of, 206.
— throws earth into Nänibozhu's eyes, 286, 287.
wooden image begins to dance when music is played, 328.
— — comes to life, 328.
— — of hand-maiden of Indra, believed to restore luck, 326, 327.
woodpecker flies out from armpit of woman when tickled, and woman dies, 200.

Incidents and objects in myth, *continued:*
woodpecker tests Kweeti to find out if he were once his slave by making him laugh, comp. notes, 253.
— — — to see if he is a chief by getting him to spit through the roof, comp. notes, 253.
woodworm and mosquito, comp. notes, 243.
worm cuts hair of rolling skull, and it escapes from thorn-bush, 292.
wren sings, and shoots an arrow into the sky, 265.
— takes off blanket and tries to string bow, 264.
wrestling-match between frog and elephant, 420.
Xɛ'nda hunts caribou, 250.
Yakalis Creek, place where cannibal woman cooked children, 256.
yellow-jacket, 362.
yew-wood, bow made of, 273.
youngest brother allowed to follow natural bent toward music, 324.
— — older brothers try to defraud, of inheritance, 325.
— — returns to parental roof, 329–331, 334, 337.
— — seeks fortune in distant lands, 325.
— of three brothers more daring, 127.
— — — — more lucky and skilful than his elders, although despised, 124.
youth advised by elder brother goes in search of a bride, 300.
— falls in love with a corpse, 301.
— goes in search of stolen wife, 302.
— refuses to eat because his elder brother has killed his wives, 300.
— takes wife to visit her parents, 304.
— weeps for his frog wives, 300.
— wooes and wins celestial maiden, 338.
Indian tribes. See *Tribes.*
Indians in Carolinas, number of, 385.
in North Carolina, preference of, to be classed as whites rather than Negroes, 386.
Indra, thunderbolt of, 340.
Ingersoll-Rand Company, letter from, in regard to drills, 511.
Inheritance by matrilineal descent on west coast of Sumatra, 307.
International School of Archæology and Ethnology in Mexico, Spanish-Mexican materials collected under auspices of, 193.
Iroquois folk-lore, comparative study of, left to future student, 446.
Italian influence on English drama, 471.
play featuring a witch or "wise woman," 472.

Jackson, Elizabeth, trial of, 470.
Jackson, G. P., American Indifference to Study of Folk-Lore, 438, 439.
Jacobs, Joseph, folk-lore in English Fairy Tales of, 458.
James I, King, attacks on, as persecutor of witches, defended by Kittredge, 485.
death-penalty for witchcraft imposed in reign of, 470.
Jamestown, Va., Dutch and Scandinavian settlers likely to have left traces in traditions of Indian populations, 188.
"Jersey Dutch" once common idiom of Dutch, English, German, and French settlers of New Jersey, 186.
"Joan of Arc," in Shakespeare, 473, 474.
"John Hardy," 505–520.
records of ballad of, 513.
John Henry, identification of, with John Hardy, 511.
Johnson, R. L., statement of, concerning John Hardy, 507–509.
Joke, practical, 476.
Jones, William, Ojibwa tales of, contrasted with those collected by Curtin and Hewitt, 446.
Jonson, Ben, 451, 452, 466, 467, 477–479, 481–483.

Karsten's Myths of the Ji'baros, reviewed, 446.
Kătce'de, name of Raven phratry of the Tahltan, 207, 212, 223.
people of Stikine River, 211.
Kittredge, G. L., acknowledgment of aid received from, 447.
cited, 454.
on authorship of "Misogonus," 471.
on English witchcraft and James I, 470, 475, 482, 485.
Knight, Mr. and Mrs., 486.
Kroeber, A. L., Sinkyone Tales, 346–351.
Kru tales, 409–415 (5–12), 416 (14), 418–420 (18–22), 420–421 (24–26), 422–423 (30), 424 (33), 425–426 (39–41), 427 (43).
Kubera, god of worldly indulgence, 342.
Kuwega'n ceremonies, 213 (comp. notes), 215.
Kyle, Ernest I., letter of, about John Hardy, 506.

Lambe, 468, 479.
Landry, Hélène, 110.
Larichelière, Mme, 2, 51, 75.
Larocque, E., 67.
"Lava Beds," 212, 239.
Legault, Alfred, 4, 60, 68.
Legault, Alphonse, 2, 4, 45.
Legends, family, of the Nootka, 351, 352.
Legerdemain, 467.
Leopard's teeth among most highly valued possessions of a man in Liberia, 407.
Les remèdes d'autrefois, 176–178.
Level Mountain, B.C., 231.
Lilly, William, 456.
Lions and other animals, forecasting of events under veiled allegory of, 456.
Lockler, Will, last speaker of Cherokee language, 386.

Lockley, Claymiller, 384.
Louisiana, French settlers in, 186.
"Love and Fortune, The Rare Triumphs of," 463.
Lowie, R. H., Thirtieth Annual Meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society, 343–345.
Lowrie, Henry Berry, famous outlaw in South, 385, 386.
Lumber River, North Carolina, canoe-camp on, 384.
Lyly, John, first important English dramatist to use fairies as a theatric device, 448.
"Gallathea," 454.
"Mother Bombie," 472, 473, 478.
play formerly ascribed to, 451, 465.

McAtee, Mrs., 498, 499, 504.
"Macbeth," witchcraft scenes in, 482.
McCorkle, W. A., letter of, about John Hardy, 505, 506.
McMillan, Ham, 385, 386.
Madness assumed as "possession" by the Elizabethan, 476.
Magic circle, drawer of a, hung, 468.
Magic in the Elizabethan drama, 447–485.
Magician, court, 456.
Magicians, female, 465.
in plays of the romance type, 448, 453–458.
mediæval, 459, 461, 464.
practising, in time of Elizabeth, 458–466.
— motive of, initiated by Marlowe, 485.
Mailloux, Joseph, 112, 117, 163, 165, pl. 2 (following 184).
Malvolio, character in "Twelfth Night," 476, 481.
Mandingo tale, 422 (29).
Maniju, lake of, 306, 318, 319.
Manitoba, French settlements in, 186.
Plains Ojibwa tales collected in, 280.
Manners in Charleston, S.C., 378.
Marlowe, Christopher, "Doctor Faustus" of, 448, 449, 461, 462.
Marston, John, beginning of dramatic career of, 478, 479.
"Sophonisba," 482.
Mason, J. Alden, collection of Porto Rican folk-lore by, 193.
Masque, the, 451, 452, 485.
"The Fortunate Isles," 466.
Masque-like court drama long prior to Faustus, 463.
Massicotte, E.-Z., biography of, 3, 4.
Massicotte, E.-Z. (collector), Chants populaires du Canada (Première série), 1–89.
Croyances et dictons populaires des environs de Trois-Rivières (Canada), 168–175.
Les remèdes d'autrefois, 176–178.
Matte, A., 89.
Maudlin, witch who transforms herself into a hare, 482.
May, Thomas, "Antigone," 483.
Mayer, Theresa (ed.), Quileute Tales, 251–279.
Medical quackery, 459, 461, 468, 471, 479.
"Menaechmi," 475.
Mephistopheles, 466.
Merlin, 454–457.
"Merry Devil of Edmonton, The," 463.
"Merry Wives of Windsor," pseudo-fairy scene in, 449.
Metals, transmutation of, 479.
"Metric pattern" suggested to be substituted for "metric unit" in primitive music, 526.
Michigan, old-time songs in, 189.
Middle Ages, practising magicians of, 459, 461, 464.
Middleton, Thomas, beginning of stage career of, 478, 479.
contrasted with Marlowe, 461.
earlier forms of plays credited to, 456.
"Mad World, My Masters," 482.
"Mayor of Queenborough," 455.
"Witch," 483.
"Midsummer Night's Dream," 449, 450.
Midwifery, practice of, 468.
Minstrels, old, from West Virginia, 497.
Miracle play, old, performed at Christmas in Mexico, 186.
"Misfortunes of Arthur, The," 455.
"Misogonus," play of unproved authorship, 471.
Mob, actions of, against Dr. John Dee, 460.
Month when people meet to ask questions and riddles, 226.
Moon, lady of fecundity, 341.
Morin, Michel, obituary of, 183, 184.
"Mother Bombie," character of, in Lyly's play, seems to be a portrait, 473.
"Mother Redcap," 478.
"Mother Samuel," 474.
Mourning-songs, Tahltan, 239.
Mouth-harp, 497.
Munday, Anthony, 462, 463, 472.
Music, folk, recording of, important, 194, 196.
Indian, contribution to the study of, 523.
primitive, plea for accurate system of notation of, 524.
publication of traditional, criticised, 196.
recording and transcribing of, 523, 525, 526.
special signs for, 14.
Music (notation):
Big eye, Brer Rabbit, etc., 358, 359.
Brer Rabbit is a tricky man, etc., 366, 367.
Buvons, chantons et rions bien, 62.
Carême et Mardi-gras, 32, 33.
Cartouche et Mandrin, 35, 36.
Cette aimable tourterelle, 45, 46.
Damon et Henriette, 15.
Dans les temps des fêtes, 65.
Ingrate beauté, insensible bergère, 46, 47.
Je ne veux pas me marier, 54.
Johnnie Collins, 500.
L'amour nous mène, 63.

Music (notation), *continued:*
L'enfant-terrible, 88, 89.
L'hirondelle messagère des amours, 39–41.
La bergère et le fils du grand seigneur, 48, 49.
La bistringue, 66.
La chanson des mensonges, 74, 75.
La femme avare et le crucifix, 20.
La fille qui veut se marier, 53.
La mariée aux membres postiches, 59.
La parvenue qui se mire, 56–59.
La petite souris grise, 67, 68.
La prison du gourmand, 64.
La randonnée de la ville de Paris, 68.
La randonnée du merle, 71, 72.
Le bâtiment des innocents, 73, 74.
Le blasphémateur châtié, 23.
Le conscrit nouvellement marié, 26.
Le départ pour le Klondyke, 85.
Le lendemain des noces, 55.
Le marchand et le diable, 21, 22.
Le meurtrier et le capitaine, 24.
Le nouveau-né noyé par sa mère, 21.
Le pénitent et l'ivrogne, 27–29.
Les *draveurs* de la gatineau, 81.
Les loups viendront, 50–52.
Les *raftmans*, 83, 84.
Mon canot d'écorce, 78, 79.
Notre seigneur, l'avare et la dame, 19.
Sa beauté a su me charmer, 42.
Silence! il va chanter, 60, 61.
Sommeilles-tu, ma petite Louison? 44.
Song of rabbit, 444.
They are charging Them, 528–530.
Two White Buffalo, 526–528.
Un remède à mon talon, 70.
Musical instruments, African, 430.
— Sumatran, 325, 328.
Musicians, heavenly, 334.
Mythological beings, 351, 352.
epoch, stories of the pre-human, one type of Nootka legend, 351.
Mythology, classic, stock source for the masques, 452.
Elizabethan, 453.
fairy, in England, 448, 449.
general aspects of, as viewed by Hewitt, 445.
of witchcraft, group of early plays that exemplify, 484.

Names, Indian, taken from whites, 386.
Nootka, importance of whaling indicated in, 352.
— mythological reference implied in traditional, 355.
— of mountains, 354.
of slaves owned by Nootka chief, 353.
Nanaa'i, a clan of the Wolf phratry among Tlingit and Tahltan, 235.
Nativity, date of, 522.
Natural phenomena. See separate items under *Superstitions and beliefs.*
Necromancy, 459, 468.
Negro folk-tales, American, in English, 397.
Nennius, 455.
Newfoundland come-all-ye's, collection of, 189.
New Jersey, dialect of descendants of original Netherland settlers in, 186.
North, 342.
North Carolina folk-lore, 384–393.
popular tale in, 397.
Note on the Ground-Hog Myth and its Origin, 521, 522.
Notes and Queries, 176–184, 346–355, 438–444, 521, 522.
Notes sur la facétie des "Trois rêves," 178–180.
Notestein, Dr., cited, 474.
"History of English Witchcraft" by, 468, 469.
Notice sur Michel Morin, 183, 184.
Nova Scotia, sailors' chanties and other songs in, 189.
Nursery rhyme, a well-known English, in Alabama, 397.
yarns, love of George Peele for, 458.

Oberon, 449–451, 453.
Old Songs from Clarksburg, W.Va., 1918, 497–504.
"Old Wives Tale," 457, 458.
Oral tradition, 185–187.

Painting of face, neck, and body by Fan women of Southern Kamerun, 429.
Palmistry, 471.
Papillon, Mme Narcisse, 27, 53.
Papillon, W., 35, 85.
Paracelsus, 459, 460.
Parsons, Elsie Clews, Folk-Lore of the Cherokee of Robeson County, North Carolina, 384–393.
Riddles and Proverbs from the Bahama Islands, 439–441.
Payne, A. C., letter of, concerning John Hardy, 508.
Peele, George, 457, 458.
and Dekker, Thomas, compared, 458.
Pendle, Lancashire, sensational case at, 470.
Pennsylvania, German colony in, 186, 187.
German oral tradition in, important, 186.
Perseus, legend of, 454.
Philosopher's stone, 459.
Phrase, folk-lore, in drama:
Fair enough, and far enough from thy fingering, 457.
Fee, fa, fum, 457.
Gently dip, but not too deep, 457, 458.
Hips and haws, and sticks and straws, etc., 457.
Riddle me, riddle me, what's this? 457.
Spread, table, spread, etc., 457.
Three blue beans in a blue bladder, etc., 458.
Pinch, schoolmaster, 476.
Plains Ojibwa Tales, 280–305.
Plautus, 475, 476.
Plays, biblical influence present in early, 465.

Plays, bloody, 449.
containing figures related to the "practising magician," 465.
containing magic of the romance type, few and incidental, 485.
dealing with conjurers, 479.
"emissary to earth," popular relatively late, 485.
fairy, of the Elizabethan period, 448–453, 484.
folk-lore, 458, 485.
of general type of chronicle history, 454, 455.
realistic, 485.
romance type of, 453, 454.
satiric, 485.
"topical," 477, 484, 485.
witchcraft, 483, 484.
— explanation of, 485.
— most famous specimens of, in 16th and 17th centuries, 447.
Pleiades, 521.
Poison, conjuration by means of, 479.
Poisson, J.-H., 28, 35, 48, 49, 61, 74, 75, 85.
Poitras, E., 2, 4, 60, 66, 67, 71.
Port Royal, Dutch and Scandinavian settlers in, 188.
Prophecies attributed to Merlin, 456.
popularity of magicians', on the stage, 457.
selling of, 459.
Proulx, J., 4.
Proverb, French, 521.
Proverbs from Southern States, 375.
Proverbs from the Bahama Islands, 441.
Proverbs, Geechee, 441, 442.
Proverbs. See *Sayings.*
Psychical research, experiments in, in Elizabethan era, 460.
Psychology illustrated in Tahltan tales, 236.
Puck, as represented on stage, 450, 451.

Quackery. See *Medical quackery.*
Québec, La deuxième séance annuelle de la Section de (à Montreal, le 18 Mars 1919), 181–183.
Québec, La première séance annuelle de la Section de, 180–181.
Queen Mab, 453.
Quileute Tales, 251–279.
Quilt, string, illustration of, 388.
Quilting, patterns and method of, among Cherokee of North Carolina, 387, 388.
Quilting-frame, illustration of, 387.

Randolph, Thomas, 452.
Rascals and cheats represented in drama, 480, 481.
Raven clan (Katce'de) among Tahltan, 212.
Raven phratry among Tahltan, origin of name of, 207.
Reade, Simon, 468.
Realism, expression of, in drama, 476, 477, 481, 483–485.
Redwood powder and oil, use of, by Fan women, 429.
Remèdes, les, d'autrefois, 176–178.
Renaissance, practising magicians flourished in abundance during, 459, 463.
Repentigny, V.-F. de, 2, 3, 15, 21, 26, 27, 35, 40, 42–45, 48, 50, 53, 55, 56, 62–64, 68, 81, pl. I[2] (opp. 184).
Research Professorship in Folk-Lore, 444.
Reviews, 445, 446, 523–535.
Rhymes, counting-out:
Chickery, chickery, my black hen, 377.
Eeny, miny, miny, mo, 377.
Henry he is a good fisherman, comp. note, 377.
One'ry, orery, ikery, an, 377.
"Richard III," 473, 475.
Richardson, Anna Davis, 497–504.
Richardson, Clement, 397.
Riddles and Proverbs from the Bahama Islands, 439–441.
Riddles from North Carolina, 388–390.
—— presumably of Negro and Scotch sources, 386.
from Southern States, 375.
opening to many, 440 (17).
Roberts, Helen H., review of Densmore's Teton Sioux Music, 523–535.
transcriptions by, from phonographic records, 358, 359.
Robin Goodfellow, 450–453, 471, 472.
Romance, heroical, 453, 454, 457.
Rome, ancient rites in, linked with Wolf priesthood, 522.
"Romeo and Juliet," 450.
Roostam, the Game-Cock, 306–323.
Rousselle, Joseph, 2, 3, 19, 20, 23, 24, 42, 43, 50, 56, 58, 63, 74, 78, pl. I, 3 (opp. 184).
Rowley, William, 456.
"Birth of Merlin," 455, 456.

Sacrapant's life-token, in "Old Wives Tale," 457.
Sacrifices, animal and human, 522.
"Sad Shepherd, The," 451, 482.
Samuel, Mother, execution of, 470.
Sans Foy, Sir Bryan, 454.
Sapir, E., A Flood Legend of the Nootka Indians of Vancouver Island, 351–355.
Saskatchewan, French settlements in, 186.
Sawyer, Elizabeth, hanging of, 470, 483.
Sayings, African Negro, 407, 409, 410, 413, 415, 423–427.
American Negro, 379, 382.
Cherokee, 390.
Scheltema, J. F., Roostam, the Game-Cock, 306–323.
Sry Nagasary, 324–342.
Schwab, George, Bulu Tales, 428–437.
Scottish lore in Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and Canada, 189.
Sébillot, Paul, death of, 343.
Serpent, Flying, 454.
Seven Folk-Tales from the Sea Islands, South Carolina, 394–396.
Shadwell, Thomas, 481, 482.
"Lancashire Witch," 481, 484.

Shakespeare, William, 447, 449, 450, 455, 473.
Sheep, West African, when standing still, are all of a tremble, 433.
Shout, the, 378.
Signs. See *Superstitions and beliefs.*
Sinkyone Tales, 346–351, comp. notes 346.
"Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes," 454.
Skinner, Alanson, Plains Ojibwa Tales, 280–305.
Slave-names, Nootka, property of family descended from chief, 353.
Smiley, Portia, Folk-Lore from Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Florida, 357–383.
Smith, James Knox, statement of, concerning John Hardy, 519, 520.
Smoking practised by Cherokee women of North Carolina, 388.
Some Play-Party Songs from Eastern Illinois, 486–496.
Song and dance, use of fairies for, in bloody play, 449.
  ballads, collection of, sung by West Virginia minstrels, 497–504.
  children's: Good morn-ing Mister Zipp, Zipp, Zipp! 439.
  of the humming-bird, 443.
  of rabbit, 444.
  sung on festive occasions by Nootka, 354.
Songs: come-all-ye's in Canada, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Newfoundland, 189.
  fairy, 450.
  French cradle, 70–72.
  — political, 88, 89.
  popular Canadian, 1–89.
  sailors' chanties in Canada, Newfoundland, Cape Breton, and Nova Scotia, 189.
  supposed to be handed down from remote times to family representatives, 352.
  whaling, 353.
Songs (Canada):
  Aventures de marins canadiens, 79, 80.
  Buvons, chantons et rions bien, 62.
  Carême et Mardi-gras, 32–34.
  Cartouche et Mandrin, 35–39.
  Cette aimable tourterelle, 45, 46.
  Chapleau et son nouveau gouvernement, 88.
  Damon et Henriette, 15–18.
  Dans les temps des fêtes, 65.
  Ingrate beauté, insensible bergère, 46–48.
  Je ne veux pas me marier, 54, 55.
  L'amour nous mène, 63.
  L'enfant-terrible (chanson politique), 88, 89.
  L'hirondelle messagère des amours, 39–42.
  La bergère et le fils du grand seigneur, 48–50.
  La bistringue (danse), 66, 67.
  La chanson des mensonges, 74–78.
  La femme avare et le crucifix, 20.
  La fille qui veut se marier, 53, 54.
  La mariée aux membres postiches, 59, 60.
  La parvenue qui se mire, 56–58.
  La petite souris grise (danse ronde), 67, 68.
  La prison du Gourmand, 64.
  La randonnée de la ville de Paris, 68, 69.
  La randonnée du merle, 71, 72.
  Le bâtiment des innocents, 73, 74.
  Le blasphémateur châtié, 23.
  Le conscrit nouvellement marié, 26, 27.
  Le départ pour le Klondyke, 85–88.
  Le lendemain des noces, 55, 56.
  Le marchand et le diable, 21, 22.
  Le meurtrier et le capitaine, 24–26.
  Le nouveau-né noyé par sa mère, 21.
  Le pénitent et l'ivrogne, 27–32.
  Les *draveurs* de la gatineau, 81, 82.
  Les loups viendront, 50–52.
  Les *raftmans*, 83, 84.
  Mon canot d'écorce, 78, 79.
  Notre seigneur, l'avare et la dame, 19.
  Sa beauté a su me charmer, 42, 43.
  Silence! il va chanter, 60–62.
  Sommeilles-tu, ma petite Louison? 44, 45.
  Un remède à mon talon (randonnée) 70, 71.
Songs (Negro):
  Big eye, Brer Rabbit, etc., 358, 359.
  Brer Rabbit is a tricky man, etc., 366, 367.
  for deliverance from bear, 360, 361.
  Negro lullaby, 363.
Songs (Siouan):
  They are charging Them, 528–531.
  Two White Buffalo, 527.
Songs (West Virginia):
  Down by the Greenwood Side, 503, 504.
  Go saddle up my Milk-White Steed, 504.
  Johnnie Collins, 500.
  The Rich Irish Lady, 502.
  The Song of the Twelve Blessings of Mary, 501, 502.
Songs. See *Games, game-songs, and amusements.*
Sorcerers, 466.
Sorceress, 475.
Sorcery, black, 472.
South Carolina, folk-tales from, 363–370, 394–396.
  popular tale in Sea Islands, 404.
  riddles from Bahama Islands current in Sea Islands, 439.
Spirits. See *Evil.*
Spitting, skilful, of Cherokee woman, 388.
Sry Nagasary, 324–342.
Starchie case, celebrated, 468.
Starchie children, case of, 476.
Steel-driver, Negro hero of modern ballad, 505.
Stewart, Sadie E., Seven Folk-Tales from the Sea Islands, South Carolina, 394–396.
Stikine River, 211, 231, 233.
Story-telling among the Cherokee of North Carolina, 390–392.
  Cherokee and Negro styles of, similar, 390.

Sumatra, Malays of Padang Highlands in, 306.
—— great talkers, 309.
Sun, invocation to, 342.
Supernatural, traffickers in the, 467–478.
Superstitions and beliefs regarding —
apparition, 339.
abscess in ear, 379.
adder, 381.
alder, swamp, 392.
ancestors of present world, 233.
ancient people, 232.
animals, 227.
ants, 380.
ashes, 383.
aurora, 231.
badger, 521.
bear, 234, 522.
ground-hog, 521, 522.
beaver (?), 232.
beef in conjure cases, 380.
birthmarks, 312.
blood, drop of, on two grains of corn, as cure for warts, 393.
brass copper kept in shoe, 380.
broom, 391, 393.
bull, 381.
cannibals, 232.
cat, 170, 173, 383.
— black, 382, 383.
chicken, young, as cure for rattlesnake-bite, 379.
chicken-manure as cure for scarlet-fever, 379.
clay, yellow, sign of corpse, 392.
clock, 392.
clouds, 227, 230.
clover, 175.
cockroach, juice from head of, as cure for ear-ache, 379.
color yellow, 392.
constellation The Dipper, 205, 228, 229, 233, 234.
corn-planting, time of, 393.
corpse, 392.
country of the dead, comp. notes, 229.
cricket, 170.
cross, that marking of, keeps off witches, an unfamiliar belief among Cherokee of North Carolina, 392.
cross-eyed woman, 382.
crowd of people, 392.
cupping-horn, 379.
cures in the South, 379.
daylight, 204, 205.
death and burial, 381–383, 392, 437.
dentition, slow, 393.
Devil, 392.
diseases, 379, 392. See also *remedies*.
dog, 173, 382.
dollar-weed, 392.
dreams, 171, 172, 174, 381, 392.
dress, new, worn at a funeral, 392.
dwarfs, connected with horses and braiding hair of horses, 172.
eagle, golden, feathers of, lucky, 250.
ear-ache, 379.
earth, 227.
— tipping of, causes flood, 219, 233.
earth-mother, comp. notes, 227.
earthquake, 227.
elephant putting foot on or into fire, 433.
fish, 174.
foreseeing of future, 169, 171.
frog, 171, 380.
— as cure for rattlesnake-bite, 379.
— as remedy for teething child, 379.
funeral, 381.
game, 216, 217, 227, 230, 231.
ghosts, 398.
giants, 232, 233.
grain, that pouring out of, delays witches, unfamiliar to Cherokee of North Carolina, 392.
grease, use of, in enabling witch to turn into anything, 392.
ground-hog, 393.
hail, 230.
hair from head, 380.
— human, used for bridle and bit, comp. note, 391.
— long, 381.
horse, 172, 392.
horse-manure as cure for whooping-cough, 379.
horseshoe, 171.
hunchback, 169.
husband, 171, 172, 174.
keyholes, witches can go through, 392.
Kanu'gu, prayers to, for fine weather, 201.
left or right side, moon seen on, 169.
lizard in effecting cures, 379.
looking-glass, 382. See also *mirror*.
Lord, witch, by speaking name of, turns to natural self, 392.
love, conjuring in cases of, 380.
luck, bad, 312, 321, 325, 381, 382.
— good, 169, 171, 250, 312, 321, 382.
lumber, new, 392.
magic, 232.
magical effect of whaling-song on drifting canoe, 353.
— performances preceding a hunt, 354.
marriage, 172.
Milky Way, 229.
mirror, 392. See also *looking-glass*.
money, 381.
moon, 169, 170, 172, 204, 205, 227, 229 (comp. notes), 233, 234, 393.
mountain where Thunder-Bird is supposed to dwell, 353.
mourning-dove, 382.
needles, 380.
numbers: three, 170, 171, 173, 176–178.
— seventh child, 170, 177.
omens, 163, 169, 170, 172–175.
owl, digdee, 382.
pelagra, 392.
people with animal characteristics, 232.
pepper, 380.
picture, use of, in conjuring, 380.

Superstitions and beliefs, *continued:*
pictures, glass-covered, 392.
pig, 170.
pigs, time for killing, 393.
plant that leads one astray, 172.
poplar-bark as a medicine, 392.
rain, 227, 230.
rat, 381.
rattlesnake, dried skin of, as cure for rheumatism, 379.
— bite of, 379, 392.
remedies, folk, 176–178, 379, 392, 393.
rheumatism, 379.
riddles, 226.
rooster, 393.
root-bag, 380.
salmon, 234.
salt, 379, 380, 382, 383.
scarlet-fever, 379.
seasons, 226.
semi-human beings, 232.
service-tree as a protection against thunder and spells, 173.
sexual relations with familiars or the Devil, 469.
signs for lovers, 169.
— of death, 382.
— see *omens.*
snake in effecting cures, 379–381.
— bite of, 392.
snapping-tortoise, will never release anything it has bitten until it thunders, 297.
snow, 230.
spells, 170, 173.
spider, 169, 174.
spirits, evil, 325, 339, 474.
— familiar, and the Devil, 469.
— haunting, 471.
— pretended, possession by, 481.
— raising of, 459, 474.
stars, 229.
sun, 205, 227 (comp. notes), 233, 234.
— and Holy Bear, 522.
— and Ground-Hog, 521, 522.
supernatural beings, red shredded cedar-bark offered to, by Nootka, 354.
— means, whaling-song granted to ancestor of Nootka family by, 353.
— protection of whale-spirit enjoyed by Nootka chief, 353.
teeth, 381.
teething, 379.
thunder, 173.
Thunder-Bird, belt of, able to bestow great power, 354.
time of midnight, 173.
toad, 170.
tortoises and turtles have a decided preference for bitter and bad-tasting things, 436.
transmigration, 328.
urine, 230.
vermin, 381.
warts, how to remove, 392, 393.
water, 381.
weather, 173–175, 230, 521.
wedding, 381.
whale, humpbacked, dorsal fin of supposed to contain soul or "person" of whale, 352.
white cloth attached to roof-corners of dwelling to attract attention of well-disposed deities, 325.
whooping-cough, 379, 392.
winds, 224, 230.
witches, 382, 391, 392.

Table, Round, 455.
Tabor, W. T., statement of, concerning John Hardy, 506, 507, 509.
Tahltan Tales, 198–250.
Tale (West Indian):
Little Girl, Mama Glau, and Humming-Bird, 442 (comp. note), 443.
Tales, fragments of Cherokee, 391.
of witches, 391, 392.
titles of some Cherokee, heard in North Carolina, 390, 391.
Tales (African Negro):
Can you have a Farm without a Road to it? 416.
Cockroach in Fowl Country, 424, 425.
Crow's Coat of Feathers, 418, 419.
Dancing at the Spring, 412 (comp. notes), 413.
Day and Night, 423.
Death, Disease, and Shame, 413, 414.
Do the Things you can do, 432, 433.
Dog and Goat, 419.
Dog and Medicine-Man, 420, 421.
Dog tries to do same as Elephant, and gets burned, 433.
Eagle and Sparrow, comp. notes, 419.
Fishing where the Water People live, 420.
Fox and Rooster, 424.
Grasshopper and Bush-King, 421.
How Hunger first got into Belly, 421, 422.
How Knowledge spoils Friendship, 431, 432.
How Men first learned to quarrel, 436, 437.
How Pigeon learned that no Man stands alone, 435.
How Turtle got all Leopard's Food, 436.
How Turtle inherited Leopard's Goods, 430, 431.
Hunter takes Nymo's Place, 414 (comp. notes), 415.
Hyrax's Advice falls on Deaf Ears, comp. notes, 432.
Impossible against Impossible, comp. note, 415.
King Hunger, 424.
Learn the Step, 427.
Leopard and Tortoise, 417, 418.
Leopard's Spots, 411, 412.
Mother Crab and her Children, 425.
Never tell the Things of Taboo you happen to see, 437.

Tales, African Negro, *continued:*
Nymo and Bat, 412.
Nymo and Hornbill, 410 (comp. note,), 411.
Nymo apportions, 409, 410.
Nymo seeks Wisdom, 416 (comp. notes), 417.
'Possum and Palm-Nut, 418.
Opportunity, 426.
Parable of the Bullock, 425, 426.
Playing Dead, comp. notes, 417.
Premature, 425.
Reputation, 413.
Sun and Moon, 423, 424.
The Death-Grin, 426.
The Good Child and the Bad, 406 (comp. note), 407.
The Origin of Death, 407, 408.
The Origin of Thunder and Lightning, 422, 423.
The War-Palaver, 427.
The Wisdom of a Little Child, 425.
Tricky Hosts, 408, 409.
Turtle deceives Zoé, giving Leopard the Blame for stealing Zoé's Daughter, 429, 430.
What happens to Wives when they think more highly of anything else than of their Husbands, 428, 429.
Why Cats kill Rats, 419, 420.
Why Death staid in the World, 408.
Why Frogs croak, 420.
Why One Grain of Rice no longer fills the Pot, 422.
Why Pangolin dwells alone in the Forest, comp. notes, 434.
Why People have Names, 422.
Why the Sheep are always found Guilty, 433, 434.
Young Okpweng learns Obedience at the Cost of his Life, 435.
Tales (American Negro):
Big-'Fraid and Little-'Fraid, 359 (comp. notes), 360.
Black Cat and the Miller's Wife (variants), comp. notes, 391.
Buried Tail, 368.
Challenged to butt, 402.
Challenged to butt: Buried Tail: Playing Poisoned, comp. note, 403.
Digdee Owl, 360.
Dilatory Buzzard, 374.
Dirt-Dauber, 362.
Does a Cow have Pigs? 358 (comp. notes), 359.
Don't help the Bear, 360, 361.
Escape up the Tree, 399, 400.
Fatal Imitation, 401.
Fire Test: Mock Plea, comp. notes, 394.
Heaven Hot, Hell Cold, 374.
Hell in Heaven, 374.
How Duck saw Day, 362.
How Jack beat de Devil, comp. notes, 391.
In the Pea-Patch: Take my Place, 402.
In the Well, 394 (comp. note), 395.
Incriminating the Other Fellow, 366, 367.
Jonah, 371.
Master disguised, 362.
Mock Fire: Playing Poisoned, 403, 404.
Mr. Froggie went to ride (verse), 399.
Old Man on a Hunt, 398.
Out of her Skin, comp. notes, 363.
Rabbit seeks a Tail: Gives Himself away, 404 (comp. notes), 405.
Racing a Ghost: Buried Treasure, 367 (comp. notes), 368.
Running Hand, 365.
Seeking the Lord, 369.
Take my Place, 400, 401.
Takes no Risk, 360.
The Blind Old Woman, 365.
The Deacon and his Son, 373, 374.
The Deer-Stalker, 370, 371 (comp. note).
The Diviner, comp. notes, 370.
The Girls who could not talk Proper, 369.
The Imitative Choir, 369.
The Little Girl and her Snake, comp. notes, 373.
The Lord and Toby, 361 (comp. notes), 362.
The Lover warned 363.
The Murderous Mother, comp. notes, 364.
The Relay Race, comp. note, 394.
The Rich Old Man, 395 (comp. note), 396.
The Single Ball, 370.
The Tree closes, 400.
Three Legs, 404.
Three Sweethearts, comp. notes, 372.
Two Daddies, 372, 373.
Us, 364.
Where did Adam hide, 371, 372.
Who darkens that Hole? 371.
Who dives the Longest: Cartload of fish, comp. notes, 395.
Witch-Cat, 364, 365.
Wolf's Tail to the Hungry Orphan, 361.
You ridin', you walkin'? 373.
Zip! Zip! 365.
Tales (French-Canadian):
La fée de la mer verte, 90–97.
La petite souris et le petit charbon de feu, 110–112.
La princesse du Tomboso, 112–116.
La tête, 117–123.
Le bâton d'or, 163, 164.
Le coffre de fer, 107–110.
Le grand sultan, 123–149.
Le petit charbon et la petite souris, 112.
Le petit jardinier, 97–101.
Le royaume sous l'eau, 101–107.
Le ruban bleu, 149–161.
Le spectre, 165–167.
Les bossus, 161–163.
Robert et son sac, 164, 165.
Tales (Nootka):
A Flood Legend, 352–355.
A Flood Legend of the Nootka Indians of Vancouver Island, 351–355.

Tales (Plains Ojibwa):
End of Nänibozhu, 290.
First-Born (Mutcikiwis), 293–295.
Nänibozhu and the Buzzard, 281, 282.
Nänibozhu and the Cranberries, 281.
Nänibozhu and Rabbit, 283.
Nänibozhu and the Shut-Eyed Dance, 280, 281.
Nänibozhu and the Tree-Holders, 288, 289.
Nänibozhu and the Windigo, 290.
Nänibozhu and the Winged Startlers, 281.
Nänibozhu and the Wolves, 283, 284.
Nänibozhu as Duped Diver, 281.
Nänibozhu deceives the Buffaloes, 291.
Nänibozhu is fooled by the Rushes, 289.
Nänibozhu slays Toad-Woman, 285–288.
Nänibozhu turns a Man to Stone, 291.
Origin of the Nibiked, 290, 291.
Raccoon and Crawfish, 292.
Tales of the Culture-Hero, 280–291.
The Death of the Wolf, 284, 285.
The Magic Flight, 291, 292.
Turtle's War-Party, 295–297.
Vagina Dentata, 297, 298.
War-Club Owner (Wämiskopogämagûn), 298–305.
Wenibozo and the Buzzard, 282.
Tales (Quileute):
Duskeah, 255, 256.
Klĕĕtcĕlus, 257.
Kweeti, 251–255.
Kweeti and the Wolves, 253, 254.
Raven and Deer, 271, 272.
Raven invites the Supernatural Beings, 261.
The Abalone, 261
The Bungling Host, 259–261.
The Children of the Dog, 272–274.
The Lazy Boy who became a Whaler, 257, 258.
The Origin of the Elks, 258, 259.
The Origin of North Wind and South Wind, 269–271.
Origin of the Sun, 254–255.
The Seal-Hunters, 266–268.
The Shark, 274–276.
The Star Husbands (the War on the Sky; The Origin of Fire), 264–266.
The Thunder, 262–264.
The Wife of the Dead Warrior, 268, 269.
War between the Quileute and Ozette, 276–279.
Tales (Sinkyone):
Coyote and the Mouse-Girls, 347, 348.
Grizzly-Bear and Deer, 349–351.
Mink and Cloud-Woman, 347.
Origin of Daylight, 346, 347.
Origin of Fire, 347.
Spider-Man, 349.
The Flood, 347.
Treachery of old man toward son, and departure with dentalia, 348.
Why deer are wild, 346.
Why people who die never come back, 346.
Why the mole has hands that are turned backward, 349.
Tales (Tahltan):
Atsentmä', or the Meat-Mother, 230, 231.
Bald-Headed Eagle and the Iron Tree, 242.
Beaver and Muskrat, 243.
Cannibal-Wolverene and the Fog-Man, 246, 247.
Earth-Mother (Netce'nsta), 227.
Earth-Mother and Sun-Father, 227.
Meat-Mother and the Caribou and Moose, 231, 232.
Mosquito and Woodworm, 243.
Origin of Daylight, 204, 205.
Origin of Fresh Water, 201–203.
Origin of Laziness, 238, 239.
Origin of the Death-Chant, 239.
Origin of the Feast for the Dead, 238.
Origin of Olachen, 203, 204.
Origin of the Tides, 201.
Origin of the Toad Crest of the Katce'de, 237, 238.
Origin Tradition of the Tahltan, 234.
Raven and Bear-Man, 220, 221.
Raven and his Blanket, 223, 224.
Raven and Crow, 222, 223.
Raven and E'dista or Big-Toad, 221, 222.
Raven and the Ghosts, 225, 226.
Raven and Grizzly-Bear, 208.
Raven and the Haida, 213.
Raven and Kanu'gu, 212, 213.
Raven and Porcupine make the Seasons, 226.
Raven and Rabbit-Man, 222.
Raven and the Salmon, 205, 206.
Raven and his Sister, 210.
Raven ballasts the Earth, 219.
Raven considers how to provide for the People, 216.
Raven creates Bear, 220.
Raven creates the Salmon, and teaches People how to preserve them, 206.
Raven curtails the Powers of Game, 216, 217.
Raven in the Country of the Tahltan, 211, 212.
Raven institutes Birth and Death, 206, 207.
Raven institutes the Kuwega'n Ceremonies, 213–215.
Raven kills Pitch-Man, 210.
Raven loses his Nose, 224, 225.
Raven makes Lakes, 219, 220.
Raven makes Mud, 220.
Raven makes the Wolf Women Good-looking, 215, 216
Raven paints the Birds, 208.
Raven paints his Men for War, 208, 209.
Raven steals Fire, 218, 219.
Raven tries to marry a Princess, 210, 211.
Sa'kesada, or the Moon-Boy, 229.
Story of Cä'kinä, 244–246.
Story of the Dipper Stars, 228, 229.

Tales (Tahltan), *continued:*
Story of the Sun, 227, 228.
Story of the Tagish Man; or, Origin of the Killer-Whale Crest of the Nanaa'i, 235–237.
Story of Tenqalatl'ya, 241, 242.
The Bad Dog, 243, 244.
The Birth of Raven, 199, 200.
The Dog, 243.
The Four Ghost-Brothers; or, The Origin of Cremation, 239–241.
The Great Flood, 232–234.
The Milky Way, 229.
The Origin of Birth and Death, 216.
The Raven Cycle, 198–226.
The Tree eats the Bear, 209, 210.
The Warm and Cold Winds People, 230.
The Wolf-Dog, 248–250.
War among the Fishes, 242.
Wolverene and the Brothers, 248.
Xe'nda; or, The Man whom the Wolves helped, 250.
Tāxtlowe'de, name of Wolf phratry of Tahltan, derivation of, 207.
Teit, James A., Tahltan Tales, 198–250.
Tenqalatl'ya ("goats painted"), one of the southern head waters of the Stikine River, 241.
(said to mean "walked on arrow"), 242.
Thirtieth Annual Meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society, 343–345.
Thunder-Bird, mountain on which the, is supposed to dwell, 353.
Tison, J.-B.-A., 2, 4, 9, 71, 74, 83.
Toads, spirits in form of, kept by witch in her house, 468, 469.
Toasts and Other Verses, Southern, 375, 376.
Tozzer, Alfred M., report of Treasurer of the American Folk-Lore Society, 343, 344.
Tradition, origin, of the Tahltan, lacking in mythological incidents, 234.
Treasure, power to discover lost, 468.
Tremblay, Malvina, Contes de Chicoutimi et de la Malbaie, 101–112.
Tremblay, Marcel, 112, 161, pl. 3 (fol. 184).
Tremblay, Marie, 164.
Tremblay, Mme Octave, 101, 107.
Trials, accounts of celebrated, in Lancashire witch plays, 484.
witch, 447, 469, 470, 474.
— in Lancashire, plays based on, 483.
Tribes or peoples:
Acadians, 186.
African, 378.
— Baronga, 397.
— Boers, 188.
— Bulu, 428–437.
— Bûngi, 297.
— Fan, 429, 430.
— Negro, of Liberia, 406–427.
— Zulu, 188.
Algonkin, 292, 445.
Athapascan, 348.
Athapascan, Sinkyone, 346–351.
— Tahltan, 211.
Cherokee (North Carolina), 384–393.
Chippewa, 523, 524, 533, 535.
Coast Salish, 199.
"Croatan," 385, 386.
Dutch, 188.
Eskimo, 188.
French, 188.
— of Detroit River, 186.
— of Louisiana, 186.
— of New England, 187.
French-Canadians, 186.
Geechee, 378, 441, 442.
German, 187, 188, 191.
German-Canadian, 187.
Guamachuco, 446.
Haida, 199, 213.
Hupa, 346.
Irish, 189.
Iroquois, 445, 446.
Ji'baros, 446.
Karok, 348.
Kaska, 199, 250.
Kwakiutl, 199.
Kwē'tsŭx ("made of dirt") Indians, 251.
Makah, 278.
Malay of Sumatra, 306.
Menominee, 285, 290, 297.
Mexicans, 187.
Nass, 234.
Negroes, American, 188, 386, 390, 394–401, 443, 444, 492, 505–520.
— of Bahama Islands, 439–441.
— of Jamaica, 441.
— Portuguese, from Cape Verde Islands, 397.
— West Indian, 444.
Neo-American, 185.
Nootka of Vancouver Island, 351–355.
Ojibwa, 280–305, 446.
Ozette, 276–279.
Quileute, 251–279.
Russian, 188.
Salish, 218, 227.
Seneca, 445.
Sinkyone, 346–351.
Sioux, Teton, 196, 523–535.
Spanish, 185–188.
Tagish (Tahltan), 234–237.
Tahltan, 198–250.
Tlingit, 198, 199, 201, 213, 234–237.
Ts'ets'ā'ut, 221.
Tsimshian, 213.
Ts'isha'ath (from island in Barclay Sound), 352.
Tupi, 446.
Wyandot, 445.
Wailaki, 346.
West Indian, 442, 443.
Yurok, 348.
Tritheim, 459, 460.

Uther Pendragon, 454, 456.

"Valiant Welshman, The," 482.

Vancouver Island, inhabitants of west coast of, 351.
Van Doren, Carl, Some Play-Party Songs from Eastern Illinois, 486–496.
Van Doren, C. L., 487.
Varuna, god of justice and punishment, 340, 341.
Vassar College, research professorship in folk-lore at, 444.
Violin, primitive, 328, 330.
Violoncello, 328.
Virginia, folk-tales from, 357–362.
Vogue, establishment of dramatic, 463.
extended, for magician, 465.
of all Elizabethan plays, 485.
of fairy plays, strong in late 16th century, 484.
"Vortigern," 455, 456.

Walker, H. S., statement of, about John Hardy, 510.
Wardle, H. Newell, Note on the Ground-Hog Myth and its Origin, 521, 522.
Washington, French settlements in, 186.
Waxen image, conjuring by means of, 472, 478, 479.
Webster, beginning of stage career of, 478, 479.
West Virginia, modern ballad "John Hardy" originated in, 505.
some old songs from, 497–504.
Whale, humpbacked, distinctive property of the Nootka chief, 352.
Wilson, John, "Belphegor," 467.
"Cheats," 481.
Wisconsin, old-time songs in, 189.
"Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll," group of fairies presented in, 450, 451.
"Wise men," 468, 480.
"Wise Woman of Hogsdon," 468, 478, 481.
wise woman, difference between, and witch, 468.
women, 448, 467, 468, 472, 473, 477.
— in early English plays usually borrowed from other literatures, 485.
"Witch of Edmonton, The," 484.
"Witch of Islington, The," 482.
Witchcraft and Magic in the Elizabethan Drama, 447–485.
Witches, 467, 477.
in early English plays usually borrowed from other literatures, 485.
"Witches' Sabbaths," belief in, 469.
Wolf phratry of the Tahltan, origin of name of, 207.
Wolf-Priests, ancient festival presided over by, 522.
Wooden image, dancing, 329.
Work, Monroe N., 397, 402.
Geechee and Other Proverbs, 441, 442.
Wuttke, A., on Candlemas Day, 521.

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CONTENTS.

			PAGE
1.	CHANTS POPULAIRES DU CANADA	*E.-Z. Massicotte* *C.-M. Barbeau*	1
2.	CONTES POPULAIRES CANADIENS (TROISIÈME SÉRIE)	*Evelyn Beliveau*	90
		Malvina Tremblay	101
		C.-Marius Barbeau	112
3.	CROYANCES ET DICTONS POPULAIRES DES ENVIRONS DE TROIS-RIVIÈRES (CANADA)	*E.-Z. Massicotte*	168
4.	NOTES ET ENQUÊTES		176

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DEPARTMENT INDEX.

NOTES ET ENQUÊTES. — Les remèdes d'autrefois. *E.-Z. Massicotte.* — Notes sur la facétie des trois rêves. *C.-Marius Barbeau.* — La première séance annuelle de la Section de Québec. *C.-M. B.* — La deuxième séance annuelle de la Section de Québec. *C.-M. B.* — Notice sur Michel Morin. *A. G.*

CONTENTS

OF THE

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE, 1918.

JANUARY—MARCH.

Canadian-English Folk-Lore. *C. M. Barbeau.* — Canadian Folk-Lore from Ontario. *F. W. Waugh.* — Folk-Lore from Grey County, Ontario. *W. J. and Katherine H. Wintemberg.*

APRIL—JUNE.

Folk-Lore collected in Toronto and Vicinity. *W. J. Wintemberg.* — Folk-Lore collected in the Counties of Oxford and Waterloo, Ontario. *W. J. Wintemberg.* — Folk-Lore collected at Roebuck, Grenville County, Ontario. *W. J. Wintemberg.* — Folk-Lore from Ottawa and Vicinity. *F. Eileen Bleakney.* — Folk-Songs. *C. M. Barbeau.* — Water-Beings in Shetlandic Folk-Lore, as remembered by Shetlanders in British Columbia. *J. A. Teit.* — Present-Day Superstitions at La Harpe, Ill., Survivals in a Community of English Origin. *Ethel Todd Norlin.* — Pueblo-Indian Folk-Tales, probably of Spanish Provenience. *Elsie Clews Parsons.* — Nativity Myth at Laguna and Zuñi. *Elsie Clews Parsons.* — Leo Frank and Mary Phagan. *Franklin Bliss Snyder.* — Twenty-Ninth Annual Meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society. — Notes and Queries. — Reviews.

JULY—SEPTEMBER.

Porto-Rican Folk-Lore: Décimas, Christmas Carols, Nursery Rhymes, and other Songs. *J. Alden Mason*, edited by *Aurelio M. Espinosa.*

OCTOBER—DECEMBER.

Zuñi Tales. *Edward L. Handy.* — Cuentos populares de Guatemala. *Adrián Recinos.* — Supersticiones de la región de San Juan Teotihuacán est. de Mex. *E. M. Gomez Maillifert.* — Some Songs of the Puget Sound Salish. *Helen H. Roberts and Herman K. Haeberlin.* — Some Counting-Out Rhymes in Michigan. *Emelyn E. Gardner.* — Notes and Queries. — Reviews. — Officers and Members of the American Folk-Lore Society.

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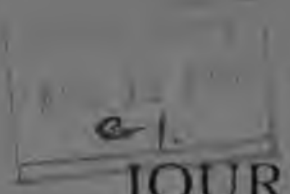

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

1. WITCHCRAFT AND MAGIC IN THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA . *H. W. Herrington* 447
2. SOME PLAY-PARTY SONGS FROM EASTERN ILLINOIS . . . . *Carl Van Doren* 486
3. OLD SONGS FROM CLARKSBURG, W.VA., 1918 . . . *Anna Davis Richardson* 497
4. "JOHN HARDY" . . . . . *John Harrington Cox* 505
5. NOTES AND QUERIES 521
6. REVIEWS 523
7. LIST OF OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY . 536
8. INDEX TO VOLUME 32 541

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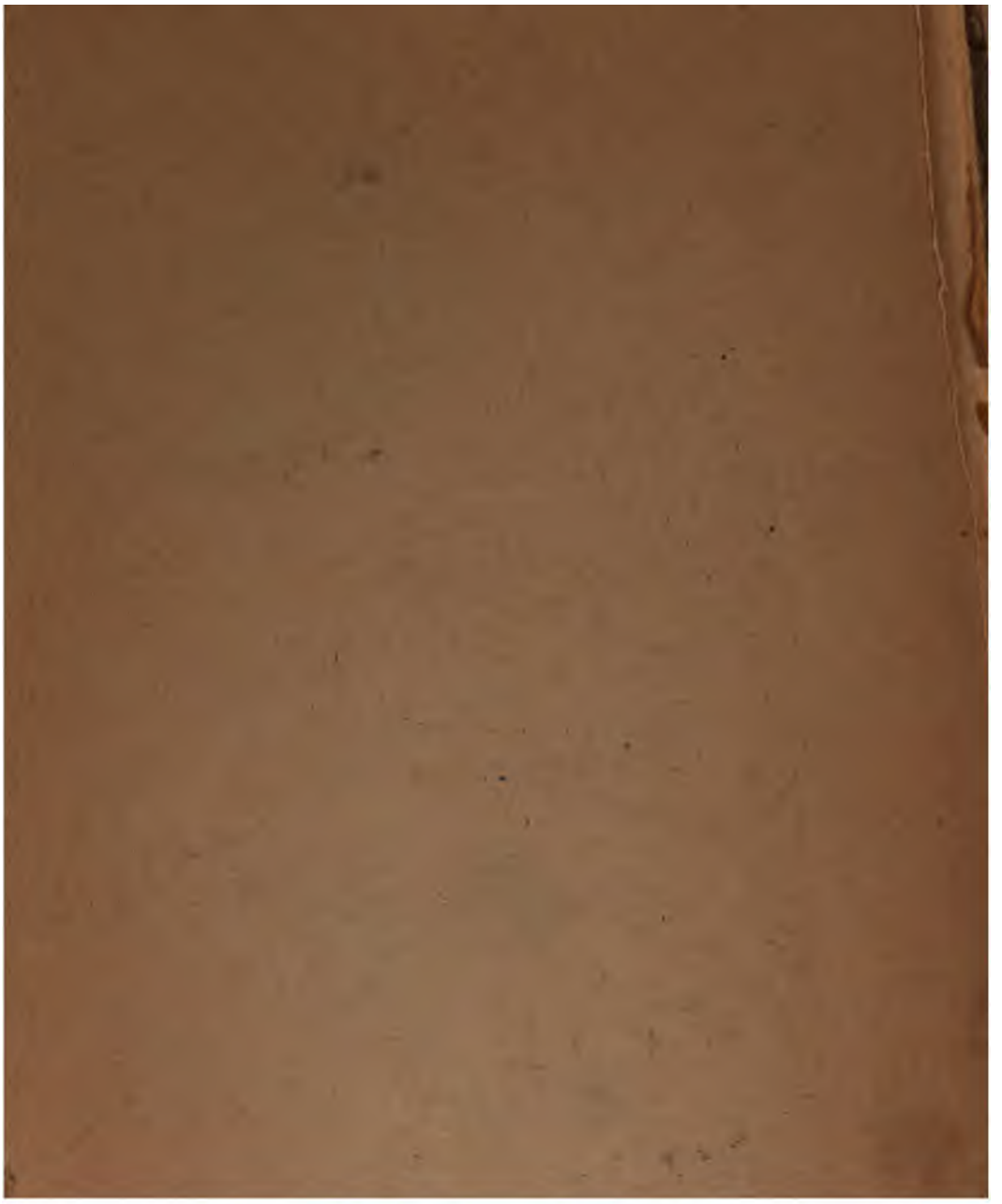

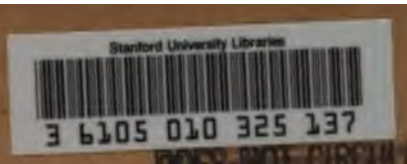
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